

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

LOWER CLASS BRATS
REDUCERS SF
SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN
FUTURO INCIERTO

DEADSTATE
REACTOR NO.7
GODSHATE KANSAS
FLAT EARTH RECORDS

OCTOBER 1999,
NO. 197
\$3.00

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:

Back issues 146, 149-151pt 2, 155-175, 177-197 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:

Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!

Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In: by 15th of previous month--
NO LATER!!!

Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:

1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") \$25

1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") \$60

1/3 page square: (5" x 5") \$70

1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") \$100

AD CRITERIA:

Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classifieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost \$3/60 words max for \$4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Michelle Barnhardt

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at \$1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814

Fax (415) 923-9617

Email: maximummrr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters.
Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP

For what it's worth (not much),
here's some of the MRR crew's
current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

10

ROB COONS

25 TA LIFE-Friendship, Loyalty, Commitment-LP

PAGE NINETY NINE-Document #4-5*

UNDERTOW-Everything-EP

ASSFORT-Complete Assforterly-LP

CORRUPTED/PHOBIA-split-EP

NEIGHBORS-The More Money One Has-EP

LACK OF INTEREST-Trapped Inside-LP

9 SHOCKS TERROR-Zen And The Art Of...-LP

GISM-LP

TIME IN MALTA/TALK IS POISON-live

JEFF HEERMANN

COMAS-Anything For Kicks-EP

HALFWAYS-(She's A) Heart Attack-EP

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS-Bootboys-EP

WIRETAPS-Romulan Invasion-45

REARARDS-Your So Lewd-EP

BLAST OFFS-Time To Rock-EP

OSCARS-A Dime In The Junkbox-EP

NERVES-New Animal-LP

GO FASTER NUNS-Touch Me-EP

BOYS-The Peel Sessions-LP

TOM HOPKINS

VOLUME 11-live/CAKEWALK-EP

VOORHEES-LP/COMAS-EP

MAGILLICUDDYS-Stylin' And Profilin'-45

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM/BELLRAYS-split-EP

REAL KIDS-EP/AMEBIX-LP

PANTHRO UK UNITED-Golita-EP

9 SHOCKS TERROR-LP/WIRETAPS-EP

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN-Permanent Stains-L

REAL SHIT-EP/WILBUR COBB-EP

CLAP-EP/GISM-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

WIRETAPS-Romulan Invasion-45

REARARDS-Your So Lewd-EP

HALFWAYS-(She's A) Heart Attack-EP

REAL KIDS-All Kindsa Girls-45

V/A-Move It-LP

LE SHOK/INK & DAGGER-split-45

BOYS-The Peel Sessions-LP

V/A-Stompin' Vol. 26 & 27-LPs

GINO WASHINGTON-Come Monkey With...-EP

COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS-live

DULCINEA LOUDEMOUTH

AEROBITCH-Time To Start Kickin' Ass-LP

MAGILLICUDDYS-Stylin' & Profilin'-45

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM/BELLRAYS-split-EP

NERVES-New Animal-LP

REARARDS-Your So Lewd-EP

AEROBITCH-C'mon Cop, Make My Day-10*

ORANGE JUICE FROM THE CRYPT-EP

REAL KIDS-All Kindsa Girls-45

NERDS-EP/HALFWAYS-EP

MEOWS-LP/KILLER KLOWN-EP

RAY LUJAN

ALL SYSTEMS GO!-CD/MODEL AMERICAN-CD

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN-Permanent Stains-LP

J CHURCH/RESTOS FOSILES-split-EP

TOILET BOYS-Sinners & Saints-CD/live

UNSEEN-So This Is Freedom-CD

CRIMINALS-Burning Flesh-LP

THE STEREO-Three Hundred-CD

SIR KILLALOT-Happy Times-CD

THUMBS/URCHIN-split-EP

JUGGLING JUGULAR-Skeleton-EP

TIMOJHEN MARK

ASSFORT-Complete Assforterly-LP

EMOTION ZERO/USURP-split-EP

JUGGLING JUGULARS-Skeletons In The Closet-EP

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-Stangleholds & Cages-EP

WILBUR COBB-Night Of Wilbur Cobb-EP

CHARLES BRONSON-Demo-EP

V/A-Speed Freaks 4-EP/GISM-LP

LACK OF INTEREST-Trapped Inside-LP

9 SHOCKS TERROR-Zen & The Art Of...-EP

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

CRADLE TO GRAVE-Our Democracy Got Lost-EP

DEBRIS-Attrition-EP/UNIFORM-12*

INTL. NOISE CONSPIRACY-Time Bomb-45

JUGGLING JUGULARS-Skeletons In The Closet-EP

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-Strangleholds & Cages-EP

DAYBREAK-Frozen Wintered Realms-EP

ORUNK-Hate Songs-EP/REAL SHIT-EP

J CHURCH/RESTOS FACILES-split-EP

KILL SADIE-Half Cocked Concepts-10*

LE SHOK/INK & DAGGER-split-EP

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TOP

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—
one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only re-
lease. See Records section for where to send tapes.

10

PRIMUMDO MURTER

TEETH-live	ORANGE JUICE FROM THE CRYPT-EP
COMAS-Anything For Kicks-EP	SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS-Bootboys-EP
REDUCERS-Backing The Long Shot-LP	ANTI-SOCIALS-Forward We Move-LP
NEIGHBORS-More Money One Has-EP	V/A-23 Japanese Bands-2xLP
CLAP-Songs For The Sophisticated-EP	Flipside #119

SEAN SULLIVAN

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN-Permanent Stains-LP	STOMPIN-LPs/INTL. NOISE CONSPIRACY 45
VOORHEES-13-LP/	9 SHOCKS TERROR-Zen & The Art Of...-LP
DEVOLA/LOCUST-live	TIEBREAK-Stand Hard 1998-EP
PAGE NINETY NINE-Document #4-5*	TOTALITAR/AUTORITAR-split-EP
JUGGLING JUGULARS-Skeletons In The Closet-EP	SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS-Bootboys-EP

JACQUELINE PRICHARD / DOUG GRIME

GORDON SOLEY MOTHERFUCKERS-live	TALK IS POISON-live
SPEAK IN TONGUES-club/A-ZONE-space	CREEPS ON CANDY-live
PANTHRO UK UNITED 13-Golita-EP	PAGE 99-Document #4-5*
KILL SADIE-10"	

BRUCE ROEHRS

PRESSURE POINT-Lile's Blood-CD	RANDUMBS-CD/SOUIGGY-Songs About-CD
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS-Bootboys-EP	FORCED REALITY-LP/ANTI HEROES-CD
SMRC/TERMINUS CITY-split-45	SOUIGGY/INFILTRATORS-split-EP
THE GC5-45/UNSEEN-So This Is Freedom-CD	STARS & STRIPES-Shaved For Battle-LP
SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN-Permanent Stains-LP	V/A-SMASH THE STATE Vol. 3-LP

MAX WARD

EVERY HC BAND I SAW IN JAPAN	LACK OF INTEREST-Trapped-LP
9 SHOCKS TERROR-Zen & The Art-LP	VOORHEES-13-LP/REAL SHIT-EP
V/A-Really Fast Vol. 10 2xLP	V/A-Artificial Something-EP
UNDERTOW-EP/WARCOLLAPSE-Divine-LP	DEVOID OF FAITH/MAINSTRIKE-split-EP
STONE VENGEANCE-EP/25 TA LIFE-LP	TOTALITAR/AUTORITAR-split-EP

ARWEN CURRY

ASSFORT-Complete Assforterly-LP	AMEBIX-Make Some Fucking Noise-LP
V/A-Stompin' Vol. 26 & 27-LPs	OPERATION-Destructiv Utreckling-LP
AEROBITCH-C'mon Cop, Make My Day-10"	PAGE 99-Document #4-5*
BLAST OFFS-It Hurts-EP/UNIFORM-12"	WIRETAPS-Romulan Invasion-45
BOYS-Peel Sessions-LP/REAL SHIT-EP	TOTALITAR/AUTORITAR-split-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

HALFWAYS-(She's A) Heart Attack-EP	VOODOO LOVECATS-That's What I Believe-EP
HEIDEROOSJES/DAISES-split-EP	CHEAPSHOTS-So Tired Ol You-45
THE WONTONS-Extra Spicy-EP	COMAS-EP/BOSS MARTIANS-EP
AEROBITCH-C'mon Cop, Make My Day-10"	WIRETAPS-Romulan Invasion-45
BLAST OFFS-Time To Rock-EP	MACGILLICUDDYS-Stylin' & Freestylin'-45

ZINE TOP TEN

Antipathy #5	A.W.O.L. #3
Ten Things Jesus Wants You To Know #21	Fracture #8
Multiball #17	Plastic Bomb #27
Revolt #9/Back Clad Messenger #5	Crave #1
United Shits #4	War Crime #12

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra	Peter Avery
Aragorn	John Backstrom
Paul Barger	Michelle Barnhardt
Lily Boe	Jerry Booth
Enrico Cadena	Brianna Chesser
Karoline Collins	Catherine Cook
Robert Collins	Rob Coons
Andy Darling	Rafael DiDonato
Mikel Delgado	Neale Fishback
Jonathan Floyd	Gardner Fusuhara
Brian Gathy	Katja Gussmann
Lance Hahn	Mike Hale
Chris Hall	Harald Hartmann
Jeff Heermann	Tom Hopkins
George Impulse	Kenny Kaos
Carolyn Keddy	Roger Kuhns
Dulcinea Loudmouth	Michael Lucas
Ray Lujan	Hal MacLean
Timojhen Mark	Mary Jane
Jeff Mason	Tobia Jean Minckler
Mundo Murguia	Allan McNaughton
Jennifer Mushnick	Jah Nell
C. Nellie Nelson	Donna Poole
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Rotten Ron	Denise Scillingo
Sparx	Steve Spinall
Pete Simonelli	Jason Valdez
Max Ward	Ryan Wells
Shane White	Jeff Yih
Rema Young	

ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

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Rhinestone T	Renae Bryant
Dave Emory	Erin Whupass
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Mark Hanford	Larry Harmon
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Queenie	Trent Reinsmith
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Bridget	Shaun Fontana
Josh Coffman	Eric LaRose
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#146/July '95. Riverdances, Head, Bristles, Aur
Aut, Schlepprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins,
YAPO, 10-96, Empriss Of Far, Underhand,
Nailed Down.

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Cam-
pus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak,
Chumpsnap, Hmmpers, No Violence, Different
Attitudes, Juveniles, Richard the Roadie, "Roots
Of Punk—The Sixties Pt 2"

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap Her, Sick Boys,
Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Matt, Final Con-
flict, Rawness, Sink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers,
"Roots Of Punk—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread
Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Tur-
tlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity,
Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The
Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#155/Apr '96. 3rd Degree, Rassy Crush, Surf-
in' Turups, Skokoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slap-
pers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey
Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta"

#156 pt 1/1 May '96. Public Toys, Cruach, Peter
& The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian,
Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots of
Punk—Boston".

#156 pt 2/1 May '96. Australian Special: Bean-
flipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babicz, Crank, Sub-
Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides,
Fallout, Freuzal Rhomb, Lawusmell, One Inch
Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint
Walker

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The
Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats,
Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Her-
enles, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots of
Punk—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stuffs, The Gas, Ash-
ley Von Hunter, Haters, The Process, Brother
Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For
Rent, "Roots of Punk—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smagglers, Brand New Unit,
Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Roand Ear Spocks, Dav-
id Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind
Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun Peo-
ple, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots of Punk—The
Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast,
Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public,
Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apoca-
lypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update,
"Roots of Punk—Eater"

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Diris-
ia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink
Sires, Newtown Grants, "Pioneers of Punk—
Ohio 77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatch-
ers, The Stan, National Guard, Torches To
Rome, Restos Fostles, Tivo Bo's Mantas, Snuk-
ka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots of
Punk—Los Angeles 77"

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Pistu-
rures, Wig Hai, Boys, La It Rock, Enemy Soil,
Vulcaners, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen
Idles

#164/Jan '97. Naked Aggression, Lil Bun-
nies, Sparkle Moore, Tah Hunter, Bar Feeders,
Jabb
deplex, Aerd, "Roots of Punk—The Vibrators",
"Ten Years Of Gifman".

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Millionaires,

No-Talens, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze,
Chris Spedding/Other People's Music, Defiance,
Real MacKenzie's, Savage Malignant, Sea Mon-
sters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi,
"Roots of Punk—Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, 77
Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey
Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun,
Suicide King, Lengaas Armadas, Trauma, De
Crew, "Pioneers of Punk—Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. No Fraud, Nobodys, Sloppy Sec-
onds, The Forgotten, The Viceroy's, Brian/Giand
Theft Audio, Gaaze, Danko Jones, "Roots of
Punk—Kuro".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs,
Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots of
Punk—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit,
Jihad, Purgin, Speed Queens, Remission,
Halfings, The Old Man, Delace, "Roots of Punk—
Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4
Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken,
(Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pi-
oneers of Punk—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs,
Misanthropists, Racerator, Violent Society,
Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Mo-
tiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead,
Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face,
Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer
Vic Gedns, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los
Tigres Guapos, Les Parisians, Bristolos, My 3
Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reducives,
Nick Qwik, "Pioneers of Punk—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity
Split, Bladder, Piss Shiters, Barnhills, In/Ha-
manity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Un-
known, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding
Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops,
Dirty Burds, Dimesiore Haloos, "Pioneers of
Punk—The HENCHMEN", filmmaker Lech Kow-
alski.

#176/Jan '98. Inloshops/radical bookstores,
Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palaika, Voorhees, Stal-
ingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Bellones, Sky
Grain, the I.A.S's, Ducky Boys, John Cougar
Concentration Camp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Drop-
out, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann
Bereita, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarant-
ine, "Roots of Punk—Generation X".

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirty's,
Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun
Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American
Steel, Econonics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls,
Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive
Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records,
"Pioneers of Punk—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Kill-
ers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK
Ultravolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack
Smith.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Shleeto
Boys, All Beis Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack,

Cell Block 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers of Punk—
999", Pirate Radio theme issue.

#182/July '98. Three Headcoates, Vapids, Man-
churian Candidates, Squiggy, Nema, Traffic Vi-
olation Recs, Jumpin' Land Mines, B-Movie Rats,
Budget Girls, Bruisers, Discount, Dead End Kids,
"Pioneers of Punk—Adverts".

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero
Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pi-
oneers of Punk—X-Ray Specs", Chiapas article.

#184/Sept '98. Absencees, Devoid of Faith, UXA,
Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Choc-
olats, Reconstruction, Liberrine, Indecision, Shark-
out Boys, "Pioneers of Punk—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Trailors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed &
Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacricco,
Worm, Roswell's, Raxola, Beanick Terruies, "Pi-
oneers of Punk—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Mari-
lyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our
Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers of
Punk—Spizzenberg".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins,
Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class,
Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun, "Pi-
oneers of Punk—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields,
Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mais
Moles, DOA, "Pioneers of Punk—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube
Babies, Steam Pig, Marauders, Yakuza, Dead
Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita &
Sister.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse,
Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smarthomb
ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown,
Halfways, Tili, "Pioneers of Punk—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare,
Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs,
Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pi-
oneers of Punk—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chom-
sky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen,
Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo
Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pi-
oneers of Punk—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's
"Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety
Pins, Pussycats, Prolines, False Alarm, Darl-
ington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mulletts, pt 3 of
Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public
Mind".

#194/July '99. Deathbeat, Last Match, God Hates
Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps,
Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, These Out-
casts, "Pioneers of Punk—Elvis Costello".

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RCS, Have Nots, Ill
Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Reilons,
Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday
Recs, "Pioneers of Punk—Silver Chalice", MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Or-
chid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching
Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Time To Die-
Epicer Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats,
Showcase Showdown, Waffle, Flat Earth Recs,
Holidays in the Sun report, "Pioneers of Punk—
Radio Birdman".

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

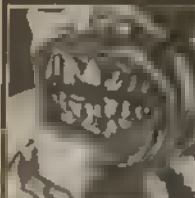
Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing inter-
views on a semi-regular ba-
sis. We're looking for peo-
ple who already have some
experience doing interviews
(perhaps you have your own
zine and would like to share
some of your best stuff with
a wider audience), who can
challenge bands (I know, I
know, most bands don't
have squat to say, but a good
interviewer can take them
where they haven't been be-
fore!) or give some long
overdue support for those
behind-the-scenes types
who do an awful lot of the
hard work in punk rock but
get little of the ego or mon-
etary rewards. Please give
usa call if you are interested
in covering new hardcore,
punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff: We prefer things
typed up on a 3 1/2" com-
puter disk, either Mac (pre-
ferred) or IBM. Please don't
type in ALL CAPS! If you can't
access a computer, then
typed up clearly on paper
should work, as long as it's
in a fairly common and
straightforward font. Graph-
ic stuff! Send photos (B&W
preferred, but color OK too),
logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines: See detailed
information listed on the
mastheads of the Record
Review and Zine Review sec-
tions.

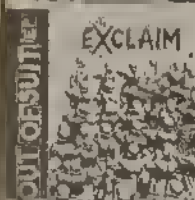
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SOUND POLLUTION



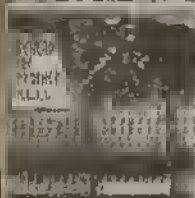
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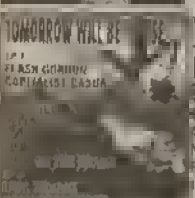
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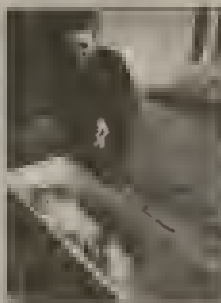
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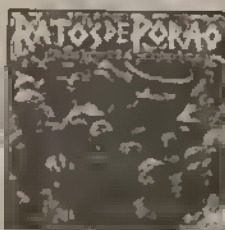
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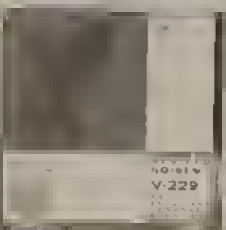
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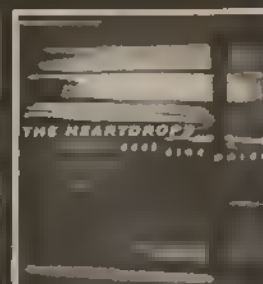
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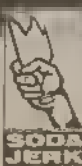
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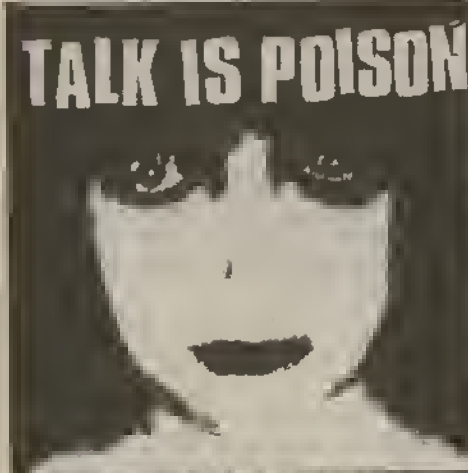


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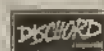
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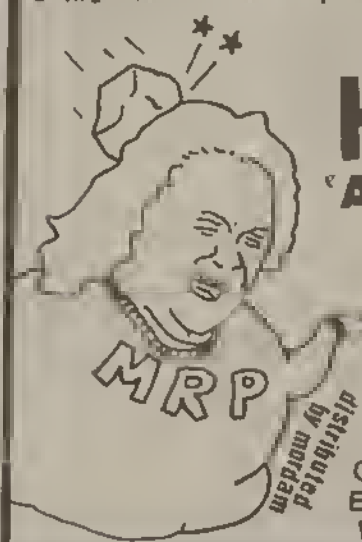
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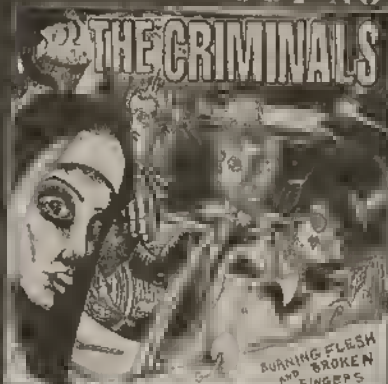
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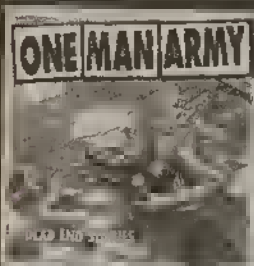


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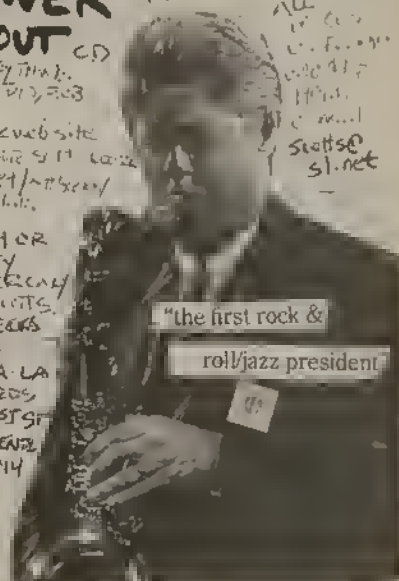
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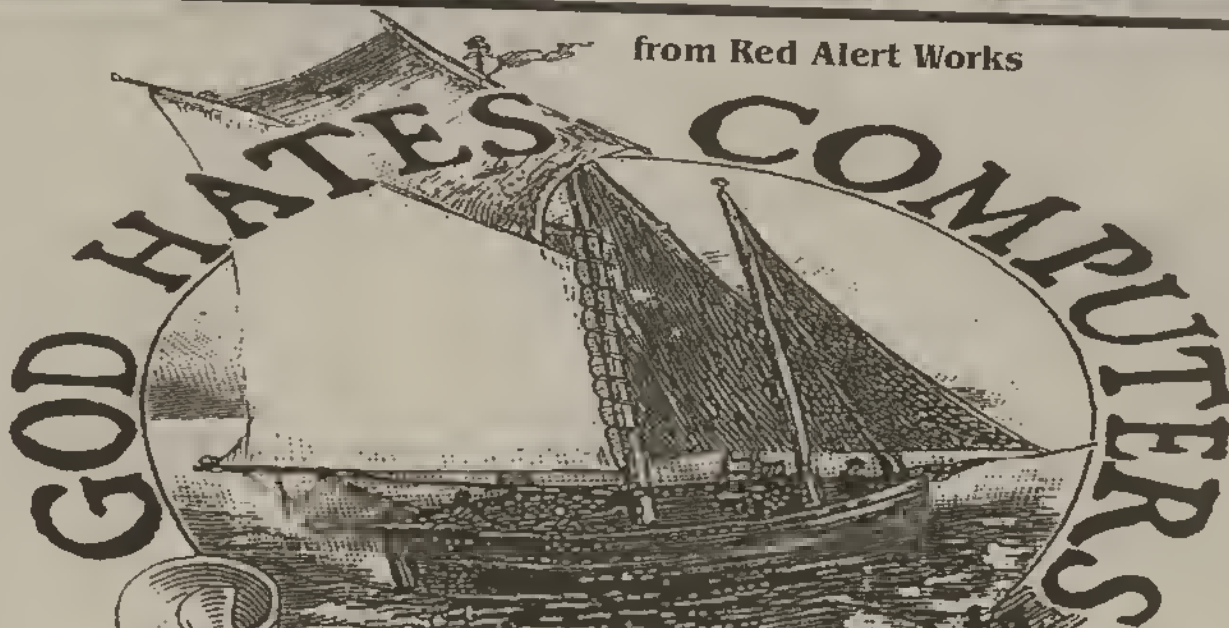
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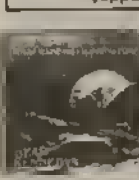
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Hello everyone interested, We are writing to let everyone know of

another rip-off label that in our eyes should not be supported because they have failed in the truth/ honesty department in this big underground business we call punk. So here's the story.

Somehow the label Dwie Strony Medalu from Poland got ahold of a demo of our band Idi Amin and wrote saying they would like to put out a 7" of our band in Europe. Of course we jumped at the chance, thinking, wow, we can get our music out to a lot more people and also it would be a chance to have our own full 7". So we agree on doing it and receiving 100 copies of the record, due to it being so expensive to ship overseas. So we send off the material to them around May 1998 and hear no more from them.

Eventually said record is released and the first time we hear about it is from a friend who saw it on a distro list in the UK. (Huh, why didn't these guys write to tell us our record is out?) So the next thing we know it's being reviewed in *MRR*. But still no letter, no record, no fuck you or anything.

We then write a letter to them asking what's going on, as to why we have not heard from them, or received any records as agreed. This letter was sent in the middle of May 1999 and we expressed our displeasure on the matter and that shit would go down if we didn't hear from them very soon (June 1st). Now I've waited until the middle of July for a response, but guess what, nothing!

So here it is. Please do not support this label, please do not buy this record from them. If you're a distro, please send them back (broken preferably) or just keep them to use as frisbees. Fuck paying these rip off assholes who make hardcore suck, we don't need you fuckers around!!! Love, Idi Amin/ PO Box 1982/ Roanoke, VA 24009

B Dear *Maximumrockroll*, Here's a letter that is sure to be taken the wrong way. Just recently I've found out about a label called Sub-City Records. This is what I know about them. Sub-City is run by the same people who run Hopeless Records. Sub-City is the charity branch of Hopeless, donating money from each record they put out to different charity organizations.

The people at Sub-City probably mean well, but I think their efforts are pathetically mainstream. Sub-City only gives 5% of the profits of each record to charity. Where is the rest of the money from this charity label going? I think it is fair for Sub-City to pay back their cost of making each record. But I don't think these expenses account for 95% of the cost of the record. If the bands are getting paid from the release, then shame on them. They are taking money, probably not much in all honesty, from the charity that the record is being advertised to help, as well as taking a lot of praise as do-gooders, when they aren't doing anything. If the money is going in any way as profit to the people running Sub-City, than bigger shame on them. Why would they have to profit off of any sale of a Sub-City release, if Sub-City is supposed to be the charity branch of Hopeless? It would suggest a lot of insincerity on their parts.

The choice of charity groups to receive the 5% proceeds doesn't seem too well thought out either. Why has Sub-City decided on giving this money to national charity groups like the Multiple Sclerosis foundation? These groups suck, but never get criticized because of the supposed good they do. National level charity groups are nearly all run with bloated staffs, with bloated budgets, and bloated salaries. That means that huge amounts of money that people donate never even make it to research or those in need. It goes right into people's salaries.

Do you see why I think Sub-City is pathetic? If they did their charity efforts in a punk way, they would donate all of their profits to charity, and only keep their true expenses. Also, the groups chosen to relieve

the money would be done in a more punk way. Rather than give the money to the national MS Foundation, why not do a little research and find a local hospice that cares for people with MS, or some other small, locally run activity directed towards MS? Then the money would be much better spent, since it is rare that the people on the local level ever make the six figure salaries of national level people, and they hardly ever have big staffs wasting money. It would be much more appreciated, and the Sub-City people could help their community more.

I don't care if I come across as petty. Sure, there may not be much money involved, and the profit Sub-City makes may be small, but it is still a profit, not honestly mentioned in their ads, and sets a poor example for punk benefit actions. Love, Sandy Roy

Sandy and those concerned, I talked to Sub City and it's the bands who pick the charity the money goes to. The bands mentioned to me picked local, not national groups. Jeff M.

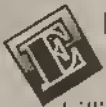
MRR, Hey thanks for the review in this latest issue (*Adventures in Food #4*) but my address got printed wrong. The right one is 3819 Manila Ave./ Oakland, CA 94609. It would be great if you would print it in your next issue. Alison

MRR, First of all I'd like to thank you guys for the bad review of our CD "We're Punk Rocks... Not Potatoes." It was great. The best part was, what BM said about Blink and our band Kick Me - "they're good, you're not". Classic! Anyway, the real reason I'm writing this is because our address on the CD was outdated and I sent a letter explaining it along with a piece of paper with all the new info and the old one was still printed. So if you can do me another favor and just print our new address and the price, it would be kindly appreci-



ated. Kick Me/
3345 Herman
Ave. #12/ San
Diego, CA
92104 (and the
CD is only \$5
bucks ppd.)

Thanks. Not afraid of little criticism,
Alex Kick Me/ Erin Kick Me



Hey,
After years of reading *Max Rock* I've seen a billion letters about record reviews and how so and so's band got screwed... and I always thought to myself, "What a bunch of whiners". So it wasn't until recently that I began to feel their pain. Instead of whining though, I thought I would offer some constructive criticism.

A review of With Authority's new CD was given in issue #194 that wasn't all that great, which is fine. The problem I have is with the way the review was done.

It starts out saying, "maybe Ray should've assigned this [to someone else]". Which obviously forced the question, "Why not?" It's an obvious answer... because there's too many records, CDs and tapes coming in to be able to screen them all. This all leads to my point.

As a record reviewer, you're going to get records that you don't have a particular fancy for the style. It's part of the responsibility of being a record reviewer. Also part of that responsibility lies in what you write. Depending on the review, you can sink or swim as a band or indie-label. With that in mind, I have to suggest that reviewers (in my case Ty Smith) review a record keeping bias out and objectivity in.

Case in point. Our review says "this band plays straight up metal mosh-core." So now I wonder, "What's straight-up metal mosh-core?" It goes on to say, "...like a minor, minor, minor league Sick of it All." End of review. What does it mean??? I have no clue what the hell this band sounds like based on the review.

As a journalist, I'm always writing stories on subjects that I don't personally care about or agree with, but I do it with the facts. Keeping my nose out of it. With that in

mind, here's the unbiased review of my own record as an example. To show it can be done:

With Authority - Do Not Obey CD. Can't really compare these guys to anyone in particular. They have a cross-over type sound that can go from slow heavy moshcore to hard driving "wall of noise" hardcore in an instant. Lyrics deal with familiar themes like poverty, drugs, and the money machine that we live in. Solid production. If you like heavy cross-over hc, you may like this release.

Unfortunately, I think Ty Smith just listened to the first song for his review, because if he made it to songs #2, 3, or 4, he would've realized that his words are a bit misleading. In Ty's defense, we led off the CD with the worst song we could have. The first song lays the foundation for the whole record. So bands, lesson learned: Never put your weakest song as the lead song on your record or you may find yourself sitting on a shit-load of CDs that you'll be giving as Christmas gifts for years to come.

Dave Hate/ datatester@aol.com

PS. Sorry about the "tough guy vocals", it's hard to hide what you are.

Dave,

Your "obvious answer" (that there are too many releases for us to screen them all) is bullshit. Every release sent to us is listened to by the vinyl or CD assigner. They try to direct them to someone into the style of music but aren't always successful. Saying that a band or label will sink or swim based on one review is also bullshit. Hopefully the band has more going on than one review in one zine.

You gotta be joking when you say you're gonna write an "unbiased review of [your] own record" to show us how it's done. You say the same thing Ty does, except you try to make the band sound good. That's why we don't have bands write their own reviews. Unlike the journalism you practice, the reviewers here are actually writing about something they give a shit about, quality punk/hc music. What the fuck is an objective record review? There's no such thing. So yes, you are whining, you tough

guy datatester you. Jeff M.



Ted -

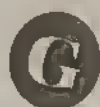
I saw your letter in *MRR* this month and it reminded me of a discussion I had with some friends a while back. I've worked at college stations and watched my friends put a lot of time, effort, and of course, money into putting out records. There's a good chance you already know all about what I'm going to say (most of which is common sense), but in the small chance that you don't have much experience with college radio/promotion, let me give you a word of advice. Don't be fooled by the charts in *CMJ* - find out as much as you can about each station that you're considering sending records to. A lot of stations have great charts; you read them and think, wow, some college station is actually charting pop punk (I know you run a pop punk label, so I assume you'd be looking for at least a little pop punk in the chart). So you spend the money on the postage and send it over to them. I know postage isn't that much, but it adds up after a while.

The problem is that many college stations may chart independent music of all genres, but most of their airtime doesn't actually consist of those bands. For example, I moved to CT this year. The college station here, WHUS, charts all indie and a little punk/hardcore. They're a huge station, reporting to *CMJ* and *Gavin* (another trade mag), and every small label in the country sends them records because of this. Unfortunately, what those labels don't know is there are only maybe 4 shows a week, tops, that play independent music (and most of these are indie rock shows). All of their other time is spent on world, jazz, hip hop, techno, etc. It's true that it does vary from semester to semester, depending on the type of people that apply for shows, but it doesn't vary all that much. On the other hand, at my old station in Florida, the charts were mostly indie/obscure with a primarily indie format. However, I used to do a punk/hardcore show that had a pretty big audience.



Basically, I'm just passing along advice/experience from myself and others who have wanted

people to hear their records. Do yourself a favor, before you send out records, call or email the stations... try to get a good feel for if they'll actually play your records or if they'll just sell them to the record store down the street (or worse, throw them away). I know you already know this and that it's common sense, but I figured I would reiterate it just in case. Good luck, Marina



MRR,

I usually love the news section of *MRR*, but lately it seems like there has been a little loss of quality control. In August's issue you printed a well circulated "spam" email about taxing electronic mail that's a well documented urban legend, I've received the same message in various forms about as often as I have the one about the guy waking up in a bathtub of ice with his kidney missing. Another "spam" email message warning about Febreze deodorizer made it into the news section a few issues back with warnings about it killing pets! When I read this I freaked out, we just sprayed a quilt our dog and cats sleep on with the stuff, I rushed home in a panic. The animals seemed fine, but we washed it thoroughly to rid it of the supposed toxic chemicals *MRR* warned about.

I looked into this supposed news (question everything!) and found the email had been sent to a lot of veterinarians and pet health people, but they all looked into it and found the claims totally false. The National Animal Poison Control Center released a statement saying "Contrary to rumors being spread over the Internet, the ASPCA knows of no substantiated evidence that the use of Febreze has caused the death of any dogs or cats."

Something to remember about the Internet, while it's a great

way to communicate quickly, it is also used to spread disinformation, viruses, and jokes quickly too. It seems we as punks could use this to our advantage with a little thought and planning rather than falling victim to it.

Dan Halligan/10 Things zine



MRR -

Reading the August installment of Christian's Corner made me sick to my stomach. What the hell were you thinking, printing a racist, sexist, homophobic column and passing it off under the guise of life from a Christian perspective? I try very hard to respect other people's opinions and religious beliefs, but when I read something this degrading and moronic, I can't help but to lose that sense of tolerance.

As a 15-year old female who's trying to come to terms with my own bisexuality, I found the "article" very insulting, misleading, and downright fascist. It's hard enough to live in a city full of Bible-thumping oppressors, without opening up *MRR* and reading, "I will not stand by and let the homos soil God's world with their perversity," "Black men, White men and Chinese men, all together," and "We can refuse to hire open homosexuals, and refuse to serve them in our business, making it impossible for them to live." I have a hard enough time hearing the chants of "faggot" every day at school (although I'm not out of the closet to the majority of the people I know) and I don't need it in a preferred zine of mine. I'd expect to read something like that on a God Hates Fags webpage, but not in a zine that prides itself on being free of all such content.

This right-wing, self-serving, moralistic bullshit has no place within the pages of *MRR*, and I will not buy it again until Christian's Corner is gone, or at least free of this filth. To quote DOA, "If there's a God, why does he sit on his butt? Instead of saving the devoted he just spawns fanatical nuts/ Torture and murder keep the world spinnin' 'round/ If there's a God, he's fallen down."

Gen Storm/ autosuggestion2@hotmail.com

PS. Since none of the record

stores I shop at carry *MRR* on a regular basis, could someone please tell me if/ when this letter gets in, and more importantly, if/ when Christian's Corner is gone? Thanks.



MRR,

I just wanted to express my displeasure in reading your Christian's Corner column on the topic of homophobia. I have never in my life read such crap concerning gays and lesbians. I am boycotting your publication and encouraging my friends to do so to until we get an apology. Sincerely,

Amanda Erwin-Ball



Dear MRR,

When I first read that *MRR* would be featuring a new column called Christian's Corner, I thought "Wow! This is nice of *MRR*! It's nice to let the Christian punks out there to tell the rest of us what is going on in their scene! Good for you, *MRR*! Let everyone be heard!"

But when I was skimming the columns in issue #195, I was shocked and horrified to see what the Christian's Corner had to say. Instead of some sort of explanation as to why so called "Christian Punks" exist, I was bombarded with a message of homophobia and hate propaganda from some leftist (*Leftist? -ed*) Nazi pig who wants us to believe that gays are evil.

Now, I have read a lot of things that piss me off in this zine, mostly from so-called punks who write in bitching about something that apparently isn't punk enough for them, but, over all; I kept coming back to the zine because I realized that the opinions of these punks matter to the scene and movement as a whole. On the other hand, I have also taken note on *MRR*, her staffers, and her readers stance on zero tolerance to hate. Why then would *MRR* allow this column which openly accuses gays of "perverted acts, the chasing and recruiting of children, and the desire to make the whole world gay,"? I wouldn't think that *MRR* would allow such sick and twisted words of hate into the



pages of this magazine. I am sorry to find out that I was wrong about you.

For the reason of this I am attempting to start a letter writing campaign against *MRR* until this "Christian" column has been removed, or until it's format has been changed completely. These messages of hate do not belong here. If these Nazis wish to talk shit about other groups of people, that's fine. They have that right. But, if we all want to rid the world of the Nazi threat, we must begin by letting them all know they are not welcome in our lives. If we are willing to tolerate this kind of hate here, then what's next?

I urge the readers of *MRR* to write the columnists, reviewers, and other readers of this zine and let them know what kind of Nazi filth is being published. I also urge that we all write, e-mail, fax, and/or call the editors of *MRR* until this problem is taken care of. Unless, of course, *MRR* is too chickenshit to publish this letter and let it's readers see my proposition. But hopefully, that isn't the case. Thank you for your time,
Marc C./ kingstaples@yahoo.com



Maximum,

This is in response to Skipard Reason's column. I think he should die now. And he should take his bullshit column down with him. He said, "God often sends plagues upon those he is angry with, so clearly AIDS, which affects gays, drug users and prostitutes, must be heaven-sent," my ass. *Fuck you I'm gay, fuck God, I'll fuck you up the ass!! I'll cum all over you and turn you gay, oh wait, you're a closet!* Bi,
Juan Amaya



MRR,

Granted, I know you guys enjoy pissing people off... I just picked up issue 195, and after reading the few columns I always read, I noticed the new Christian's Corner. I have never

read anything in *MRR* that ever pissed me off so much. I can not believe you would allow such bullshit to actually go into print. I mean yeah I'm sure Basil Ransom would have spread his closed minded, homophobic views elsewhere, but why in a seemingly open minded forum such as *MRR*. Eh, I guess I'll just skip over that column monthly and go straight to George Tabb's and Nick Fitt's. Though while reading the ramblings of Rev. Ransom, I couldn't help but laugh at it, no matter how angry I got. You know Rev., none of the gay people I know watch as much gay porn as you, nor do they read all the gay magazines you subscribe to. You know it seems you're more gay than the "fags" you condemn so quickly. Enjoy your gay porn, ya fruitcake! Hugs-n-kisses
Carl

PS. You know that bible you beat so much? King James (it's his version) was gay! You really think a gay would condemn his own way of life?

PPS. Punk rock is about questioning things, not swallowing everything you hear.

Carl- some would say swallowing everything you hear is right up there with believing everything you read.
Arwen



Dear *MRR* and readers,

The column you have started printing a couple issues back, entitled "Christian's Corner," I think is a joke. In the first issue Christian's Corner was in, at the end of the letters section, you said, "We have not been getting many letters lately." After that issue, a lot more people wrote in to *MRR* in protest of the new column. I can also tell it is a joke because if you shorten Skipard Reason's name, you get Skip Reason. If somebody wanted to get taken seriously, they would not have made such a nick name. You guys are a great zine though, and thanks for sending all my issues to me on time. Thanks again, Harri/ Massachusetts



My Dearest *Maximum rocknroll*,

I want to thank you

for publishing that great comedy piece in issue 194! Christian's Corner was a wonderful bit of religious satire, I'm glad to see such humor within your pages. I'll admit, I was taken aback at first, but I caught on about half way through and then I couldn't stop laughing. Skipard Reason could keep me in stitches for hours, I cant wait for his next column. He was joking right?! Ha! Keep it up.... Later,
K.



Hey *MRR*,

This is in regards to your recent termination of Nick Fitt. I just want you to know that I am upset over this because I thoroughly enjoyed his articles. This is a protest letter and I am sure you will be receiving many more similar to mine. If you are a democratic fanzine at all (I have heard that you are actually dictatorial), then you will listen to the people that keep you in business. Thank you very much.
Jason



To: *Maximumrocknroll*,
re: Nick Fitt's column in *MRR* #195. Any geek worth his salt would know

Kitty Pryde's name is spelled with a "y". Over + out,
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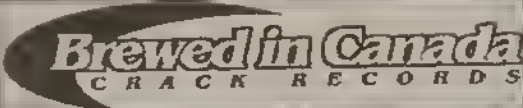
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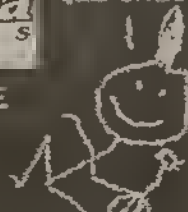
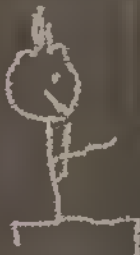
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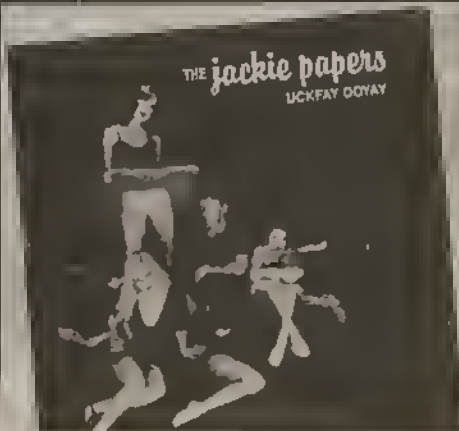
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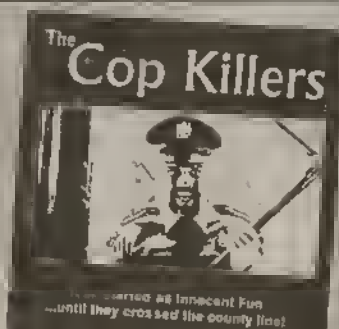
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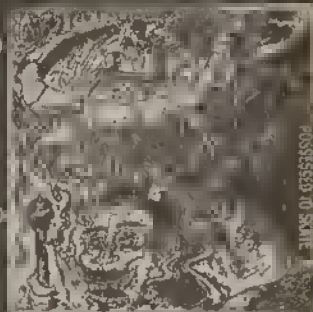
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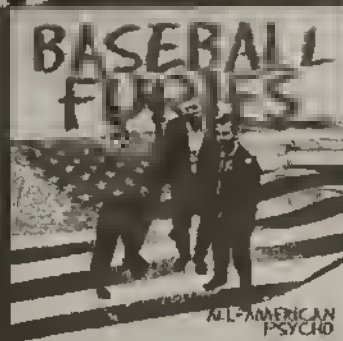
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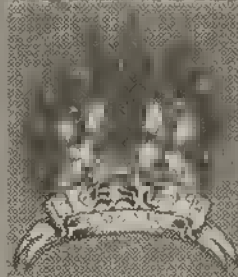
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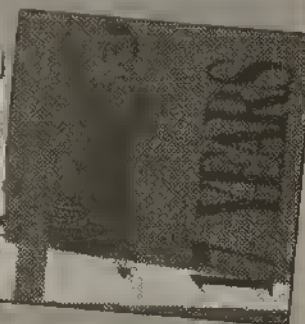
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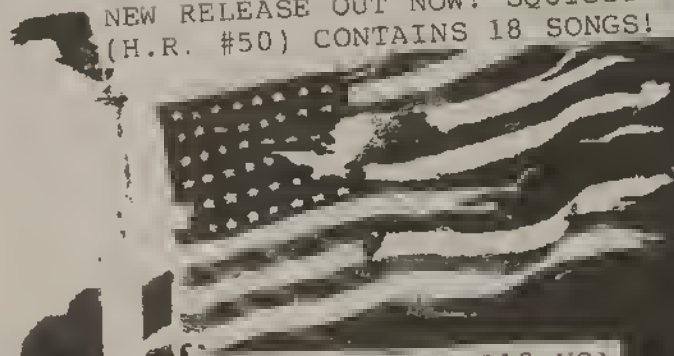
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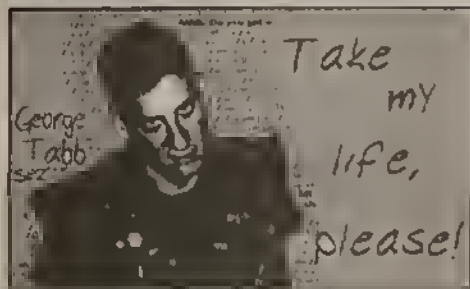


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So there I was, rolling around on the floor with this hot babe named Monique, as her friend, Bonita, watched us with widening pupils. First Monique would slip me some tongue, then I'd do the same to her. As we kept at it, I could literally smell her getting excited. I could also smell Bonita's fine feminine scents, and could tell she was getting hot to trot as well.

Soon Monique and I switched from kissing each other's faces to gentle genital licking. As I ran my tongue over her newly shaved crotch, I could see Bonita and her blonde hair watching us through the corner of my eye. I could tell she wanted to join in. Hell, I could smell it. But Bonita was in a shy mood that night, and seemed to be more interested in being a voyeur than anything else. Which is too bad, because Monique is a brunette, and having a menage a trois with a blonde and a brunette had always been a fantasy of mine.

Anyway, I went from licking Monique's labia to her nipple, then to her other nipple, then her other, her other, and then her other. She was going nuts for me. Moaning and groaning, barking like a damn canine.

Finally I'm as excited as I'll ever be, and go to mount Monique. From behind. Doggy Style. I like it that way. As I do so, Bonita rushes toward me with a speed I never knew she possessed, with the whites of her teeth showing. And then she bites me. BITES ME.

I quickly jump off Monique and howl in pain. Then Bonita bites me again. I quickly cower behind my brunette friend, hoping she'll protect me from this female savage. But no such luck. Monique then bites me as well. Bonita takes another chunk out of me. Suddenly they are both biting me all over, and it hurts. I mean, hell, I'm a kinky kinda guy, I've even done it in the middle of the street, as well as on a roof-top, in a Laundromat, and even with twenty people watching once. But this pain stuff had to go. I wasn't into it like these crazy bitches. And bitches they were.

But I should have figured the day would end badly. With pain. Hell, it had began with it. It was just one of those damn dog days.

"Mother-fucking sonofabith cocksucker asshole," yelled George in his sleep as I lay between him, and Wendy.

"Fucking fuck, I'll kill you, gimme back my stuff fucker, fucking Florida," he continued.

As George, my adopted Dad, went on to swear about a thousand more times, I quickly hopped over my adopted Mom, Wendy, and went to sleep on her side of the bed. There I wouldn't be hit by his flailing fists which were sure to start swinging in his

sleep at any second. So I lay next to my mom, with my head burrowed in her underarm, just to be safe. After all, I'm a six, no, excuse me, SEVEN pound Yorkshire Terrier named P.J., and one good hit to my head or torso by a human means bye-bye to me.

"George," says Mom, "wake up, wake up! You are having bad dreams again!"

"Huh," says Dad, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"You were dreaming about Florida again," says Mom.

"Fucking pissot shithole of a state that fucking place is, let me tell you," says Dad, and with that, he turns over and goes back to sleep.

"Your Daddy is crazy," mom tells me as she pulls me in close for some morning cuddling.

I think to myself that she is the one who is crazy for being with him. And I'd tell her the same thing. If I could. But I'm a dog. It all comes out as barks.

After about fifteen minutes, which in dog time is an hour and forty-five minutes, quite an eternity, I decide it's time to wake up. The family. First I start to howl and moan, but finally resort to barking and jumping all over my Dad and Mom's face. It's the only thing that ever works.

After Dad puts on some sweat pants and a "Dick Army" t-shirt, who ever that is, he says to me, "Ya wanna go out?"

I just look at him with my big ears and tilt my head.

"Ya wanna go out?" he asks again.

I keep my head tilted and stare at this fucking loony tune. "Ya wanna go out?" What kind of question is that? Of course I want to go outside. I gotta piss. And most likely take a dump. It's not like I can get up at anytime of the night and go take a whiz in front of that big round white thing, and spill half of it on the floor. I HAVE to hold it in all night.

"Ya wanna go out?" Dad asks for the third time. He must think I'm deaf. So I pretend I am and run under the bed where he can't catch me. Eventually he does, and I hang my head in shame as he puts this harness thing around my neck, and takes me out on a slick black leash.

As we head out of my building, I hear someone yell "P.J.! P.J.!"

I look up and see that it's my pal Jack's Mom's Mom. His grandmother.

"You look so cute this morning, P.J.," Jack's grandma says to me as she tries to pick me up with one hand, as she hugs Jack with the other.

Of course I run as far away from that as possible. I gotta take a piss. Plus, every time she catches me, she gives me kisses and stuff. Yick.

"You wanna see Jack?" she then asks me, and puts my pal the Katan on the ground. Jack is a little white fluffy guy, about twice my size, except for the hair. He's got so much he looks like a cloud. And when he's dirty, he looks like a thunderstorm.

Jack runs at me full force and lifts me up from underneath with his head. Just the kind of thing I need when my bladder and colon are full. I growl nicely a few times at Jack,

telling him it's "walkies" time, and he grunts back with understanding.

I then pull my coffeeless father, who is moaning and groaning about how he is not awake yet, up the street where I take my first whiz of the day. I lift my leg near a large brick wall and let it all out. As I do so, people walk by and say how "cute" and "sweet" I am. They also ask my dad all about me.

He tells them I'm a Yorkie, a year and a half old, and blah blah blah. Of course, the whole time they are talking to him, they are looking at me. And I'm out there, with my dick flapping in the breeze, taking a leak. It's all very lovely.

After I piss I decide that I must poop. Now. So while Dad tries to drag me back into my building, I drag him around the corner to Poo Alley.

Poo Alley.

Just the name of it brings a rumble to my small colon.

It's the small side street next to where I live where all the dogs in the building do their business. It's like one large minefield of dogshit. A place I feel comfortable going, even though I wish some of my pal's parents would clean up after them. I mean, I'd clean up after myself if I could. Hell, I used to. When I was young, and I went, I used to eat it. Suck up all the crumbs, too. Making a mess is a bad thing.

Anyway, we get to Poo Alley and I'm all set to do my thing when I hear someone again yell "P.J.! P.J.!"

I look up to see Dio running full force at me, with her dad in tow.

Suddenly Dio is all over me like she usually is, and I'm kinda pissed. I gotta poo, and this crazy young girl is pawing me, and asking if I want to play. I bark "no" to the Tibetan Terrier, but of course, that is no answer for this crazy chick. She jumps on top of me and starts to sniff my damn ears. Finally, I get so pissed I growl at her, and even show her my fangs. She doesn't seem to care, but her dad drags her away with a puzzled look.

Alone, at last, I finally get to unload in peace. I sniff around Poo Alley a bit, and then head toward my favorite spot, a small stairwell near a parking garage. As I start to do my poo twirls, I again hear my name. "P.J.! P.J.!"

I look up as poop is erupting from my rear end to see Quartz, and her owner, running toward me.

Now it's no secret that I don't like Quartz. First off, she's a kind of skanky Bijon Terrier, who always is in heat, and has blood constantly dripping down her back legs. Second, her owners, one big human, and one little human, suck. They live next door to me, and every time they think they hear me in the hallway they coming running out to play. That little bitch jumps all over me and it's gross. I mean, she's got open sores from biting herself, and I hear she's got fleas. Yuck.

So I quickly push the rest of the poop out of me, and make a run for the entrance of my building, before me and my dad are forced into conversation.

But dad has trouble finding something to clean up after me with, so I am stuck with the little troll hopping all over me while Dad

explains to the little human that "P.J. is not really in a good mood this morning."

Good mood my tail. I'll bite Quartz and that little fuck if they ever interrupt me in Poo Alley again.

Finally, Dad cleans up and I run down the sidewalk toward our door. Dad can't keep up with me, so I feel as if I am sort of running in place. Actually, I almost am. Dad is really slow, and he's still bitching about how he needs coffee, and how he drank too much the night before. What he drank, I'm not sure, but I did smell this weird odor all over the bathroom floor in front of the big white round thing.

Finally we near the door, where I will soon go in, rush upstairs, and get a Milkbone. One of the highlights of my day since my father and mother had taken it upon themselves to have my balls cut off. I mean, I can still have sex and stuff, but it just isn't the same, ya know? Fuckers.

So, I'm about to go inside when these two little humans, dark in color, start screaming. And pointing at me.

"Mommy, Mommy!" they yell, "that mean old dog is gonna bite me. Mean dog! Go away!"

Then they start kicking and swinging at me. Like I did anything to deserve this? If I had any balls, I'd go up and bite them in their skinny little ankles. But, alas, I don't.

Finally, upstairs, I get a Milkbone. Then I take a long, long nap on the couch. Right in my dad's spot. So he can't play his stupid video games and keep me awake.

Four hours later, which in dog time, is well over a day, I wake up and start to moan. I gotta take a leak again.

My mom is on the couch, making jewelry, and my dad is typing on the computer.

I howl a bit more. And more.

They ignore me.

Finally, I get down off the couch, stand in front of both of them, and rub my back feet hard against the ground.

"Look," says Mom, "he's chickenscratching, isn't that cute?"

Dad says "uh-huh" without taking his eyes off he computer screen.

"I think he need to go out now," says Mom.

"Yep," says Dad, still staring at the monitor.

"So you'll take him out now, right?" she says.

"Whatever you say," says Dad.

Five minutes later I'm scratching the carpet to ribbons and still my dad isn't paying attention to me.

"He still has to go out," says my mom.

Gee, thanks Mom. How about YOU taking me out.

"Well, I guess I'll take him out then," says Mom, as if she's read my mind.

"Let's take him to the Dee Are," says Dad.

My ears prick up. Did he say "Dee Are?"

"Good idea," says Mom.

"Dee Are?" I'm excited.

"Good, then let's go," says Dad.

The next thing I know I'm all harnessed up after hiding under the bed for a few minutes,

and then I'm out the door.

"He loves the Dee Are," explains Mom to Dad as I pull them as fast as I can down the street.

I love the Dee Are. It's this place by my house where all these other dogs in the neighborhood go hang out and run around. Off their leashes. It's like this giant fenced in area that smells like piss and poop, but is hella fun.

"He's dragging you so hard, make him slow down," Mom says to Dad as we make our way to the play area.

"He's a puppy, he's excited, that's all. He loves the Dog Run."

I wonder what the hell a Dog Run is, and think maybe it's something like the Dee Are.

"If he doesn't stop dragging us to the Dee Are, he is gonna have to go to obedience school," says Mom.

Then Dad starts into this whole tirade about how when he was a kid his step-mother always threatened him with military school, and how he hated that. And that now she was doing the same thing to me.

"He's just un-trained, that's all," explains Mom.

I don't know what obedience school is, but I have heard from some other dogs in the building that it's not a fun place. They make you walk around in circles, and learn to obey, obey, obey. If I had wanted that, I would have joined my dad's band.

When we get a block within the Dee Are, I start to drag my dad like crazy. Also drool. I'm really excited. The last time I was there I met this really hot red-head who just about let me slip her the beef. It was great. Also, I got to chase after some huge guys, and bite their ears.

Finally, we arrive. As we approach the place, two small Asian human children out of nowhere start screaming.

"Mean dog, mean dog!" they yell.

I just look at them and tilt my head.

"Mean dog, go away, you just a big rat!" They say.

My parents drag me past them, and as they do, I am very tempted to jump up and bite their faces off. Little fucks.

Just as I'm about to enter the Dee Are, some jerk comes rolling past me in funny shoes, and almost runs me over. I was almost road kill. So I growled at him. It was just not a good day.

Once inside the Dee Are, which my parents are now referring to as "The Dog Run", I'm let off my leash.

I run around like crazy, looking back at my parents every once in a while. They have some abandoment issues. Anyway, I spot some cool dogs, and start to run around with them.

"They're pack animals," I hear my dad say to my mom as they watch me frolic in the land of fences, piss, poop, and a kiddy pool.

I bark at my dad. Pack animals my ass. We don't even smoke.

A few minutes later, I spot a hot-dog dog from my building named DiCapprio, with his owner, the woman with the large hooters. I bark and paw at her leg so she'll pick me up. Eventually she does, and I get to be smothered against her chest.

After she puts me down, I feel myself all

excited, and spot some hot Maltese across the yard. Well, cement.

Anyway, I run over to her, do puppy twirls, flicker my ears, and act all shy and stuff. She takes an interest in me, and before I know it, I'm climbing on her tail getting ready to mount her.

Then it happens.

It being some huge dog that's about the size of a house.

It having the name of Brutus.

It knocking me off the Maltese so fast my head spins.

"What the fuck?" I hear my dad yell as he runs toward me. Mom is right behind him.

Brutus growls at me, and I bark right back at the big asshole.

"Your Rotweiler Pitbull thing just bitch-slapped my dog," Dad yells at some human with cartoon drawings all over his skin, a collar around his neck, and pieces of metal sticking out of his face.

"If your dog can't handle it here, he should get the hell out," says the guy to my dad, "besides, I've warned you before about Brutus."

"Well my dog was fucking that dog first," yells my dad.

"Yeah?" says the guy, "Well too fucking bad." Suddenly some small, frail old human woman comes running over to the scene and picks up the Maltese.

"Did these mean dogs hurt you?" she says, as her eyes turn into small slits.

"That little dog with the bat ears was all over your dog," says the father of Brutus.

"She wanted it," my dad replied.

"See," says Brutus's Dad, "he admits it. His a rapist."

"My dog is not a rapist. He's half her size. And your fucking dog is a thug," dad yells back.

"Brutus could eat your bat-dog in one bite," says Brutus's father.

"Shut-up asshole," Mom yells.

Go Mom!

"Shut your woman up," says the balding man to my dad.

Suddenly dad's face turns fire-hydrant red, and he starts to tremble. Then he picks me up.

Mom says nothing.

Finally dad speaks.

"We just came here because P.J. wanted to have some fun. We didn't come here looking for a fight. So why don't you and your pussy just go somewhere else."

The bald guy and Brutus just stare at my dad. And at me, in his arms.

"Who are you calling a pussy" says the guy, also turning red.

"You," says my mom.

The mean guy looks at me and my parents, and then at all the other dogs and their owners in the Dee Are, who, by this time, have formed a small circle around us.

"Next time Brutus sees your little cunt of a dog on the street, he's gonna eat him," says the metal faced guy, and with that, he leaves with Brutus.

All the owners clap, and we dogs bark happily now that Brutus isn't around.

Finally I'll be able to mate with the Maltese.

Or so I thought.

"It's time to leave now, P.J." dad says, and with that, we are out of there. It just wasn't a good day.

So later that night I find myself about to make it with that hot brunette, Monique, I mentioned earlier. As I go to mount her in front of everyone, Bonita runs up and takes a bite out of me. Then Monique does as well. Suddenly I'm being chewed up by a Yorkie and a Pomeranian. What started as possible sex had now turned into a complete disaster.

Finally, our parents broke the whole thing up, and eventually, Monique and Bonita were dragged upstairs.

So I laid on the floor, with my head between my front legs, depressed. Not only had I almost pissed on my best friend, been cornered by Quartz, been called mean names by little kids, and almost eaten by a dog named Brutus, I didn't even have that menage a trois that was so close I could smell it.

Depressed, I eventually wandered over to my mom and dad who were busy talking to our friend Eddie. They were telling him about my day.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, my friend Edward shows up with his father. Edward's a King Charles Spaniel, and a dear old pal.

The next thing I knew I found myself rolling around on the floor with him, trading growls and nips. Eventually, we both got so excited I forgot what I was doing and started to mount him.

At least that's what my parents tell everyone in the building when they ask about Edward, and whether or not I'm gay.

The truth is, well, simple.

I'm a dog.

Take My Dad's Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. I can be reached at scooter@furiousgeorge.com. That's my real name, I just go by P.J. cause "Pussy Junior" is a great nickname.
2. Check out pictures of me at <http://www.furiousgeorge.com>
3. Please donate money to The ASPCA, PETA, and other animal organizations that help us non-humans survive in a world gone nutso!
4. Go see "Babe, Pig In The City", the best flick I've seen in quite a while. Well, except for "Old Yeller", that one had me crying for days.
5. My favorite CD of the month comes with Evan Cohen's new G.G. Allin book on Recess Records. It taste yummy.

records. But my recent move and its stress and time of looking for a new place, followed by moving (so much thanks to Ron, Floyd, and Jax) capped off with cleaning my old apartment in what I hope won't be a futile attempt at getting the safety deposit back from my landlord, required a month off. One note on the cleaning. There were bewildered looks among friends by my choice of clothes worn: a smart pair of khaki chinos and a crisp long sleeved plaid shirt, tucked in of course. I explained that cleaning four years of dust and grime was no excuse for looking slovenly. As always, my words of wisdom were not drunk deep.

Due to the system of mail at the new apartment, I decided that the safest way for emo items to make their way safest to me will be through Post Office Box 170482 San Francisco, California 94117.

Enough of that. What might be more interesting is my recent experience at the last day of the Che Fest, held at the Che Cafe in San Diego. I've been to two other big fests prior to this and the Che Fest won organizationally. Time was managed well, plenty of food for cheap prices cooked by vegans who could do more than mush, and a space that provided plenty of comfortable places to get away from the music (if need be). Three bands at a show is more than enough for me, the ten bands wore me out, and I still think fests need cotton candy, games of chance, and some rides if they are going to have fest attached. That grumpiness aside, the bands were Grade A. MILLION KNIVES LIE IN WAIT were a bit uncomfortable to watch due to their intense stage fright, but the kung-fu crisp early 90's emo-core is sure to be good in recorded form. YAPHET KOTTO are their powerfully good LP times ten after touring forever this summer. FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSI also had the tight "we've been playing every night for eight weeks" sound complimenting the politicized DAG NASTY meets jittery PROPAGANDI (Recess 10" style). BREAD & CIRCUITS: the LP is for the complexity and live is for the power and movement an LP can't grab. Great stuff was shared from the stage between songs, but only MRR's own Jose Palafox was wise enough to use the microphone. COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN, on the floor, loud as fuck, and over in minutes. Mercy, mercy, VOLUME 11. Played nearly last, the first band to actually get people moving, vocal and guitar aneurysm, and we are days away from their LP. The capitalized words are a shopping trip or mixed tape, if you catch my drift. Thank you Che Cafe volunteers.

Last month's issue had some regularly reviewed records emo fans will likely want to stack up next to their turntable.

Five years from now someone might do a "Pioneers of Emo Violence" article, and END OF THE CENTURY PARTY will surely get star treatment. From their first EP to their new LP (Belladonna, PO Box 13673, Gainesville, FL 32604) they've gone from manic and swirling to what is now slightly more polished, syncopated, but still intense, ripped out, screaming emogression. If rumors of them not being around for the New

Year's Eve countdown are true, they couldn't have made a better headstone.

Do you recall the quick moving bass sludge of the SWITCHBLADE 10"? Trust no One (Helgalunden 5, 11858 Stockholm, SWEDEN), the label responsible, has a similarly styled, though gloomier, Swede blast from BREACH. Awesome that these records are so fast moving but easily described with sludge and gloom.

Also in the gloomy but peppy zone are the two recent ORCHID releases. There's the split 6" (Clean Plate, PO Box 709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002) with COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN where ORCHID puts out some dark, not quite together, madness on the same disk as Florida's own thump, screech, grunt, lyric sheet masters. ORCHID's two records a month output marches on with the "Chaos Is Me" LP (Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116). Tighter than the 6", but every bit as hopeless, tubercular and jumpy, making me know that a real vampire would be listening to this rather than the drama of INK & DAGGER. Gotta love the "Legacy of Brutality" style cover.

Read my review of the SEEIN' RED/JUDAS ISCARIOT split LP (Mountain, PO Box 220320, Greenpoint Post Office, Brooklyn, NY 11222) from last month. Summary: each band rises over previous releases and JUDAS ISCARIOT keeps jazzy but no less direct. A mystery as to why this wasn't on my top ten last month.

I'd also recommend reading last month's review of LED BY REGRET's CD, or just be satisfied knowing that there is GRADE and ICONOCLAST influences stirred into the hardcore gumbo they've got cooking. As well as large doses of personal politics that aren't bitter but definitely strong. On Subprofit (PO Box 34029, Scotia Square R.P.O., Halifax, N.S., B3J 3S1, CANADA) who were kind enough to put out the EQUATION OF STATE CD.

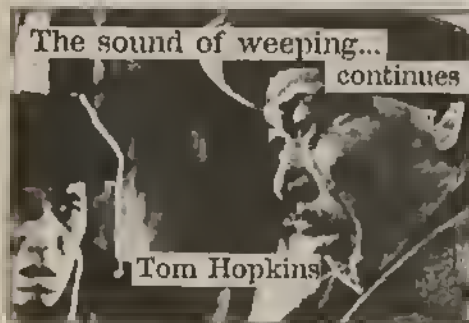
The last entry from last month is the BREAD & CIRCUITS LP (Ebullition), which wins not only for the RITES OF SPRING melody with spitting hardcore and a lyric booklet as strong as the "State of the Union" comp, but also for introducing me to FELA KUTI.

Fast Forward:

Four French bands (AUDIO SUPER STAR, LES HURLEURS, HEB FRUEMAN, BUBBLIES) cover FUGAZI songs all in their own style and with a quirkily fun result. Tow great songs from "Repeater" and one from the first 12" are the standouts. This is on a EP. (\$4, Buzz Off, 6 Villa Des Corneilles, 94210 La Varenne, FRANCE).

Look, please don't tell Sean Sullivan that I plan on keeping the BOTCH/CAVE-IN split EP of BLACK SABBATH covers, which I said I'd send his way. I just figured it'd be kinda blah, which is how I feel about the others in the series. This wins because of the song choice (N.I.B and The Wizard) with the mix of BOTCH's crunch and CAVE-IN's emo-prog rock. Has anyone in the series covered Sweet Leaf yet? (Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

Yes, I suggested that CAVE-IN might be called emo-prog rock, owing to what



Skipping a column, no good for those sending records, those buying records, or my getting through the huge stack of piled up

sounds like a strong KING CRIMSON influence in their newer sound, showcased on their "Creative Eclipses" EP (Hydra Head). The limited vinyl version has two songs that are definitely run through a grassy field in slow motion kinda thing, only here, the problem is that you haven't had your meds in a day or two so things are a bit too bright and quite disjointed. Some of the metal pummel and crunch still comes out. The CD version includes rather experimental stuff, home recorded, that is only for the artistically brave. Get the vinyl and drive an hour or two to see this top banana live band.

RYE COALITION's "Lipstick Game" (Gern Blandsten, PO Box 356, River Edge, NJ 07661) has me noticing that they have a vault of rock'n'roll to draw on for their increasingly Touch'n'Go sound. I swear I can hear not only some ROLLING STONES but surely some NEW YORK DOLLS as well. With enough sass and volume to spare, there are some worthy EPs on this LP.

Wind has definitely left the sails of the GRIVER boat. There plodding and tense side is still riding the waves on the split LP with EXPLODER, but the choked up wave of anthemic guitar chorus may be in Davey Jones' locker. They create a dark mood but not to much effect. EXPLODER has also put the brakes on since their LP and asked the bass player to get busier. Consistent with the flip of the record in the mood department. (Fragil, 2903 30th Ave. SE, Olympia, WA 98501)

Sniffing Records (CC 3288 (1000) Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA) is the first contributor of South American emo to the column. **HABLAN POR LA ESPALDA's** EP has the big marching guitar wall to vocal focus breakdown that gets so many of us dancing from the waist up. Elements of this EP bring to mind STILL LIFE, POLICY OF THREE, and BOB TILTON, though they shake at a tempo their own. Worth the hunt.

Sniffing (what a name) also has a split CD out with WHISPER and FLORES DEL SOL. F.D.S. has a smooth approach, not flat though, with female vocals. Sort of like EN-DIVE. WHISPER trades male and female vocals over songs that have a melodic hardcore punch as often as they have a meandering interlude.

Anima records, home of the ANOMIE LP and one of the Food Not Bombs LPs is shifting into a new label, Deranged. Less emo, more straight up hardcore-punk. Look for D.S.-13 12" and COUNT DOWN TO OBLIVION. The Anima stuff is still available, though not forever, and both of the above releases are great. I'm looking forward to the new stuff, and the planned BORN DEAD ICONS EP will surely be of interest to column readers, with the DRIFT connection/anthemic Canadian sound. (PO Box 543, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T1, CANADA)

Surprisingly energetic and stage presence wielding live band of last month was the RED SCARE. I had the MURDER CITY dancing shows on. Donut Friends (PO Box 3192, Kent, OH 44240) has memorialized a song of theirs which isn't nearly as cutthroat as I remember them live but is as

good as their split with HAIL MARY and has them weaving quite a song of smooth lurching distort. PANKRATION share the EP, and the live show. Much better recording than their EP of a year ago, letting the dueling guitar tweeks come through as they guide and trick the rest of the band. RED SCARE had a tour LP with them, but I'll review that next month as it will be officially available then on Hand Held Heart.

Well, sure, I've never been much more than indifferent about UNWOUND. The "Live In London" 12" does force me to move the opinion meter in the favored direction. Great live recording, has me noticing the dynamics of their sounds that have always eluded me. (Loveletter, 1846 Richmond Ave., Houston, TX 77098)

BLAKE/SPIRIT EP. BLAKE: very precise drumming with even more precise guitar that trade off the spotlight. The result is a smooth SHOTMAKER or a harsh JULIA. Hmmm. SPIRIT: Repetitive backing band to the strained speaking of the front man. Fans of UOA and ST JAMES INFIRMARY get out your scorecards. (Organic, PO Box 126, Oakland Park, SA, 5046 AUSTRALIA)

Fans of the rock guitar of HELMET and the nervous hardcore crunch of several Hydra Head releases may appreciate how both aspects merge and are taken off of caffeine on the KITO LP. (Flat Earth, PO Box 169, Bradford, BD1 2UJ, UK)

Revolution Inside (Le Sabot, Breite Str. 76, 53111 Bonn, GERMANY) always delivers the uniqueness. The FLUID TO GAS LP for the most part has a less trained HOT WATER MUSIC sound with some EX and CHUMBAWAMBA veins being mined throughout.

Living in the same haunted house as LOCUST is NOTORIOUS. None of the thump and screech but all of the ambience. Crazy organ that weaves in and out of scream-violence chaos. All sung in Italian as well. More music for real vampires. (Valium, Via Nomentana 113, 00161 Rome, ITALY)

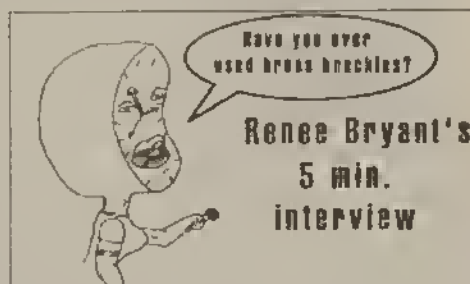
Sure, even though the YOUR ADVERSARY EP has been out for a bit, that doesn't make it any less kissably delicious. The tunes here are as awesome as the CD I reviewed, but this is on the beloved vinyl format so I will be listening to this hunk of layered guitar, subtle bass, and terse drumming with vocals from mom and dad. Pop sensible but in a hardcore anybody. (PO Box 1289, New York, NY 10276)

If you had fun listening to the NITWITS side of their split with MOHINDER, then the YUM YUM TREE "I Know Who I Am" EP will please with the intensely pitched female vocals and the energetic movement of the music, though there is much more punk edge to the tunes. (Thunderbaby, Hasselstr. 120, 40599 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

When it's time for emo-pop, head straight for Rebound Records (17019 Evergreen Elm Way, Houston, TX 77059). All you sappy motherfuckers will be most pleased with their two new EPs. GODS REFLEX have moved slightly away from the overdone midwest emo sound to a more crafted vocal intenseness quite similar to WAXWING. Then

there is the split with STILLWELL and NO REPLY. STILLWELL uses a droning (in a peppy way) guitar base with conversational singer. NO REPLY has the volume level I prefer, and things get a wee bit sloppy which is always great. Keep in mind that Rebound runs a top notch distro.

Ok, a few releases still left to catch up on, stay tuned. All items of interest to: Post Office Box 170482, Frisco, California 94117.



So, I missed September's deadline because I moved into a new place. I sat down and finally counted the number of times I have moved in the last two years. The grand total is four times. In the last five years I have moved ten times. It appears that I have a "two moves a year" average. Moving sucks. I have it down to a science, but it still sucks. When I was a child my mom moved every year. I never spent more than one year at any elementary school. It wasn't until I was in junior high that we finally settled down. It makes me laugh that I am an elementary teacher at a year round school in which the teachers have to rove. To rove means that a teacher is in a room for three months, goes off for one month, then comes back on for three more months in a different classroom. When that teacher goes off-track the teacher has to pack up their entire classroom into two huge rolling cabinets. When the teacher returns they have to unpack everything. It is very time consuming and usually I have to go in on a Saturday and spend five hours getting my room ready for that Monday. I feel like I spent my whole life preparing to be a roving year round elementary school teacher, the master packer/mover/organizer.

In more positive teacher news I am now a Site Provider for my school for the BITSA program. Translation: I am a mentor for new teachers. I am very excited about this. Sometimes when I look at my life I have to laugh at myself. "Dominatrix is mentor for new teachers." Anyway.

I spent the last three months of my life in love. I almost wrote last months' nonexistent column on how wonderful love is. I am glad I missed last months' column. I would have been a fool. Love isn't wonderful. It is treacherous. Love wastes your time and your energy. It sucks you dry and leaves you fucked in more ways than one. I used to feel differently about this. It didn't matter how many times things wouldn't work out I would always come back ready to try again with someone else, male or female. I was very hopeful about a human beings capacity to love. I just don't feel this way anymore. I look back on the last ten years of my life and see the dis-

Columns

tracted quality of my attention. More times than once I put my energy into something that did not deserve it. Though I live by a no regret policy I have to smack myself in the hand and say "bad girl."

I think things are easier for men. Although women are generally more in touch with their feelings and are encouraged by society to be this way, I still think men have it easier in the love department. I have continuously confused love and sex, sex and love, I could never fall in love with a man for his money, but I sure as hell have fallen in love with a man for the size of his dick and what he could do with it. You hear of the pussy whip but I do believe that is reserved for men in the adolescence. The dick whip has always been a factor. I am, discounting the three-some experiences, a monogamous creature. I like having steady dick. Sex isn't the best for me the first time. It always get better and better the longer I am with someone. This preference tends to lead me into a relationship. A relationship based upon my want for steady dick. Then I hear myself saying, "I love you." Well, now, do I love them or do I love their dick, or do I only love the way they make me feel with their dick? I am deathly afraid of STDs and for this reason too I have sought out steady dick. Men don't seem to have these issues. They do not confuse sex with love, love with sex. It was Tim who first recounted the "I do not believe that humans are monogamous creatures" theory to me. It was probably one of the few things Jenn Angel and him really agreed on. I try to disconnect myself emotionally. A few times I have succeeded. One time I have a lover for a year. It was this character, Gary Frye. The sex was spontaneous and adventure filled. Then finally, boom.... nothing. I wasn't attracted to him anymore, the sex was meaningless. There is such a "rock and a hard place." I want to have a casual lover but I don't want to pay the price for such a creature. A year ago I ran into a guy that I almost started a sexual relationship with. He informed me that I ranked very high out of the 200 girls he had dated in his life so far. Amazed I had to ask him how he kept track of such a thing. He told me he had a little book that he wrote in about all the girls he had dated, etc. Knowing the statistical chances I asked him point blank if he had ever had a STD. He said he had HPV. Being an educated woman I thanked the universe, silently, that I never fucked that guy. HPV (warts) doesn't really effect a man, but it is the leading cause of uterine/ovarian cancer in women, possibly causing death. I asked this guy if he offered up this information freely to women. He said, "Only if they ask." Fuck that!!!!!! What a selfish prick asshole.

So, here I am back to the beginning. Afraid to have casual sex, and now afraid to get into a relationship. I want a perma-fuck but I don't want someone to think I want to marry them just because I only want to fuck one person at a time. I don't know how I am suppose to feel about the person I fuck. The words "I love you" do fall freely from my lips. I tell my band-mates, my students, my friends, my colleagues, my family etc. that I love them. If someone gives my intense pleasure

and I am sharing something intimate, I love them too.

So, I got my heart broken. I'm not the first and not the last. I am constantly commenting on peoples' capacity for self-abuse. I know that my cunt is not always my friend. It's so black and white with me. Now I'm in the anti-love groove. My first bitter love column. Now it's all about me and focusing. Fuck people and their emotional unavailability. I'm sick of men and that "place" where they are coming from where I can't "understand," sick of their insecurity, sick of their macho bullshit. I am never getting into another relationship again. Fuck all men.....

Wait, what's that? You think I'm beautiful. Oh, you like my band. Hmmm. You look like you could fuck my brains out. I really do need to get laid..... Ahhhh, back in love again.

This column was filled with a bunch of "my pussy hurts" whining. I don't care, I am allowed a cry in my non-alcoholic beer column every once in three years. This is mine. On a happier note All Or Nothing HC will be on the road starting Sept. 8 until the 25th. There should be an add for the tour in this issue. My band is traveling with Useless Intent from East LA for part of the tour and Ill Tempered, from Sacramento for the other part. I have seen some amazing bands on tour this summer: Big Bubba, Strong Intention, The Menstrual Tramps, The Snacks and some more I can't think of right now. If you want to write me and tell me how lame my column was this month, share my bitterness, or tell me to become a full-time lesbian and stop complaining please do so @ PO Box 251 Norco CA 91760-0251 or email me and wait three mos. for an answer @ webmistress @www.ontherag.net. P.S. The only good thing I can say about love is that I am happy that it has been kind to Jacqueline, but it gives me another reason to despise it because I will miss her terribly at Maximum. The magazine owes her for stepping up like she did at a very difficult time. She is an amazingly courageous woman who I admire and wish the best. Congratulations.



"I believe music is an instrument. It can create the initial thought patterns that can change the thinking of people." —John Coltrane

BREAD AND CIRCUITS SUMMER TOUR—I have not written here in the last two months because I was on tour with my band for about 5 to 6 weeks this summer. Overall, I think it was one of the best trips I have had in a long time. The last time I toured with a band was in 1995. I was really looking for-

ward to meeting new kids and finding out what folks around the country were doing these days. There is much to say so I will try to synthesize from the 50+ pages I wrote while on tour.

6/11 (Coleta, CA.): For our first show, we played a very cool place called The Pickle Patch. After the show, we learn that we had just played the very last show there because the landlord found out about kids doing shows there and pretty much shut them down. Fuck, no more shows in an area where it is already hard to find a place to play. It was sad to see such a cool place get shut down. Later while on tour, I learned that Steve Aoki and the other kids that ran The Pickle Patch were already moving future shows to a place called The Living Room. Despite the setback, the kids were on the move, again.

6/12 (L.A., CA.): Played at the PCH Club named after the Pacific Coast Highway near Los Angeles. The whole area around the club is so fucking depressing that sometimes one wonders how the kids that set up shows here can put up with asshole cops and a city full of oil refineries. A cool band to check out from L.A. is the Spanish-speaking band called ContraAtaque.

6/13 (San Diego, CA.): This was the first time that we had played in my old hometown. It was exciting to play the Che Café (on the UCSD campus) and to see old friends. I remember going to some of my first punk-hardcore shows there when I was in Jr. High. This place brings back many memories (including the time when Crashworship almost burned the whole building down with all their crazy fireworks and shit). It was the first time some of my friends—including some that I was in other bands with—saw us play. I really would have liked Eric (who I played in Swing Kids with) to have seen us play. I once played a tape of our practice and he really liked it. He never got to see us play because he took his own life two years ago.

6/14 (Tucson, AZ.): Boy is this place fucking hot! We did not do much but play our set and stay inside air-conditioned buildings. Our friend Brendan, set up our show at a "Youth Store Front" that is run with the help of very cool older woman. Many of the kids here are really involved in City Council meetings in an attempt to not only keep the space they have now, but to actually get the city to fund a bigger space where they can have a place for young people to hang out.

6/15 (Phoenix, AZ.): On the way to the show, we got stopped by the Phoenix P.D. It just so happens that I happen to be driving the van. OK, so I happen to remember that a few years ago the Chandler P.D. (right around the area where we got pulled over) had to pay members of a Latino/Chicano community because a class-action lawsuit that proved that the Chandler P.D. and the Border Patrol indiscriminately targeted Chandler residents based on skin color. Next thing I know and we are pulled over on the highway. I was driving at the right speed. Why was I being pulled over? Well, for starters, our van was very low because of all our band equipment. Also, the van's side windows were all tinted black. But could it be that the police officer

thought that I was smuggling undocumented immigrants from the border up north? When the officer walked up to the van all he did was look to see who/what was in the van. He did not ask for the van's registration nor even for my license. I won't ever know why exactly I was pulled over but, that night at the show I did talk about the fact that a few years ago the local P.D. and the Border Patrol terrorized a Chicano community in Chandler. According to The Arizona Republic, many of the residents who were stopped in the five-day raid were stopped for no apparent reason other than skin color, perceived Latino origin or use of the Spanish language. In one instance, an individual was stopped on the justification that he had "a strong body odor common to illegal aliens" (cited in Portrait of Injustice: The Impact of Immigration Raids on Families, Workers, and Communities, Oct. 1998, p.30).

6/16 (Albuquerque, NM.): The drive here was OK. We played at Knobb Hill Books and Music. Never really played in such a big bookstore before. I think this is where I spent all my tour money. Later on I had to borrow money because I spent it all on books here (even with the cool discount I got from the kid that works here, I somehow managed to go broke).

6/18 (Little Rock, AR.): We had a couple of days for the long drive. We stayed in a really nice house. Meredith, the person who we stayed with told me that she played softball in elementary with Chelsea Clinton and that her dad was a county judge. Anyways, it was nice to have a day off and relax in a comfortable house (sleeping in vans and not showering for days is not always punk). The place we played at was near a river front park. This was new to me. One of the funniest band to play with this summer was definitely Soophie Nun Squad from Little Rock. Everything from the music to the costumes and the special dances to each song was craziest shit I have seen in a long time. I must say that it was hard for me to play after them. To be able to joke around but also, to be taken serious as a band with a political message was hard to do. I did not want to change the whole atmosphere of the show but I felt that I wanted to address certain things might require folks to really think hard and listen. I didn't say much; in fact, I didn't say anything at all (to anyone) that night. I never claimed to have all the answers on the best ways to communicate in different spaces.

6/19 (Memphis, TN.): We arrived to the show late because we had a long conversation (3 hours) about many things. A combination of being together in van for too long, driving long distances etc. has a way of forcing people to have to deal with each other's shit. It was good to have had this talk early on this tour. Hanging out with the His Hero is Gone kids (who have a new band called Distort Memphis) was cool since last time they were in CA. we did not get a chance to really talk. They cooked some real good vegan food! One thing about this place is that parts of this town are really run down and fucking depressing. Almost as depressing as

the Civil Rights Museum: thousands of dollars spent to patch up, to bury and hide the fact that in the very same town where the museum is located, the city is rotting with unemployment and poverty.

6/20 (St. Louis, MO.): We did not get a chance to see much of this city. It was good to hook up with Former Members of Alfoncin, the band we toured with for almost half of our shows. The house show was full of kids.

6/21 (Chicago, IL.): Day off! I am so glad to be here. We arrive at Martin's house (Los Crudos) where we will be staying for the next few days. It is good to see Martin and to catch up on stuff. I last saw him when he was in CA. interviewing (including yours truly) for his video documentary on Latinos/Chicanos involved in punk/hardcore. He has a good 20 minutes done (it will 1 hour when finished) that he hopes to have done by the end of this year. I am excited about meeting my close friend from Berkeley, CA. She was in Chicago for a big ISO conference and has stayed a few days to be with me. We go to the Art Museum of Chicago and to the Chicago Trade Stock Exchange. In the museum, I see original gold crosses that were stolen from the Americas by the Conquistadors and at the Stock Exchange, I see zombies in business suits trading capital with cell phones and laptop computers. The more things change, the more things stay the same.

6/24 (Pontiac, MI.): Some cool young kids run the place where we played, The Vegetarian Grocer. James, 20, started to have shows in this warehouse in Sept. 1997. Later, he added the (all vegan) grocery part. Now the store sells records, books, zines, it also has a screen printer, a basement to have shows, and a few rooms for kids to live in. "I started this on my own with the hopes that other kids would get involved," said James. He goes on to tell me, "I recognize that punk rock is more than just music."

6/25 to 6/27 (Columbus, OH.): We arrive late for the first day of the Columbus Festival so we ended up missing a couple of the workshops. The first thing I notice about this festival is the in-your-face approach to this year's "women centered punk fest." Even before we got to Columbus I heard from many kids (mostly boys) that we should expect this year's fest to be "weird" because "certain women" in the fest collective are "control freaks." From that point on, I knew that somebody was doing something to stir shit up. It was called the "More Than Music Festival" for a reason, wasn't it? The three-day fest, set up as a benefit for The Central Ohio Abortion Access Fund (COAAF) was one of the most intense shows I have played for many reasons. This-like this whole column-is no attempt to summarize what happened at all the shows; these are merely my observations of what I saw. Overall, there were about 500 kids (down from last year) during the fest. Many drove from far places to get here. The workshops included diverse topics as: women in prison, conversational sexism, girl army, radical politics of make up, men talking to men about rape, etc. On Sunday, many of us participated in the annu-

al Queer Pride March. Some of the bands I enjoyed watching throughout the fest included Red Monkey (UK!!!), Anti-Product (NYC), and Nineteen/Nineteen (Minneapolis). I was looking forward to seeing Reversal of Man but they canceled their show at the fest only to play some "party" near the fest, whatever. Throughout the fest, there was much talk about how having rooms ("safe spaces") where women and people of color could hang out by themselves was somehow "self-segregating" and did not "unify" us all as "punk community." I had many serious conversations with many kids about all this. Many really wanted to talk, listen and learn. At other times I felt that some kids (mostly white males but not always the case) felt threatened by women and people of color discussing the ways the punk/hardcore community make us feel uncomfortable at times. It reminded me much of the way the Riot Grrrl movement (yes, a movement) in the early 90s really challenged many of us men in the scene. Some of us refused to listen and called them "feminazis" (sic) and some of us were forced to take notice and really think hard about how our words and our actions affected others. "The reality of punk/hardcore," stated the fest collective kids (in their pamphlet), "is that it [the punk/hardcore scene] is misogynistic, exclusionary, racist, ableist, classist, the list goes on. In short, it's a reproduction of the larger society. The fest is about challenging these communities, to work on our shit as seriously as we pretend to, and holding ourselves accountable." I could really relate with the frustration of the fest collective kids in their attempt provide a safe space for women while at the same time figuring out ways to deal with those people who choose not to deal with their shit. On another level, the situation before us is not something that is solved at a weekend fest. But, how do we deal with real contradictions between people when they arise? If there were anything I would have done different from the way the fest collective kids dealt with problems at the fest, it would have been with the way they dealt with people who were asked to leave the show. I know that in certain situations-like when Nazis show up to shows-one does not have the freedom to sit down and discuss our differences over coffee. But how does one engage all the people at the fest who sat there and watched (very confused) at certain people being asked to leave? One thing we have learned from the failures of Che Guevara's "foco theory" in Latin America is that it doesn't matter how much one cares about the people or how smart they are, because, if one's politics/tactics for revolution does not actively engage the conscious activism of the people they claim to be fighting for, revolutions will continue to fail. In other words, if one is not about developing strategies and policies that can help people win their liberation while they themselves carry out these policies, movements are only left with "leaders" and no organic social movement comes about. The situation we all faced at the fest was more complicated than this might sound but I think that overall, many of us learned enough to

digest for a long time. It was cool for me to be able to show some slides of Bay Area high school student's who-against all odds-are fighting back against a system that has written them off.

6/28 (Pittsburgh, PA.): The one thing I can vividly remember about this place is how all of our music equipment got wet after the washing machines downstairs flooded the basement where we left our equipment the night before. Fuck.

6/29 (Philadelphia, PA.): I drove to the show in the Nineteen/Nineteen van and it's hot, muggy, and raining really hard. The Bread and Circuits van arrives about 45 min. after the last band played because they took the wrong turnpike and ended up in Vermont! Like many of the cities we have visited on this trip, the mostly poor African American community is getting gentrified with white yuppies. But hey, they are "developing" the area for the better, aren't they?

6/30 (Worcester, MA.): The show (at a place called "The Space") consists of mostly younger kids in their teens. Shows like these are always interesting because kids can either really like you or not. For some, this might be their first show and they really don't give a shit what band you were in 8 years ago: everything you say, or don't say now can have an impact in the way they see their relation/s to you and your music/message.

7/1 (Providence, RI.): Dan, the kid who set up our show for today and tomorrow cooked some real good pasta. The show takes place at a V.F.H. hall full of scary pictures. It's really inspiring to see Dan be so positive about trying to get a regular place to have shows (their last place recently got shut down). I think about back home in the Bay Area and how much shit there is taken for granted, Epicenter?

7/2 (Waterbury, CONN.): The next day after the show, I wake up early to go see the Yale campus with Dan. Beautiful campus. One similarity that this elite campus has in common with UC Berkeley-the school I attend-is that almost all the folks who clean the buildings and cut the grass are people of color. But this fact isn't what makes these "world class institutions" so important to Empire and their intellectuals.

7/3 (NYC, NY.): We arrive safely to ABC NO RIO despite the crazy traffic in the city. Its good to see old friends (the Huasipungo kids, Chris J., and Jane G. etc). As we set up for our show, I play a video documentary that I made with a friend. The 36 minute video, New World Border, is about the human right implications of the militarization of the U.S.-Mexico border. Although it is extremely hot inside ABC, people stay inside and watch the whole video. I was surprised that many people were interested in the video. I passed out much literature and information about local groups that are fighting against INS raids in NYC. During the showing of the video, I overheard two young kids (about 13, 14 years old?) saying: "They are watching TV in there! Why the hell are they doing that?" I tried to explain why I wanted to show this documentary and why I thought it was important to let people here (NY)

know what was going on in CA. They looked at me like I was crazy and walked away.

7/4 (Washington, DC.): Somewhere between NYC and DC, I wake up to Mike and Chucks' screaming about something related to Youth of Today. What?! It seems that they think they have spotted a van is carrying THE Youth of Today. All week we had heard rumors about YOT getting back together to play a show somewhere in Conn. The van we saw had a big sign that said "Youth of Today." Could this be them? Could Porcel be the one driving? We chase the van for about 30 min. to be able to get a good look at them. We stop to pay at a toll. Chuck runs out like a hardcore paparazzi with my camera and starts taking pictures. Chuck runs back to the van to tell us that the people in the van were definitely not YOT but instead some kids who made us look like fools. When we got to Ann's house, the roadie for The Most Secret Method, we played our set and went to hang out with Mark Anderson from the Positive Force house. It was a few years since I last seen Mark so it was good to see him again. Seldom have I met such a faithful (literally) person. A couple of us talked for hours in his living room. I have much respect and admiration for Mark. The next day I wake up early to go to the Holocaust Museum and Capitol Hill with my friend Jake. I have always wanted to bring the loudest stereo-blasting salsa music into Capitol Hill and see the reaction of the old white politicians. I look around at all the cops and laugh knowing that I will probably never be able to do that.

7/6 (Greensboro, NC.): One of the bands that we played with (who will remain nameless) played "blues" and also tried to talk "ghetto." Their music sucked and their attitude was not funny. The point is that they were full of themselves. Right before we play I get my tape recorder, put it to the mic and turn it up to the sounds of James Brown: "I'm black and I'm proud," comes out yelling through the speakers. "This goes out to the last band that just played," I say over the mic. I ask people in the audience to make room for me as I start to breakdance and do "the worm." I get up and point to the kids in the band that is full of themselves.

7/7 (Atlanta, GA.): Gavin, who does Stickfigure Distro set up our show at Sprockets Coffee Shop. There are many kids here, many like the Palatka kids from Florida-drove about 6 hours to get a this show. I really enjoyed talking to Gavin as he tells me the nuts and bolts of running a distro. I never thought it required so much work. I really like that he brings a record player with his distro so kids can see if they want to buy his records or not.

7/8 (Nashville, TN.): We play at Indy Net Records. Mike tells me he played here 6 years ago with John Henry West. It was cool to play with a crust-heavy metal band that had a strong progressive message.

7/9 (Bloomington, IN.): The best thing about this show was being able to hangout with all the people from the Columbus Fest Collective. It was cool to be able to hang and talk while not under the gun and stressed out. After the show, we all go for vegan pizza but

a friend and I get separated from the group and get lost for about 40 minutes. We drive off to Chicago for another day off there. We arrive in Chicago at around 6 am. My friend Jordan asks me if I want to go see his play later. I say yes and plan to meet him to get a ride. He puts me on the guest list as "a member of the press" covering for MRR. The play, "Lion in the Streets," directed by Jordan Atkins is written by the Canadian feminist playwright Judith Thompson. I never expected the play to be as professional and as intense. I was amazed with the performance of all the actors (all under 25 years old and friends since early college days). What really caught my attention was that this play was very DIY (from the renting of the space to the materials used for the stage). All the actors put their money together and started their own company called "Concrete Stage Co." It was pretty funny to see the Citizens Arrest sign spray painted on the wall as part of the play and to hear the laughs taken from the Born Against "Patriotic Battle Hymns" CD.

7/11 (Davenport, IA.): We played with Judas Factor, a band on Revelation Records. Although everyone in our band would consider themselves straight edge, we could never relate to the money-grabbing fucks that run certain "straight edge" labels. These kids from Judas Factory were really nice people. It was good to play with them.

7/12 (Milwaukee, WI.): The place we play at tonight, "Canada World," is run by a kid named Nick. I later learn about a pirate radio show that some of the kids from here do. I decide to interview Eric, 22, one of the DJs of the pirate radio show "Wireless Virus" (104.5 FM). Started about three years ago by four people, the show runs every day of the week for about 8-12 hours everyday. "Since I was a kid," Eric tells me, "I wanted to be a DJ. But, later, I learned that regular DJs usually don't pick the music they play, they don't play requests, and won't make public announcements. It all seemed about advertisements." Since early on, in Jr. High, Eric started doing research about how to start a pirate radio. With three other kids pulling in their resources-about \$1000.00-they bought all the equipment they needed and started "Wireless Virus." Their leaflet states the following: "The Wireless Virus denies the authority of the FCC, and does not view it's regulation as valid in any way. As long as the FCC represents corporate interests and refuses to represent the working class, TWV will operate without a government license."

7/13 (Minneapolis, MN.): After walking around the Univ. of Minn., I head back to the Castle Danger House for our show. It was good to see old friends but it really sucks to be sick. I think I'm getting a cold. I try to rest.

7/14 (Sioux Falls, SD.): I have absolutely no fucking energy to play and I have a really high temperature.

7/15 (Lincoln, NE.): The same as above only I think I'm gonna die.

7/16 (Denver, CO.): We drive from Lincoln to here for about 7 to 8 hours. I'm still very sick and still think I'm gonna die. I have no energy and my band members have to set up my own drum set. I feel like a rock star

showing up until its time to play. I must say that I was impressed with the Double Entendre Record Store, the place we played. Paul, 28, opened the store in late '95 because, as he tells me, there were no real record stores that sold punk/hardcore stuff. The Wax Trax record store had some "punk" stuff but their prices were way too high. I talk with him briefly as we get ready to go home, finally! We drive straight from Denver to San Francisco with no problems only to be caught in traffic as we drive into the Bay Area. It is good to be home but just thinking about all the work I have to catch up to makes me want to be away again. For those of you who are interested in listening to Bread and Circuits, you can buy our LP (\$7.00 in the U.S. and \$9.50 outside the states) or CD from our boss Kent McClard at Ebullition Records PO BOX 680, Goleta, CA. 93116. USA. Ps: if you are wondering what we sound like, Mike played in Fuel and Torches. To Rome, Chuck played in Q-Factor, Paul played in Yaphet Kotto, and I played in Struggle and Swing Kids.



"Across a nation that claims to be the 'Land of the Free', over a million souls sleep tonight in cages, consigned there by an improper process, kept there by political expediency, and destined to do so tomorrow because of the willing blindness of a sated and jaded citizenry"

-Mumia Abu-Jamal

In May of this year, the Chippewa Falls City Council (of which I am a member) unanimously passed a resolution calling for more information from the state regarding its plan to open a prison in our city. With that, I began a journey through the most terrifying process I have ever witnessed, much less been party to.

Chippewa Falls is home to the Northern Center for the Developmentally Disabled—one of three large treatment centers for the 'mentally handicapped' in our state. Because of a federal mandate that calls for the discontinuance of funding assistance to such operations (and because of the State's unwillingness to fund them itself), the Northern Center has been going through 'the downsizing process' for the past few years. The State estimated that it would close its doors entirely by the year 2001. What's happening to the huge numbers of developmentally disabled that were—until recently—housed there? Take a guess. That's right, they're being sent back into a society which they were previously "unfit" for when there was still enough money around to properly care for them (we've gotta get some new weapons built somehow, ya know?). So, the State—under the magnificent leadership of our ultra-conservative governor, Tommy Thompson—con-

cocted a plan to turn the facility into a "geriatric prison."

Over the past decade, Wisconsin has had an immense boom in its prison industry (which basically means that it's on par with the other 49 states). Last year, the state finally started to recognize that it was costing way too much money to build any more. So, Governor Thompson stated that "no new prisons" would be built while he was in office. This was good news to those of us who cringe at the very existence of such buildings—especially since Wisconsin has a law that effectively bans the operation of private prisons. (On a quick side note, the corporations that build and run these private prisons have found an 'effective' way to dodge this law. In two different Wisconsin cities—one of which is just 20 miles from here—private companies are building huge prison complexes that will remain empty until the state decides to either take them over or allow for the operation of private prisons. Keen, ain't they?) But with the Northern Center, the State could take an existing building, spend over \$7 million dollars to 'remodel' it, and claim that it has saved taxpayer money. Brilliance!

Anyhow, the State finally got us the information that we were looking for in the form of a packet that was put together by our local State Representative, Tom Sykora. The packet was essentially an advertisement to sell the idea of a prison to local officials. Though it was filled with much information on plans for this building (except, of course, anything that would help someone realize just how fucked our criminal justice system is; like crime rate statistics, ethnicity percentages, percentage of criminals considered to be "violent offenders," etc.), its main selling point was...ta da...jobs! Whenever any form of government (or any private industry for that matter) in the U.S. wants to do something that it knows the people will oppose, they'll flash images of more and more jobs. It seems to work every time. Except in this particular case, it wasn't the 'creation' of jobs that was the selling point, it was the 'saving' of jobs. The State decides to shut down a viable operation which threatens to put nearly 600 people out of work, then says that it has a solution to "save" these jobs, as if it's some outside force that's causing it to close in the first place!

With the 'saving of jobs' argument in place, it was a matter of seconds before the nurses' union at the Northern Center got involved. (Coincidentally, the father of a good friend of mine heads up the nurses' union.) Anyhow, the union began to rally around the idea of the prison, claiming that if the project wasn't approved, our city would become "a ghost town." It presented a petition "in support of the proposed geriatric prison" with over 1,000 signatures to the City Council. It quickly became apparent that fighting this prison would be an incredibly difficult effort.

This is not to say that no one was opposed to the project—quite the opposite in fact. A group led by our City Attorney's wife began collecting signatures that supported a citywide referendum on the subject. You see, two years ago, the State tried to move a Supermax (the 'max' is for 'maximum

security'...duh) prison into Chippewa Falls. This issue was also debated heavily until a referendum was finally held and the citizens voted it down. So, this group ended up handing in a petition with 700 signatures (all of which were city residents) and the battle was set.

Here's how the arguments were sorted out. Those that supported the prison said that by not allowing it, we would essentially be laying off hundreds of hard-working individuals. Those that opposed the prison were either regular folks who were scared of the idea of 'criminals' being housed in "our beautiful community" or they were upper management at the local factories who were scared that state jobs might force them to increase wages (which are some of the lowest in the country, I might add). Those who were in favor of a referendum on the subject wanted a fair, honest depiction of how the community felt about the prison idea. Those that were opposed to the referendum used so many ill-conceived arguments that my mind had a hard time comprehending all of them. First, it was claimed that a referendum was an expensive "waste of taxpayer dollars." The estimated cost of a referendum in our town is \$3,500. (As a point of reference, we spent \$40,000 last year on a lawn mower for our soccer fields.) It was also claimed that there was no need for a referendum because of the overwhelming support for the project (?). It was also claimed that no referendum should be needed because us city officials had been 'elected to make these decisions.' One lady told me that making the citizens vote on the matter was the equivalent of "having a boss that doesn't know how to make decisions" (woah). A fellow council member even claimed that I supported a referendum because I wanted to "relieve myself of the pressure" of making a decision" (WOAH!).

Over the course of a month, the prison became the talk of the town and I rarely had a conversation with anyone when it didn't come up. Everyday I would come home from work to answering machine full of messages of union members who supported the prison. (Interestingly enough, almost every single one had the same exact language. "Hi, my name is _____ and I live at _____. I'm just calling to let you know that I am IN FAVOR of the proposed geriatric prison at the Northern Center...WITHOUT A REFERENDUM!") I would also have a mailbox chock full of postcards letting me know that I was to vote in favor of this prison. (man, who says labor isn't organized these days?) It was decided that the best course of action was to hold a public "informational" meeting so that everyone could get the info they needed to make an informed decision. The Secretary of the State Department of Administration (our governor's "right-hand man") and the Secretary of the Department of Corrections would be at the meeting to make a presentation and to answer any questions that the people might have.

The day of the meeting came. It was held in our local public high school's auditorium. I was surprised to learn of how the meeting would operate. First, the secretaries

would give their presentations and then they would open the floor to questions. However, 'opening the floor to questions' didn't exactly mean what it sounds like it might mean. Anyone that had a question had to first write it down on a sheet of paper. All of these questions were then collected and given to the secretaries. They then got to rifle through the questions and answer whichever ones 'they felt appropriate.' Naturally, this meeting more or less ended up being a pep rally for anyone who was in favor of the prison. I left with a feeling of utter despair. The state was opening a prison in our city and, even though I'm an elected official for this city, I would be powerless to stop it.

The following week was the big vote. First, we had to vote on whether or not to hold a referendum. I stood up in front of 200 people and gave a ten-minute speech about the fundamental aspects of democracy. I did my best to dismantle every argument I had heard against holding a referendum. It was time to vote. 3 in favor of referendum; 4 opposed. Then came the vote on the proposed prison. 5 in favor; 2 opposed (one alderman voted for a referendum, but when it was shot down, he voted in favor of the prison—supposedly because it made 'economical sense.'). And there it was. Chippewa Falls is getting a prison. The State estimates that it will be completed by 2001. hooray.

I can't even begin to explain all the aspects of this issue, though I wish I could...especially the local media's coverage of it. Suffice to say that the issue had a huge impact on my life and I'm finding myself becoming a less positive person because of it. (Contrary to popular belief) I am not an idiot. I realized long ago that taking a step into politics would require a lot of compromise (or, better stated, a "grain of salt approximately the size of Pluto"), but I just can't let go of this one. Another handful of human beings are about to get some new cages to 'live' in, so that a different handful can have "quality jobs." Ain't life grand?

Write to me at P.O. Box 504, Chippewa Falls, WI, 54729.



At the end of World War II, the American occupation army subjected Germans to a process called "denazification." The way some Americans are turning against basic tenets of freedom makes one wonder whether we'll soon need to do the same thing here.

First came last month's meaningless, yet still shocking, vote by the House of Representatives calling for a list of the Ten Commandments to be posted in public school classrooms across the country. Never mind

that old-fashioned separation of church and state; what really matters in this bullshit precursor to next year's presidential race is empty posturing and kowtowing to the right wing of the Republican Party—not that a bunch of Democrats refrained from joining this contemptuous bum-rush on the Constitution.

Then the perennial cry of dimwitted cloth worshipers once again found support in the Capitol in a revived push for a Constitutional anti-flag burning amendment seemingly inspired by the laws of some backwater Third World dictatorship. One can take comfort this time that the conniving Congressional cowards promulgated their faux patriotism through legal means, but if it ever passed such an amendment would trivialize the document to the point of rendering it meaningless.

Now, in the ultimate indication that another post-liberal, retro-Reagan Eighties-esque period of political constipation is upon us, the public is turning against free speech. In a poll undertaken by the First Amendment Center at Vanderbilt University, 53 percent of Americans believe the press enjoys too much freedom.

These people obviously don't read the same newspapers or watch the same television programs that I do. They've evidently failed to notice the *Cincinnati Enquirer's* shameful wuss-out on the Chiquita banana story. (A reporter stole company voicemails to obtain evidence that the company was hiring goon squads, and was subsequently cut loose by the paper—not because the story was wrong, but because his methods were technically illegal. I say give the guy a medal!) Perhaps they missed the CIA-led counterintelligence operation, led by the *New York Times*, to discredit *San Jose Mercury-News* reporter Gary Webb's series on the connection between US support of the Nicaraguan contras and the '80s crack explosion. Most importantly, they clearly haven't noticed that newspapers and TV news have become moribund, generic and irrelevant to the lives of Americans under retirement age. What excesses of freedom could possibly worry these suburban neo-fascists?

Even more frighteningly, 35 percent of Americans say that papers should be able to publish a story without approval by a government censor—and that's up from 20 percent in 1997. "The survey doesn't address why," Ken Paulson, the center's executive director, says, "but common sense tells you the airwaves and newspaper columns have been filled with Monica Lewinsky, Marv Albert and the aftermath of the O.J. Simpson case." Yeah, but since when does coverage of a Democratic president who models himself after Caligula and a black guy who kills his white wife make *liberals* look good? Nah, many Americans are simply un-American.

A friend who edits a major national magazine thinks that everyone, whether or not they're born here, ought to be required to pass a citizenship test every three years. This poll is proof that he's right. If you don't understand the fundamental importance of maintaining our right to say anything we damn well please, short of slander or libel,

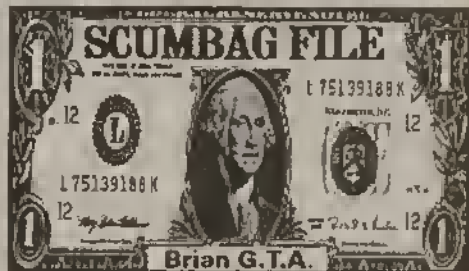
you ought to be deported.

The last time the proverbial pendulum swung this far backwards into reactionary stupidity, it was 1980. By most objective standards, economic times were good. Unemployment—the single most relevant statistic to the average citizen—was low, and double-digit inflation (which was, incidentally, typical of the '80s boom economies of Japan and Israel) was more than surpassed by increases in wages. Nonetheless, reactionary fundamentalist Christians nutcases elected a senile former actor over a moderate southern Democrat. Sound familiar?

Penny-ante bigotries (flashback: anti-Ayatollah bumperstickers) and antipathy towards the press are this decade's early-warning signs that we may be heading once again into an '80s-style rollback of basic civil liberties, spectacular tax giveaways to a tiny coterie of super-rich and economically ruinous policies of wage stagnation and repression of workers. And don't forget: Reagan's trickle-on economics was a disaster for the middle-class. It's almost as if, after five or six years of incredible economic growth, right-wing, flag-waving, Bible-pounding twits would rather see their own portfolios evaporate than watch poor people and minorities begin to enjoy the American dream.

Nothing lasts forever, but good things invariably get butchered.

Send stuff: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, e-mail: ted@rall.com, web: www.rall.com



Yes you are reading the Scumbag File, so welcome as always. Hopefully you will not be reading about yourself in here and if so, just start praying that it's something nice. In the event that I'm saying nasty stuff about you then you had better get ready to close shop because with the mighty power of my righteous pen and iron grip I shall instantly crush you into oblivion and there will be no place to hide! This is because I am the single most respected entity in all of the professional punk rock world and I am also the most old school out of any of you twenty something losers. (Hey isn't it about bedtime for all you little "I was still attached to mommy's nipple when Darby Crash died" nobody wimps. Truth be told, 'twas I who gave Mr. Crash his first kick of horse and it was also me that taught Black Flag and TSOL how to fight. As a matter of fact, I've spilled more blood at gigs than the rest of you have had hot meals, and if the bouncers hadn't been there to slow me down for a brief second I would have eaten my victims' still barely pumping hearts raw. Back when you were just sperm and egg, the Al Flipsides, Yohannons, and most definitely

Brian GTAs of this world were busy prowling the dangerladen slam pits of America looking for action/carnage, while our "significant others" for the night held our leather jackets in the back. After the gig it was time to give authority the finger. We spray painted our favorite band names (Circle Jerks, Fear, Social Distortion, Spandau Ballet, etc...) On every bare patch of wall we could find, all to the sounds of breaking glass. When Johnny Law showed up we trashed and burned their vehicles, while they ran scared in search for reinforcements. Oh, and one more thing, ha ha ha fucking ha! I sure hope that you weren't swallowing any of that crap!

Anyhow, the point I was trying to make is that this column isn't about how much cooler I am than you; how my life is much more exciting; how I know more people than you; how much more blah blah blah... No, the main focus of this column is supposed to help educate people about the nasty under workings of the music industry and how to DIY with less headaches. If you think for a second that the world of punk rock and its associated underground music scenes are filled with nothing but punk rock good Samaritans, then it's time to wake up and smell the bullshit. Those of you out there with a band, label, zine, etc., this column might end up being for your direct benefit. One way it might be beneficial reading is warning you of all the dangers of doing business with certain creepy individuals. So let us proceed with doing so...

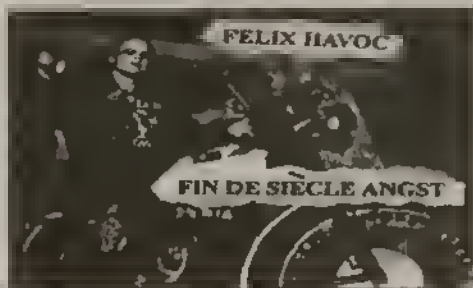
CHUCK MILLER AND TEMPERANCE RECORDS, YOU SUCK AND NOT IN A GOOD WAY! You may be familiar with this very fellow by now from several past columns where I had mentioned him scamming people like Know Records, Vegas Records, On the Edge Record Store, X-Mist Records, Suburban Voice Fanzine, Stiff Pole Records, and the band, The Betrayed. Now it is time once again to publicly add a few more names to the list of those burned by Chuck and Temperance. Chase at Bad Stain Records in Arizona had a sent a parcel on 4/30/98 worth \$249.00. Chase has called Temperance Records no less than twelve times since attempting to get paid, and each time Chuck says, "Hold on and I'll call you right back," after which Chuck quickly puts down the phone. Chase tries to call back and nobody will answer and Chuck never returns the calls as he'd promised. Low and behold as I was just about to write about Chuck ripping off TKO, Mark informed me that it looks like they've finally been paid, this time by a check direct from the bank and not Chuck's rubbery checking account. You see, Chuck had previously sent them a check that not only bounced once, but when Chuck told them to resubmit it, bounced a second time. Apparently Chuck is somewhat known for his acrobatic checkery as several other people I know have told me at times Temperance checks have bounced on them. I should mention too that Chuck tried to duck paying TKO for a very long time and would always have his lackey say, "Chuck's not here," except for the times when they had tricked him into thinking it was someone other than TKO.

On to some good distributor news. Upon the highest recommendations of several other

friend's labels I contacted Carrot Top in Chicago to place an order with me and the exact moment that the \$755.00 was due up, a check for the full amount appeared in my box without me saying boo. Carrot Top deals with labels (currently only with domestic labels; sorry everyone else) on a 60 day consignment period, after which they pay for what is sold and either return the unsold portion or pay in another 60 days on what is sold (all according to what you work out with them.) They do a lot of export to Japan, Australia, and to Europe a lesser degree. For you toy stores they carry indie rock, punk, industrial, and small bits of jazz, blues and country. Though their punk selection isn't super high at the moment, buyer Mark informs me that they would really like to start picking up a lot more punk labels. Carrot Top, 935 W. Chestnut st. LL15, Chicago, IL 60622, (312)432-1194.

Now on to other business: Sorry, no other business, I'm sick, I'm out of here.

Brian GTA, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd. Suite 313, Glendale, CA 92102, USA



One of the reasons America's economy has been expanding continuously for several years without significant inflation is because companies have consistently increased productivity without raising their costs. Of course what this really means is replacing experienced and skilled workers who demand a higher wage with lower skilled, lower paid workers and computers. A very good illustration of this is what happens to me every time I go to the auto parts store. It used to be that a place like a local hardware or auto parts store had at least one or two old guys who had seen it all and knew just the answer or solution to your problem. These days the experienced guys are all gone and you usually find some young kids and a computer. Sue me if you want but I'm still driving a 1971 pickup truck. Keeping this old tank on the road means fixing it myself. Here is a typical experience at a local auto parts store. "I need a throttle cable for a 1971 GMC 4x4 pickup with a 350 and an automatic transmission." The clerk replies, "Sorry, our computers don't go back that far." I drop the old throttle cable on the counter, "Here's the old throttle cable, why don't you see if the cables for a later year are the same or similar." "Sorry sir, our computers don't go back that far." Frustration builds, "OK, I'm not asking you to look in your computer, I'm asking you to look on the shelf at some GM pickup throttle cables and see if any of them are close to what I've got here." The clerk stares incomprehensibly, "Sorry but our computers don't go back to 1971." At which point my pride in keeping a classic piece of Detroit

steel on the road is duly injured. "There was once a day when the guy at the auto parts store would know what a '71 GMC throttle cable looked like and could pull it off the shelf without the help of a computer, not everyone wants to drive a late model mini-van you know." The clerk looked confused, then remembered the stock answer. "You might try the dealership or a junkyard."

This sort of thing happens to me all the time these days. Experience and skill are replaced by a computer and a human drone to operate it. Here in Minnesota we have full employment, but there is little thought given to how much any of these jobs pay. Every business is trying to increase profits and cutting labor costs seems the easiest target so out go experienced humans and in come computers and dumb kids earning six bucks an hour to run them. Yes we have plenty of jobs, a labor shortage in fact, but when most of those jobs a low skilled and low pay only the rich benefit and society suffers.

I hate to admit that I'm wrong sometimes but my opinion about computers and the internet is slowly changing from con to pro. I always have had an Orwellian suspicion of technology and computers as an instrument of social control. However, the more experience I have with the internet and modern technology I'm starting to realize its potential to create a more democratic global culture. Just the fact that I'm now in touch with punk kids in Israel, Malaysia, Sweden, Japan, Italy etc. every day by computer shows how this technology is connecting people at the grass roots. However, as I've said before punk music is one of the most international forms of culture on earth today. Bands tour the world. Records from far flung places are distributed through a global distribution network. People from widely disparate cultures can hook up with a place to stay and some quick friends in any major city on earth just by the way they are dressed and the music they like. Luk Haas continues to send in scene reports from the four corners of the earth, next month Madagascar and Tierra Del Fuego's emerging punk scenes! As for the internet, my record label gets better response from my website than I ever did from any fanzine ads, except maybe the ad in MRR which has run every month since 94. I have decided to ad MP3 files to my website in the future even though on principle I oppose MP3 as another industry gimcrack and uphold the supremacy of vinyl and analog recording. Sometimes I think I'm being pressured into buying into the industry's latest schemes in order to "remain competitive" or "keep up with changing technology." If I spend a lot of money on adding MP3 files to my website that will be that much less money I'm going to spend advertising in zines. However, the potential to reach people in far away countries where I am currently selling NO vinyl with my music for free seems to me the most DIY thing to do. If kids can log on to my website in Indonesia and hear music by bands who have not yet sold one record in Indonesia aren't I making the music and ideas available in the most DIY manner? People keep telling me that MP3 is going to put record stores and record labels

out of business. I don't buy that for a minute. You can check back in ten years and hold me to that, I guarantee I will be selling vinyl punk records every day both retail and mail order in ten years time.

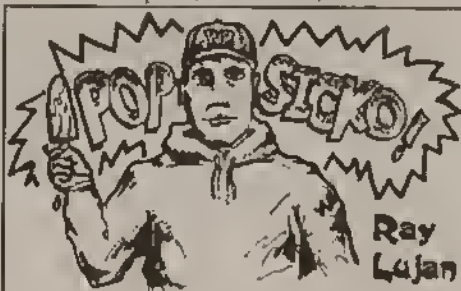
Speaking of retail Minneapolis volunteer run punk record store Extreme Noise is still going strong after over five years of slinging sides. We've been open long enough now that a lot of the records we stocked when we opened are now high priced collectors items! Ironically we took our inspiration from the now defunct Epicenter of SF. And reading what little that I have about the demise of epicenter I can see many of the same factors at work at Extreme Noise. In fact there are certain symptoms relate to all collective or co-operative activity. Certainly a collective sounds great at first and a lot of people show up who want to get involved and contribute. However, when it comes to actual hard work and sacrifice it will only be a few people who really get the job done. Typically these people bust their ass for a few years and then either burn out or decide that if they are going to work this hard they should probably be getting paid to do it and start their own business. Believe me I see things going on at Extreme Noise all the time that boggle my mind and I say to my self "If this was MY store I would never have bought those records" and so on. I remember after a summer of booking shows in a cumbersome collective at the Studio of the Stars I decided that I would be better off booking gigs on my own and started the Bombshelter. As a young idealist I talked a lot about workers co-operatives and collectives in an anarchistic society. While I still feel there is some potential for this sort of organization the bottom line is most of the time it boils down to just a few people doing all the work and the rest just "social loafing." Self interest always seems to be more of a motivating factor than collective interest and this explains why entrepreneurs are successful every time in ventures where collectives and co-operatives fail or reach a point of zero growth. On the flip side is this. At Extreme Noise the whole is bigger than the parts. One of our strongest points is the diversity offered by our collective organization. We have a guy who is crazy about emo, some SE kids, a pop-punk guy, me bearing the torch for fast thrash and 80's hardcore, a metalhead etc. each person is an expert in their own area and can guide our buying and ordering to have the best selection. This diversity and specialization is what makes a store like ours succeed. We have a niche market which we totally dominate in the Upper Midwest. Only Ear Wax in Madison offers a similar selection. Otherwise, this is the only place you would find such a diverse and affordable selection of punk music for 100's of miles. Because we are a specialty store MP3 or chain stores with discount CD's etc. are not going to put us out of business. What we have cannot be bought at any mall or be generated by a market focus group because it comes from the scene, by and for the kids. A record store, especially one like ours, is also a clearing house for information, a reserve of musical knowledge and a place to check things out before you buy

them. The internet can never offer these things the same way a real record store can. The point here, collectives can be cumbersome and can fail, but they still offer one of the best ways for a like minded group of people to achieve a goal. The internet offers some great opportunities for distributing punk music but it will never replace a real cool record store.

Please note, Extreme Noise is moving to a new location. As of October first we will be back on Lake St. at the intersection of West Lake St. and Grand Ave. S. The new location is the same size as our current store but a great deal cheaper, we hope that the money we save on rent will help to build up our stock and make us and even better store than we are now.

Rumor control Dept. Code 13 has not broken up. We are taking some time off after our tour of Europe. Our guitar player is traveling so we haven't been able to play any gigs lately. When he returns look for a new 7" this winter and a tour of the Pacific next year. That said:

Code 13 is looking for people to help us tour in Australia, Singapore, Malaysia, and Japan. Also possibly the Phillipines and Hawaii sometime early in 2000. If you can help contact me care of Havoc Records. PO Box 8585. Minneapolis, MN 55408, USA.



It's been quite a summer for shows around here with everything from Joe Strummer to Tom Waits and all the great punk and pop bands coming through. The festival circuit has actually been tolerable too with at least a couple great bands on each multi-band extravaganza. It was great to see Chelsea and TSOL rock the house at the Social Chaos show. Blink and Suicidal Tendencies were good at Warped although the two bands I really wanted to see, Leatherface and All Systems Go, didn't play the show I went to. Even the "This Is Not A Festival" show was cool with some of the superstars of indie rock like Superchunk, Sleater-Kinney, and Guided By Voices doing the pop thing quite well. Lots of great club shows too with some great billings. Discount, Leatherface, and Hot Water Music on one show! I really thought someone was fucking with me on that one. Dillinger Four, Lillingtons, Jimmy Eat World, and the Plus Ones were amongst the many cool punk/pop punk bands as well as a strong dose of indie pop from likes of Ladybug Transistor, Sissybar, and Drive. So it has been a pretty amazing season on the show front and I just wanted to blurt out some of the highlights for my own entertainment since I've been kind of overwhelmed by the quality.

A band that really won me over live is DILLINGER FOUR who have two great CD's out "This Shit Is Genius" on THD Records (PO Box 18661, Minneapolis, MN 55418) and the older "Midwestern Songs Of The Americas" on Hopeless (PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409). The first being a compilation and the second just being a fucking great LP. Punk rock with songs and a spirit to shout for. One of the greatest punk bands around these days. Don't miss out on these guys if they come to your town. Those DISCOUNT folk have put out "Billy" on Fueled By Ramen (PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604). One of my favorite bands doing songs of one of my all time faves, Billy Bragg, on this CD EP. Really great as usual from a band who didn't even ask me to be their new bass player. The UK version of Discount is SERVO who have a debut full length CD on Crackie Records (PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK). This is great pop punk with a singer who sounds like Amelia of Heavenly. Speedy catchy stuff with sweet vocals. My cup o' tea that is well worth tracking down as an import. Yanks try Mutant Pop for mail order. BYO Records (PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067) has put out a cool LEATHERFACE and HOT WATER MUSIC split CD. What a great combo of bands to hook up. Leatherface is back with "that" guitar sound sounding as good as ever and Hot Water Music is shouting it out like they always do. A band that should be huge and may be getting there. Awesome emo punk that you can bop and sweat to. HOT WATER MUSIC also has a new four song CD EP "Moonpies For Misfits" on No Idea (\$6 ppd., PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604). This is their two recent 45's on one CD. This is solid stuff too as these guys are on some kinda roll. The RACER TEN "The World Of Tomorrow" CD on Triple Threat (PO Box 74007, Strathcon RPO, Calgary, Alberta T3H 3B6, Canada) has a Lag Wagon meets Propagandi thing going on. Very cool pop punk with good riffing going on. I read on the discography that these guys had an debut disc on Onefoot. I totally missed that one. Little help. In a similar vein is the ATARIS "Blue Skies" CD on Kung Fu Records (PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740). This is one hecka pop punk record. Reminds me of Samiam with a dash of Blink. Almost as chock full of hits as the new Blink too. Definitely all there for the masses to enjoy. The LAST SUMMER "Remember Those Days" CD on Drive Thru Records (PO Box 55234, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413) has a cool American Steel meets Slapstick thing going on. Raw vocals and cool horn parts that work. Don't call it a comeback, errr I'm mean ska punk. This is punk rock with variety worth checking out. Speaking of AMERICAN STEEL. They have a new EP "Every New Murring" on Cheetah's Records (PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704). Just as great as ever throaty punk rock with one of my fave Psych. Furs songs "No Tears" done punk rock very well. Their first LP was a modern (modern being late 90's) classic. It's really time for a new full length dudes.

Straightoutta Wyoming, The LILLINGTONS have put a great "wanna be the Ramones" full length "Death By Television" on

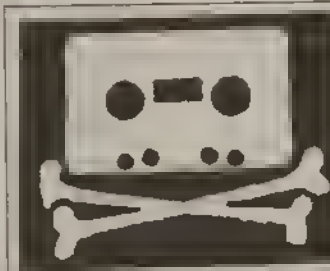
Panic Button (PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614). This is pretty much mixed like the first *Ranones* live LP meaning lots of guitar! This is a great record that has disappointed no one at this point. These guys are also doing some touring finally so check'em out at your local punk rock show. Their heaviest record yet. The PROMS "Helpless Romantic" CD on Mutant Pop Records (5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330) is fun punky garage pop. These guys really are a blast with songs in the Hi-Fives and Sweet Baby vein. Totally catchy and full of energy, not a bad release yet from these guys. Also on Mutant Pop is the DIRT BIKE ANNIE "Hit The Rock!" CD. These folks do the amateur pop punk thing right. I've liked these guys since their first single and they are still doing the pop ditties in classic Mutant Pop fashion. Although I don't remember the gal back up vocals on prior releases. But they that's progress and they sound great! A good poppy full length. The MAR-BLES "Rocks Not Dead" on Break Up Records (PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215) is cool new wave punk circa 1980. Think Josie Cotton and "Kids Of America" Kim Wilde not that "You Keep Me Hangin' On" shit. Lot's of bands are starting to do this for nostalgia's sake but these guys and gal have the tuneage down. Another good circa 1980 new wave release is the SKIRTS "Look Up!" CD on Catastrophe Records (\$7 ppd., PO Box 980222, West Sacramento, CA 95798). Total Go Go's meets Holly and the Italians. Good production from local dude Jon Von as this all girl combo features drummer extraordinaire Wendy formerly of the Groovie Ghoules and other former members of Sacto's Moist. Another Sacto band the LIZARDS has put out a comp of all their stuff on one CD on Very Small Records (PO Box 12839, Gainesville, FL 32604). Everything from early Gilman punk to surf to goofy garage punk. A great deal if you missed a release or two along the ways thru the 90's. The GIRLPOPE "The Whole Scene Going" CD on Atom Smash Records (PO Box 770, Buffalo, NY 14213) is a strong mix of power pop and 60's Kinks type pop. Definately brit mod overtones but this ain't wimpy fashion rock. Pop stuff that rocks! Almost along the ways of Material Issue.

On the indie pop front, the BUFFERINS from Japan have a new split CD with LAST DAYS OF APRIL on Straight Up Records (Kowa bld 2F, Minami-2Nishi-1 Chuou-Ku Sapporo 060, Japan). This band is awesome and I hope their stuff becomes more available over here. Their first LP was totally great and so is this. A darker Velocity Girl type band on a Japanese hardcore label. Any fuzzpop fan will love this if you can find it. Hey Straight Up how about some distro thru Parasol or Honey Bear for these guys. The best fuzzpop in years! LAST DAYS OF APRIL do more of their tuneful emo pop as they are right up there with Starmarket and Jimmy Eat World with this stuff. MOCKET is back with LP number three "Proforma" on Kill Rock Stars (120 NE State Ave. #418, Olympia, WA 98501). These guys are getting more eccentric and arty with each release. Almost space age indie rock. Comparisons? Man Or Astroman a bit, weird Cure a bit. A good record just don't

start the party with it. In the "band that needs no more press but is still a good band" category, the SLEATER-KINNEY "The Hot Rock" LP also on Kill Rock Stars is yet another strong dose of dissonant pop from these spirited gals. Still doing a respectable job of carrying the indie rock movement hype flame. The FIGHTER D/MATES OF STATE split 45 on Omnibus Records (\$3.50 ppd., PO Box 4522, Davis, CA 95617) is a good debut release for these two local bands. Fighter D, who include a former Cinnamon Imperial, have a dissonant jangly pop thing going on on their song that actually reminds of the early Blake Babies with a dash of UK indie. More to come from these gals I'm told. Mates of State are a duo with keyboards and drums doing quirky indie pop. A band new to the area that is a welcome addition to pop scene. A strong song too. Also on Omnibus is ELECTRO GROUP "Lifter". A band new to me from Sacramento. Full on My Bloody Valentine done well. Two songs with lots of noisy guitars and feedback. Fans of the UK fuzzpop and Creation thing should check this out. I finally got the POUNDSIGN "Wavelength" LP on Fantastic (PO Box 4492, Ann Arbor, MI 48106). I've always loved these locals with their blend of boy/girl twee pop. Great harmonies and sweet melodies over jangly guitar with keyboards. Very Sarah-like as this band has some great pop songs. Well worth the mail order effort if you can't find it in your local store. I went to a local dive bar indie rock/college rock show the other day and saw this great opening band from Oregon. I was totally into them and when I heard their debut CD I was hooked. The DRIVE "Music For Interplanetary" CD on Secret Decoder Records (\$10 ppd., 759 E. 22nd Ave, OR 97405) is one awesome swirly pop full length in the Ride and Stereolab vein. A good mix of guy/girl vocals and cool violin to layer the sound. A few of the standout songs really are up there with the best swirly stuff out there. I hope that scene gets a chance to hear this band because they reminded me of how great this stuff can be. On the old school UK indie front, Overground Records (PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK) has put a FOURTEEN ICED BEARS "Let Breeze Open Our Hearts" compilation CD. Vintage UK indie from the days of Shop Assistants and the Wedding Present, these guys also had a Bats-like sound to me. The LADYBUG TRANSISTOR "The Albemarle Sound" CD on Merge (PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514) is great pop in a Morrissey gone Cabaret vein. Everything from cello to baritone saxophone on this lush release. Pretty much pretty music.

Winding down with some odds and ends, the SNACK CRAPPLE POX "Jimbo" EP Shady Troll Records (11035 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90064) is good pop punk from Tennessee. Along the ways of Sicko and early Zoinks, this is straight forward pop punk that has tempo and lite production. A good pop punk record. The MARSHALL ARTIST "Your Kung Fu Is Pretty Good" CD on Coldfront Records (PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707) is a Posies/Fastbacks Seattle spinoff that pretty much sounds

like the Fastbacks. Produced by Kurt Bloch, this is a twisted fun pop punk release. The GODS REFLEX "Shifting" EP on Rebound Records (17019 Evergreen Elm Way, Houston, TX 77059) is good emo pop with a Knapsack meets Promise Ring sound. Quiet and intense you know what I mean. Also on Rebound Records, the LETTERBOMBS/RODMANS split EP is good energetic punk with melody. Too fast and raw to be pop punk. More like Dillinger Four I'd say. The LONGWAYHOME/EGRESS split CD on Equinox Records (mail order \$7 ppd., 2806 Morning-side Ave, Parkersburg, WV 26101) is good poppy emo stuff from these two bands. Longwayhome is the more pop with almost a Samiam feel at times. Egress gets a little more heavy when they kick in. ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE has put out a singles comp "Making Love" CD on No Idea (\$7 ppd., PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604) of their goofy techno pop with so many punk references you'll be entertained for days. The only techno real punks listen too! The guy from Fracture (the band), this disc also has the great rock single. You'll be embarrassed but happy. Last but not least also, I've yet to mention the last two full lengths from the late great TURBONEGRO. "Apocalypse Dudes" on Man's Ruin just plain rocks fucking hard and the "Never Is Forever" re-issue on Bitcores shows a more melodic Turbo. A band I will surely miss. One of the best punk bands I ever saw. Whew!



REWIND
BY ERIN
WHUPASS

Keep an eye out in the letters section in the next few months, and hopefully someone from THE AUTHORITY will write in with an address or some other contact information so you can order their demo. That's the problem with sending your demo to Maximum instead of the tape reviewer directly, I don't know if the information got lost along the way or if they just didn't send it. Anyway, this is a good tape, with a YOUTH BRIGADE/RED ROCKERS sort of feel, depending on the song. I think there are around 15 or so songs on here, good production, and no lyric sheet. This ESTADOS INTERNOS tape is actually an LP from 1998, with more metal influences than you can shake a stick at. A chunky guitar sound, yelling vocals, and solid drumming. Available for \$10 US. 8 songs, good production, lyrics in Spanish. P.O. Box 3984 (1000), Correo Central Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA estadosinte_mos@hotmail.com EX NIHILO sounds mostly acoustic, (guitars, fiddles and harps) but the recording quality is poor (the tape player is almost all the way up, I'm still having a hard time hearing) and the vocal style reminds me of a political musical. Punk

in content but not in sound. 24 songs, good lyric booklet, bad production. 914 Dupont St. Bellingham WA 98225 THE FALSIES are mostly hardcore in that KID DYNAMITE vein, catchy but not wimpy, although when I notice something like "singing vocals instead of shouting" within the next song or two I'm usually proven wrong. Their tempo changes are more the easing into the fast parts from the slow parts, instead of that stop - on - a - dime style. Clean production 6 songs no lyric sheet. 6535 Pressed Gentian, Columbia, MD 21045 FUZZY NERD has a lot of energy, and it's captured pretty well by this tape. Fast and funny. One of my favorite demos this month. "You can't fuck a punk song up. It's Impossible." \$3 PPD. 10 songs, recorded live, lyric sheet. W 1509 Hwy NN, Neosho, WI 53059. THE GRAVEYARD SCHOOL sounds like a pretty standard bar rock band, with husky droll female vocals, but as the tempo of the songs speeds up, they sound like a punk bar rock band. Heavily influenced by THE MISFITS. 3 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 123, Ogdensburg, NJ 07439. The first ever CD demo to be reviewed is HAGGIS, and really, it's great. In the NAKED RAYGUN vein, which someone was trying to tell me was poppunk the other day. Wrong! Just because it's catchy doesn't mean it's poppunk. This has got a spine! Covers of MISION OF BURMA, WIRE, and FAITH mix in well with their originals. Very impressed. 12 songs good production, no lyric sheet. Screwball Productions P.O. Box 8059 Santa Cruz CA 95061-8059. HOPPIN MAD do the standard poppunk thing, snotty vocals and ohohoh backup vocals. Patches and pins and an 8x10 glossy...3 songs, clean production, no lyric sheet. 31413 Kenwood, Madison Heights, MI 48071. INVECTIVA has a heavily rap influenced vocal style, with a pretty steady beat and a buzzy, distorted guitar sound on some songs and a more straightforward hardcore take on a couple. Heavy without being sludgy. 8 songs, good production, lyric sheet in Spanish. Apdo. Postal IO3 062 CP 04801 Mexico D.F. invectiva@data.net. KOBRA KAHN traditional blazing hardcore music with BLEEF, ARG style vocal, and boy are these straightedgers pissed! Math rock hippie (die), Smokers (I hate you), Hate Edge... half the lyrics on the lyric sheet are in German, and I'd never have guessed one of the songs was a Tom Waits cover! 12 songs. lyric sheet good production Stefan Busch Amedasti 2 44139 DoHmund Germany chappi @poisonfree.com Another demo that I didn't get any contact information for, and the second C.D. to be reviewed, is MR. STERILE, but I'll review it anyway in hopes of the Letter-to-the-Editor section coming through for y'all. Half of the MR. STERILE c.d. is acoustic guitar and vocals, there are some songs that are real echo four-track experimental stuff, and then the remaining is a handful of straightforward songs. The acoustic songs were good, and I think the most standout stuff on this C.D. 16 songs, good production, lyric sheet. Although from Ohio, PDW plays pop punk, Southern California style - Mostly fast, but it's got the slow parts, and occasionally the break-it-down ska part. \$2. 4 Songs, good

production, no lyric sheet (but a handwritten letter makes up the tape cover). c/o Spike Punch, 2731 Calvin Ave, Dayton, OH 45414. That's all for this month. Now the demos go to KBOO (Portland's community radio station, 90.7 FM) for the weekly punk rock radio show, Life During Wartime, Wednesday night 12:30 - 3 a.m. Send demos! With all pertinent information! P.O. Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.



Bad news gang. I'm temporarily invalid after an unpleasant bout with lock jaw. After much reflection, I realize that God is justly punishing me for missing my target a few months ago when I was trying to throw a bucket of red paint onto a woman going into a family planning clinic. Anyway, I've promised Him that in compensation I will organize a massive book burning upon my recovery, so things should be just fine.

In another bit of bad medical news, our undercover, anti-gay agent is currently in the hospital. Apparently Basil Ransom slipped in the shower, and some how wound up with a peanut butter jar lodged in his rectum. The most peculiar thing is that he met with a similar accident during adolescence. Send your prayers along!

This month I'm very excited to have one of the most popular Christian punk acts in creation provide us with a tour diary which gives us sense of what it would be like to spend a week or so with some reckless rockers.

As always, you can reach me or any contributors at skipyskip@aol.com, and now at P.O. Box 5113, Santa Cruz, Ca. 95062. Keep spreading The Good News!- Skip Pxm Tour Journal, by Mick

Well, we consulted with our legal and PR teams, and after reading the rough drafts for this piece, they advised us to run it anonymously, due to the hostilities this column has been generating (even though they are outweighed by enthusiasm). However, we just want to say we think the column is great, and everyone who wants to find God should pay attention to it. So anyway, just to let you know, we are using pen names. Our band is not really called Pxm and my name isn't really Mick.

May 12- Wow! It was raining like mad the whole time we were driving to our show in Detroit. Our tour bus hit a wet patch, and we skidded out. Somehow, our van righted itself with the driver in a state of panic. I say "somehow," but we all realize that it was the hand of God almighty which guided our bus back on course, so we could continue to spread righteousness. What made it even scarier was when we got to the hotel and watched the

news. It turns out the roads were really dangerous because another bus, this one carrying a load of young children, had skidded off of a bridge and into a river and like 20 kids died. Thank God for his divine intervention!

May 13- We had a great show, but there was a bit of trouble at the beginning. Our guitarist, Tim noticed this really suspicious looking kid in the audience, who just had the look of a trouble maker. We all agreed to have the club call the police to have him removed, but the club bouncers said they would handle it. After that was cleared up, the show went along great and we played two encores. We debuted our new song, "If you don't believe in Jesus, I hate you" and it went over really great!

May 14- I'm a bit concerned about our drummer, Euro. He's single again, and he's going a bit hard with the women. The bible tells us "It is good for man not to touch woman (1 Corinthians 7:1). We all know what temptresses they can be! I have been lucky enough to find a good Christian girl who realizes that I am "worth waiting for." Euro, on the other hand, is cavorting about like a pagan! I saw him holding hands with three different girls after the Detroit show, and, although I'm uncertain, I think I saw one kiss him on the cheek! I'm praying extra hard for him.

May 16- I really shouldn't be writing this, since today is Sunday, but I just wanted to mention that we are observing the sabbath and studying scripture today.

May 17- Nothing that unusual today. We played another rockin' show, and all the kids seemed to have a good time. Some fans invited us to stop by their youth group meeting after the show. It was the Cat's PJ's! Let me tell you, the good folks in the George Lincoln Rockwell Baptist Church Youth Group, in Dayton, Ohio "know what's up". They showed us a good time, which we had been aching for. We let our hair down and played a few hours of Bombardment of Bible Questions. Between that and all the milk and cookies we could handle, we were more than ready to crash when we got back to the hotel.

May 20- I'm sure you all know the expression, "what would Jesus do," or WWJD. Boy did I ever put it to use tonight. I came across a young puppy who was trapped under some boxes that had fallen on him. My first instinct was to lift the boxes, but then I wondered if maybe I should think it through. Then it hit me. I'm a Christian, I don't need to think! I just asked myself, WWJD. Well, I figured that Jesus would probably wave his hand and make the boxes fly off of the puppy. That didn't work. Then I decided that I should kneel, close my eyes, and pray for the puppy. Maybe Jesus would move the boxes for me. After a lengthy prayer I opened my eyes to see that God had called the puppy home. Good thing I didn't interfere! Now he is in puppy dog heaven!

May 22- Gosh! I wish we could get some new movies for the VCR on our bus. I mean I love the ones we have, like "Beauty and the Beast," "The Little Mermaid" and especially "Snow White," but we need some new darn titles. I'm trying to convince Tim that it would

be OK for us to pick up a copy of E.T., but he thinks that it's blasphemous since space aliens aren't covered in scripture. Why can't he lighten up and live a little? I think life is much more exciting if you take a chance now and again! JEEZ!

May-23 It's about ten hours later. I just want to apologize to Tim and to Jesus. I lost my temper in that last entry, as you can probably tell by my use of language. Sometimes the road brings out the ugly side of you, and that's when you really need to turn to God. With the Lord's help we were able to compromise. We went to Blockbuster and picked up copies of "Puff the Magic Dragon" and "The Ten Commandments." We stayed up till after midnight watching our new tapes and eating Twizzlers. Now that's punk rock.

See you soon, with another installment-
Mick



Hey what's up, dorks. Since I don't know how long the editors of this mag are gonna tolerate my foolishness, I think I'll start off with trying to make a point. You know, sending out a message, that kind of thing that I don't usually do. I'm not gonna start off with something like how people who move to California are retarded or how kids use punk rock as an excuse not to empty the litterbox, I'm gonna save those for later on. See it's a little more difficult writing for a "big" zine like MRR than just my little zine because 1. MRR doesn't throw away European mail without opening it like I do. And 2. There's nothing wrong with pissing people off and there's nothing wrong with doing it intentionally, but sometimes I think I will hold back a little in here to avoid people calling and leaving complaints on my answering machine, and then I forget about the groceries and the ice cream melts all over my pop-tarts..

Anyhow I think my whole shtick and my whole spiel (I'm not Jewish but few words always sound funnier ya know) is that people take everything way too serious and when a goofball like me comes around they have no idea what to do about it. I am passionate and dedicated to silliness when it comes to punk rock and you wanna know why? Punk Rock is freakin' silly.

Lets go back about 8 years ago (yeah yeah, I'm old enough to say shit like that) this band I play bass for BUGOUT SOCIETY is asked to play a show in Syracuse. Its about a 5 or 6 hour drive from New York and our friends CITIZENS ARREST were asked to play and since they didn't really have a car or equipment they figured they'd mooch on us and we

get to play in the process. Ok, problem one, CITIZENS ARREST breaks up the week before (well that ain't no problem) and the second problem is that Syracuse is inhabited by something that used to be called "Hardliners". This has something to do with people that are all serious about food or something like that. They don't wanna finish their dinner and they'll beat up mom and dad if they try to send them to their rooms. Some type of silly cause. The third problem is addressed to me in a short phone call from the promoter. See, since BUGOUT SOCIETY played mostly hardcore shows at the time, these people saw us with YOUTH OF TODAY and knew that are shtick is throwing hamburgers while we sing our hit, "Castle Carnage" The problem is that they asked us not to. So I was like, "Oh will the venue get angry about the mess and cancel future shows and such?" and the guy, I think his name was John was like, "Oh no, nothing like that, the college is totally cool with whatever we're doing we're all just really into vegetarianism here." OH! Problem solved. Well we knew that throwing frozen castles was gonna be fun especially when they stamped our hands for re-entry and the stamp was in the shape of a cow. We played the show, pissed everyone off, got kicked and punched at a bit, but hell, it was a lot more fun than relying on our musical ability. The best part was the fact that they told us they weren't gonna pay us but decided against it since we may be friends with New York hardcore bands they like and badmouth them. Yeah right, like we could ever get a good show in NYC.

Ok, flash forward a few years. I notice all these kids are getting into this band EARTH CRISIS, and guess where they're from... And guess what they're into. Now, I had not really seen or heard them much but I did know they were real preachy and whiny and trying to make like they were tough-guys too. See, the problem with them is not so much the fact that what they're saying is stupid, but just the fact that they're all serious about it too. So, I grabbed about 50 or 60 inflatable guitars from work, (I swiped em from some DJ at a Bar Mitzvah) and went off to some godawful place in New England with this kid Artie Phillie. He sings for some band now and has silly tattoos. So we blew up the guitars and dropped em on the band's heads all at once while they were playing. The best part is that they tried to not acknowledge this was happening. They didn't laugh or smile or say anything about it. Meanwhile kids in the crowd started mimicking the guitar players and smacking each other in the face with the inflatable axes. Oh shit! As a side note we then went next door to the club to get some pizza and it was freezing and snowing outside. I asked for two slices and the mother-fucker says to me, "We don't sell slices, this is Bahstin, not New York." So I was like, "Good-bye!" and while we were walking out Artie slipped on the icy wet floor and fell on his ass, as the whole place erupted laughing. We get outside and realize we're in some godforsaken industrial area. We ended up eating dominos in my car, but fuck that, pizza by the slice asshole! I ain't gonna buy a whole pie especially when it sucks as bad as any pizza not from NYC does!

Ok, so other than us making fun of the Krishna and asking him if the cookies he's selling will make us limp and if I take a picture of him will it steal his soul the rest of the show went fine. About a week later, EARTH CRISIS were playing again and instead of yelling stuff out and being a loudmouth I figured I'd really get the whole EC experience up close and personal like. So, I stood directly in front of the stage at lil ABC NO RIO and smiled big in the singers face, kinda like a drunk guy does when you're a girl at a party and for some reason he thinks he's gonna get some. I did this for about 40 minutes and he seemed a little uncomfortable but at ABC there's really no place to run to. Bands with more than 3 people don't quite even fit on the little stage there. So, he makes his little pre-rehearsed speeches about this and that (Bor-ing!) and right around the end he decides to condemn people at the show who are wearing leather jackets. I could state here that the only people wearing leather were like, the people running the show and selling records and actually doing something instead of making speeches but to tell you the truth, it doesn't matter. I pulled off my shoe and stuck it in his face, (hey, its ok, my feet don't smell). He tried to take my shoe and being someone who likes to go up and pretend to stagedive and then pull off a band member's sneaker and fling it... I held on for dear life. I think he let go when he got pulled off the stage. I can't remember if he tried to say anything after all this but everyone was laughing and having a good time, so it doesn't matter.

At this point I decided to do an interview with the band. Well, not really, I kinda just pretended to do an interview because it's boring to read people arguing and getting nowhere. So I put stuff in it like

GB: After reading your lyrics I see you've taken a strong stance on abortion as a band.

Bif: Well, we are totally against abortion but we still consider ourselves pro-life, I mean choice. As long as the mother doesn't do drugs or eat meat." and other stuff like, "Seth: We try to separate ourselves from the non vegan world. If fact we all dropped out of high school in protest of the school lunch program.

GB: Even the stewed prunes?!

Bif: Yes, fuck the stewed prunes we all know they're stewed in the juices of damned cattle and hogs.

GB: What do your parents think of this?

Bif: Byron and Seth have spent many months perfecting their moms' signatures for absent notes and my parents fully support my vegan values. I daily check all ingredients labels and dispose of all the death in the cupboards! I also have taken over the living room, the den and the maid's quarters and dedicated them to my animal rehabilitation work.

GB: Is that a lot of hard work?

Bif: You try and force-feed methadone to a bunny rabbit with cataracts!" Ok that enough plugs for my zine but, you get the idea.

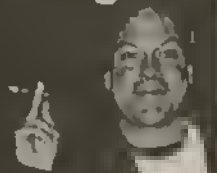
OK! Damn this story is getting long. So after the zine comes out I go and see them play again. The singer guy comes up to me and is like, "Hey are you that fucking guy from BUGOUT SOCIETY?" This is pretty funny since me being in a band had nothing to do with this, I'm like "Yep." "I think we should

holuins

talk, OUTSIDE!" I said calmly, "Ok, no problem, we're gonna go out that door tho" See when you're from New York and talking to someone from a lesser city they for some reason think you're all connected with gangs and the police and the Mafia and shit, so when you say something like no, we're gonna do things my way they get all nervous. Actually, there's nothing wrong with having friends in the police or the Mafia...but, he decided to argue about it and act a lil scared of me (?) so, he gathers up his little posse and we proceed to the alley. He says something like, "Did you do an interview and have me saying racist things in it?" his face was a bit red and all. I was like, "Well, I didn't use any of your names, it was funny eh?" He then went on to tell me that it wasn't funny and I should be beaten up. Actually the drummer said that when he read it he felt that it was justified for them to kill me over it. I was like, "Excuse me? Why would you even get mad over this, this isn't about anything meaningful dude, its just punk rock bullshit, I make fun of you, you make fun of me, it all comes out pretty funny in the end. I'm not making fun of how you look or you're sexual dysfunctions or anything that should really hurt, I'm just making fun of stuff you say on stage and in interviews and your songs, if you didn't want to made fun of why do you put yourself on a stage, why do you play music, do you really think everyone's gonna be like 'Yeah!' and buy a wool cap with your logo on it?" By this time a small crowd had gathered and we had some mediation, some of the kids (big scary kids thankfully) told the guy that they thought the interview was funny and they thought my little stage antics were too. He seemed to get angrier and angrier by the minute and he summed it up with something like, "I ain't punk rock, I hate punk rock, this isn't a joke this is my fucking life!" His friends were doing the whole, pretend to hold you back so you don't kick the other guys ass thing. I was like, "This is your life? Isn't that kinda sad dude? Like you're whole life is trying to look tough and reiterate hippie stuff that is at the most boring, and if you really look into it, its damn depressing. Is that all that is important to you? That's pretty damn sad. And you would kill someone over this? That's really sad too."

So, the guy who set up the BUGOUT SOCIETY show stepped in and decided to make peace, he said that no one would get beat up if I promised not to do anything else. So, I did. Oh shit, well I guess I just broke it.

"Lefty" Hooligan



What's Left?

I was an ex-Catholic left anarchist, somewhere between anarcho-communist and syndicalist. My girlfriend was a liberal Jew. So I

lived with her on an Israeli *kibbutz* the summer and fall of 1974. About a year after what Israelis call the Yom Kippur War, just before Lebanon collapsed into sectarian civil war.

Okay, here's the scoop for all you knee-jerk leftoids. Read the next three paragraphs twice if you need to so it sinks in. I'm not in the mood to repeat myself for your reassurance.

I'm anti-Zionist. Yet I recognize that the main component of the Zionism that established the State of Israel was socialist. Otherwise called Labor Zionism, I consider it an extremely perverted example of a national liberation movement; a socialist struggle for national liberation gone very, very bad. Labor Zionism sought a socialist liberation of the Jewish people that was so exclusive and myopic that it amounted to a xenophobic "socialism for one people" which established little more than a "colonial settler" Jewish state in the Middle East. Like its twisted cousin, "socialism in one country," it was bound to fail.

Horribly.

Labor Zionism simultaneously produced particular forms of voluntary syndicalist, socialist and communist organization that were remarkably effective and surprisingly radical, if ultimately flawed by this "socialism for one people." The communistic *kibbutz* is a case in point.

A *kibbutz* is a voluntary commune. Its members work for the commune at jobs they choose and run, and the democratically-managed commune provides its members with all of their needs in food, clothing, shelter, education and culture plus many of their desires in recreation and entertainment on the principle "from each according to ability, to each according to need." Originally and still primarily agricultural, the *kibbutz* also manages light and heavy industry. The communistic *kibbutz* while belonging to a like-minded mutual-aid *kibbutzim* federation, in the final analysis exists in a capitalist market economy. The commune's ability to meet the needs and desires of its members ultimately depends upon its ability to sell its products and make a profit. Perhaps the *kibbutz* is most famous for its communal child rearing that raises kids outside of the family structure; collectively and away from the parents.

I haven't kept up with the statistics, but as of the mid-1970's about half the kids raised on a *kibbutz* returned to the commune after military service. Israel's agriculture included a good sized collective/cooperative farm sector much larger than the number of *kibbutzim*, with only 4-5% of the population living on them around 1974. I'm sure both numbers have declined in the intervening two and a half decades.

The *kibbutz* I stayed on was founded in the 1920's by a Zionist anarcho-communist youth movement called HaShomer HaTzair, which originally colonized Palestine under the slogan "From Commune To Communism." It was part of the post-independence minority MAPAM labor party which believed that the only solution to Arab-Jewish conflicts in Palestine was an independent binational state. MAPAM eventually joined with Ben Gurion's majority MAPAI labor

party to form Israel's present Labor Party. The *kibbutz* had also been a frontline Hagana outpost, and a staging point for the Palmach. It was now a prosperous and sedate farm in the fertile Jezreel Valley.

I'll do an entire column on the violent contradictions of Zionist socialism one of these days...

I myself never sympathized much with the *kibbutz* culture's admiration for work in general and manual labor in particular. It put the Puritan work ethic to shame. I did think it interesting that the *kibbutz* I stayed on considered being an artist a valid type of work. Two members were artists when I visited; one being an older woman with a bad hip and a walker; not first pioneer but certainly second no longer able to do manual labor who'd published two books of fiction and wrote occasional non-fiction articles on Middle Eastern archeology.

The other artist was a young guy, 24-25 maybe, who'd sold a couple of paintings and sculptures while in the army. He'd gotten the *kibbutz* to pay for some post-service art school, and when I was there he lived solely as an artist, a member of the commune entirely on the basis of his creative work. Of course he did whatever minimal number of work days a year each member owed the collective performing necessary maintenance labor such as kitchen duty and grounds upkeep. He'd done murals on the dining hall walls and other commune property as his contribution to uplifting the collective utilitarian aesthetics of the place. And remember, the money from what art he sold belonged to the *kibbutz*. Otherwise he lived the ideal bohemian life in the center of an otherwise drab rural workaholic commune. Handsome, bronzed from long hours at the *kibbutz* swimming pool, he lived with his girlfriend in a dull pioneer worker bungalow he'd entirely tripped out with his artwork. He had goofy wind sculptures on the walkways around the bungalow, and ornately framed mirrors around his bed. In a rabidly anti-drug communal society in a country far more punitive on illegal drugs than the US was in the mid-1970's, it was rumored among the foreign volunteers that he smoked hashish.

This was during the Cold War, when the old Soviet Union still challenged American hegemony and when Red China denounced both as imperialist; when Yugoslavia was a single peaceful Communist country, Albania was an impoverished but united citadel of paleo-Stalinism, Eastern Europe was red, and mass Communist Parties existed in a number of western European countries. You could have a discussion, even an argument on artists under socialism or work under socialism, instead of today's dumb stares and blank yawns. My *kibbutz* experience provided a unique perspective on such debates.

The *kibbutzim* were either a "colonial settler" or a "radical pioneer" form of rural Zionist communism, depending of course on whether you're anti or pro. Whatever the case, the *kibbutz*'s communalism was strictly developmental, intended to build a viable modern Labor Zionist economy as quickly as

possible out of primitive conditions and limited labor, and against mounting opposition from the native Palestinian Arabs. The commune's "pull-ourselves-up-by-our-collective-Jewish-bootstraps" extreme work ethic was no surprise. That the commune tolerated, even supported the eccentric work of a bohemian artist was.

This is the final column in my work and capitalism series, covering work under socialism. I've described the basic destructive dynamics of capitalism, illustrated work that degrades—work under capitalism—through the metaphor of wage slavery, and painted in broad strokes options for working class direct action against wage labor and capitalism. Throughout, I've used something called *praxis* to illustrate an entirely different kind of labor; work that transcends. *Praxis* is the negation of wage labor; a type of labor through which we create individual identity, sustaining social relationships, socially needed and desired production, and all material culture. *Praxis* is thus the essence of work under socialism. The ongoing writing and rewriting of my second novel, made possible by paid unemployment, is a partial example of such work that transcends.

I say partial example because I engage in my writing in spite of society's support, not because of it. I'm paid unemployment on the assumption that I'm spending every waking hour looking for work, not rewriting my novel, and I sign a form to that affect every time I submit my bi-weekly claim. Society doesn't support me in my creative endeavors. There's no communist kibbutz-like community backing my writing. I have to pull a scam in order to get paid for rewriting my book, which means I have to lie to the government on a regular basis. I'm ripping off unemployment insurance to further my writing now because when I eventually go back to a 9-to-5 wage slave job I'm going to have to squeeze any writing from the miserably tiny amount of free time I have left after the daily grind.

That's a whole lot better situation than having my writing censored and being driven into internal or external exile as a consequence of my creative expression, comes the reminder from stage right. For while it's considered passe to talk about artists or work under socialism, there are plenty of former Cold Warriors out there more than happy to remind me of Boris Pasternak, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, and hundreds of other writers who found freedom and socialism incompatible. By now, you should know my response to such a criticism.

That wasn't socialism.

The old Soviet Union no less than the new China are not socialist. Not the stateless, classless, free association of producers envisioned by Karl Marx anyway. According to Marx's stage theory of history, feudalism was superseded by capitalism which will be superseded in turn by socialism, and he warned not to establish socialism before the capitalist forces of production were fully developed and scarcity eliminated so as to avoid a general sharing out of want in a state enforced "socialism of scarcity." This is only part of the problem however. This "socialism of scarcity"

is invariably a feature of developing countries or Third World nations seeking to industrialize, and thus has a ruthlessly disciplined, developmental character to it. Finally in recreating class society, a ruling class with a state monopoly over the nationalized surplus is always established under such "socialism of scarcity;" a ruling elite that without fail appropriates a sizeable portion of this surplus for its own privileges. A ruling class monopolizes the economic surplus in any class society which, if socialized would make the lives of the working class much more comfortable, beginning with the reduction of the necessary labor required to live. This is the case even with non-capitalist modes of production and relatively undeveloped forces of production. To his credit, Murray Bookchin made this necessary correction to Marx by demonstrating that popular revolts against work aspiring to utopias of leisure and abundance have occurred throughout humanity's long history of class struggles.

To understand what socialism actually is, consider one of those periods of utopian revolt, the mid-1960's when what would become "hippie" was just getting started. During the '50's and '60's the United States was a self-proclaimed "affluent society" with abundance for all the stated goal of American capitalism. Many revolutionary groupings of the day thought it possible to construct a new society simply on what America and the industrialized west threw away. One such group was the San Francisco Diggers which started in 1966 around the program of "Free." Free food, free shelter, free medical aid, free stores, free drugs; the Diggers were more than a hip social service agency for the growing number of hippie dropouts migrating to the Haight-Ashbury. Emmett Grogan wrote the Digger quasi-platform "The Post-Competitive, Comparative Game of a Free City" which can be found in his book *Ringolevio*. The preamble is worth quoting in full:

Our state of awareness demands that we uplift our efforts from competitive game playing in the underground to the comparative roles of free families in free cities.

We must pool our resources and interact our energies to provide the freedom for our individual activities.

In each city of the world there is a loose, competitive underground composed of groups whose aims overlap, conflict, and generally enervate the desired goal of autonomy. By now we all have guns, know how use them, know our enemy, and are ready to defend. We know that we ain't gonna take no more shit. So it's about time we carried ourselves a little heavier and got down to the business of creating free cities within the urban environments of the western world.

Free Cities are composed of Free Families (e.g., in San Francisco: Diggers, Black Panthers, Red Guards, Mission Rebels and various revolutionary gangs and communes) who establish and maintain services that provide a base of freedom for autonomous groups to carry out their programs without having to hassle for food, printing facilities, transportation, mechanics, money, housing, working space, clothes, machinery, trucks, etc.

At this point in our revolution it is demanded that the families, communes, black organiza-

tions and gangs of every city in America coordinate and develop Free Cities where everything that is necessary can be obtained for free by those involved in the various activities of the individual clans.

Every brother and sister should have what they need to do whatever needs to be done.

This post-scarcity socialist vision rapidly deflated in the capitalist counter-attack of the '70's and '80's based in part on the creation of an artificial austerity to squelch rising expectations and utopian ideals. The economic abundance was still there in American society, but it wasn't allowed to "trickle down" any longer. Jobs were made scarce, the prosperity of the middle class was attacked, and economic insecurity was fostered. Yet it must be remembered that the potential for a true socialism of affluence remained, even in the darkest days of Reaganomics. It's still with us today.

As I finish this column by the first week of August for the October issue, I have just over a month of paid unemployment left to sustain my writing. A generous tax return permits me to extend this for another month, but after that it's back to work under capitalism. Thanks to what I learned on my previous job I can probably earn double my salary in my next job, but wage labor is still a species of slavery in my experience. Unemployment insurance itself is nothing more than deductions from a worker's wage matched by the employer with a tiny fraction of the surplus value capitalists manage to expropriate from their workers in the first place, yet another commodification of the worker's time and labor. As part of the New Deal's social safety net created to rescue capitalism from the Great Depression, in particular from the potential for social revolution that the economic collapse stirred up, unemployment insurance is an integral part of the capitalist system of wage labor and commodity fetishism. Capital defines my unemployment benefits as a temporary handout to help me back into work and consumption. Not much would change even if liberal reforms converted unemployment into something akin to a guaranteed annual income. Both are reformist measures designed to shore up capitalism and prevent its revolutionary overthrow.

Don't get me wrong. I've enjoyed my limited paid vacation after almost 14 straight years of wage slavery. I loved rewriting and refining my second novel, tightening up the plot and fleshing out the characters, getting it to the point where I could most benefit from submitting it to a professional editor. I luxuriated in days without schedules or deadlines, in time almost entirely under my control, doing what I wanted to do when I wanted to do it. I've raced through scores of books I'd always meant to read, mastered a new computer operating system, participated in demonstrations in Berkeley for KPFA... And these past five months of unemployment have been a pleasant flashback to my early days fighting wage slavery. I despised work so much back then I perfected the art of working for a year, year and a half, just long enough to qualify for unemployment. Then I'd arrange to get laid off or fired without cause. I even

had a couple of backup friends with their own businesses willing to vouch they'd briefly employed me, then laid me off for lack of work so I'd qualify for the highest level of unemployment payments. I loved the unstructured free time afforded me by these periods of paid unemployment, but it's hard to save any money with such a sporadic employment history. And a marginal income from unemployment insurance or even a guaranteed annual income is not a very comfortable way to live for any length of time.

There's a far more insidious downside to paid unemployment however. In a society so defined by work and consumption, it's a continuous, uphill struggle to engage in activities that are neither. Things just aren't set up for folks with a lot of time but not a lot of money on their hands. There aren't a whole lot of public resources or opportunities available. Andre Gorz, in an appendix to his book *Farewell to the Working Class*, contends that:

A policy of time cannot, however, be based solely upon individual choices. For, as Daniele Linhart has pointed out [...] industrial society 'has created a vacuum around work,' to such an extent that, in the eyes of the young workers whom Linhart interviewed, 'not going to work' could only mean 'staying at home and doing nothing.' The idea that there might be a thousand and one things to do outside the constraints of work does not tally with the experience of many people. The freeing of time therefore also requires collective decisions of a new type, 'an improvement in the social environment' and in the fabric of urban life, facilities that can be used and self-managed by individuals, neighborhoods and small cooperatives.

Needless to say capitalist class society, especially in the United States, has virtually none of the facilities to help with individual or collective self-activity and self-organization. What it does have, I've gratefully used, beginning with the public libraries. With resources far outstripping my own personal library, with the space to spread out my writing and set up my laptop computer that's well-lit, clean and well ventilated, with helpful people who otherwise stay out of my way; I've made a certain desk and chair in the second floor newspaper and magazine room of downtown Oakland's main library into a cheerful, sunny, healthy office where I've rewritten my second book these past five months. I like to remind myself of Ray Bradbury's story of how he pounded out *Fahrenheit 451* in something like 6 days on pay-to-use typewriters in LA's downtown public library. I've used my library time to structure my day, and I've used the walk to and from the library to get in some beneficial exercise. Thank Marx for libraries.

So, is it too much to ask for a society where everything I need to live, act and enjoy myself is socialized and free, where work is abolished and I can continue to spend my time writing?

To conclude, consider work under socialism, what I contend is work that transcends, from a rather unusual point-of-view. In *Beyond Good and Evil*, Friedrich Nietzsche subscribed to "the aristocratic idea that work *degrades*—work makes one *common*." He goes on to state that to "have our experience in

common" is part of "the continuing development of mankind into the similar, ordinary, average, herdlake—into the *common*!" There is nothing in this world *more common* than the slavery of wage-labor, and wage slavery is nothing if not work that *degrades*. The employment of decentralized industries and miniaturized technologies, the application of automation, cybernation and robotics to abolish wage labor serve to give each one of us the time to engage in work that transcends, in *praxis* if you prefer. What each of us does is potentially unique and uncommon. Instead of a commune of a couple thousand glum overworked individuals supporting a couple of bohemian artists, consider a commune of a couple thousand working artists with the means to do what they will...

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You know how when you're giving a blowjob your attention shifts. Your focus narrows exactly to the task and sensations at hand. You become keenly aware of the flesh probing your mouth. You feel the spongy head as it presses against the back of your throat. Every vein is a roadmap for your tongue. You press it upwards and can feel each pimple, each ridge.

You bring your hand up to play with the balls beneath. You feel their consistency, their weight. You feel them pull tight, almost resisting your playful fingers as you use your tongue to explore the flesh growing harder and thicker within your mouth.

You feel your teeth, pressed against your lips, as you curl them under to prevent biting or scraping. You feel a throbbing. A pressing. The hands tighten on the back of your head. The time has come.

Those things you know in detail. Yet, there is more you lose. You lose track of the fat flabs bouncing against the top of your head. You're no longer aware of the sagging buttocks or how poorly wiped is that anal fissure where you rest your left hand.

Above you, the facial jowls, the sucking sound of his tongue against his false teeth are lost. Your concentration restricts itself to a narrow range of sensuality.

Your only focus is those six or seven inches sliding in and out of your mouth. A delicious viscosity as the semen strikes and slides down your throat. Then, it's over.

I open two jars of ginkgo pills and pull out the cotton. These days three pills come in

a jars big enough to put my head in. The rest is cotton. I separate this material into four equal piles. Then I stuff each one into the space between my cheek and jaws. Two upper. Two lower.

Next it's the false mustache, left from a joke gift from George before my last trip to Thailand. Finally, it's a Boston baseball hat. If there's one piece of clothing that no one this side of hell would expect to see me in, it's a Boston baseball hat.

The disguise is complete. I'm ready. Even if my friends see me go in, they'll never know it. I walk to and enter Barnes and Noble.

A clerk stands near the door. A young white guy, dressed in a dorky uniform that makes his bad complexion stand out like moon rocks. He exudes stupidity. I bet he's taken the job because the local gas station had no openings. He probably had to settle for less pay.

Jeff Bale used to complain about the affirmative action hirees at the Library of Congress.

"They don't know a thing about books," he said. "They have no business being there."

Affirmative shmaffirmative, I say. Here's this white guy, dumber than a football-lover, with as much love of books as I have for Andrea Dworkin. It's not affirmative action that's the problem. It's the low pay. It discourages anyone who can read.

"Can you show me the Jew History section?" I ask the clerk.

"I'm sorry," he says, "I didn't understand that."

"Jew history," I repeat. "You know, Jews, like in black hats and curly sideburns? History, like in what happened before now?"

"Well," he says, "we have a History section. But that's got mostly things like wars and old presidents."

"That's not what I'm looking for." I tell him.

"We also have a *Judaica* section," he pronounces it "Jew-da-EE-ka."

"OK," I tell him, "I'll try that one."

He points to a free-standing section around a pillar, in the center of the store. I thank him and head over there. He walks away, hopefully to the *Hooked on Phonics* books.

This being New York, there's lots of stuff in this section. There are two sides around the pillar. Each side has two bookcases. Each bookcase has eight shelves. That's a total of 32 shelves. Along the top are large display books. Mostly picture books. They're a mixed lot. Books about Bar Mitzvahs, Israel, Jewish Holidays, and of course The Holocaust.

I don't count any of these. There's also a section of religious or prayer books, including one or two in Hebrew. I discount these too. That leaves twenty-eight shelves. Two of those shelves are "inspirational." Books like "How to be a Jewish Grandmother" and "Ethical Problems in Jewish Life." I figure there are about two shelves worth of these. I won't count them either. They're not history.

I decide to consider the remaining twenty-six shelves as history, although some things are questionable. Of those twenty-six shelves,

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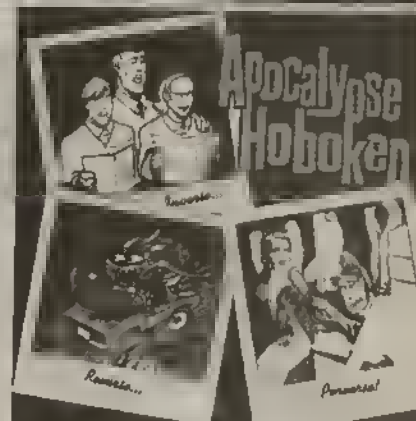
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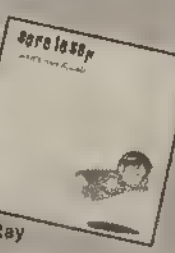
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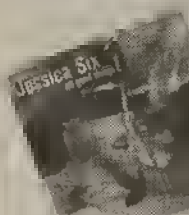
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AYA05 - Sore Loser "Is Out To Save The World" LP/CD
"Another strong release from these Texas folks. Straight outta the SAMIAM and GAMEFACE school of emo pop-punk. Quite a strong batch of tunes with some good vocal play. A few straight emo tunes mixed in too. A good full length from this trio." -Ray Lujan, MRR



AYA07 - Jessica Six "All Good Things" CD 14 song complete discography from this influential Houston indie quartet. Mostly unreleased tracks, with remastered versions of the released ones. see why a whole city was bummed when they broke up.



AYA06 - The Tie That Binds "Adding Machine" 7" "THE TIE THAT BINDS don't nearly remind me of SAMIAM as previous releases did. Still pop-edged, but now with less of a direct drive, not unlike an understandable JAWBREAKER" - Tom Hopkins column.

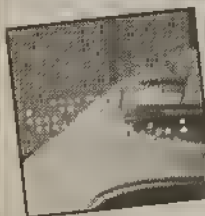
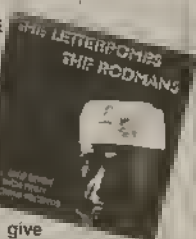


MRR #191



DJ04 - Birds Over Buildings "Fear of Falling" cass. "...I'm not saying they are the emo SGT. PEPPER'S CLUB BAND, but they bring that to mind. Immediate hook in the mouth, I'm snagged on the light pop approach..." -Tom Hopkins column, MRR #194 Also made Tom's Buying Guide.

RR004 - Letterbombs/Rodmans split 7" "Just when I was thinking this is possibly the worst month of stuff I've got to review in my Maximum history, Chicago checks in. Yup, both the LETTERBOMBS and the RODMANS have that trademark snotty, poppy feel that the windy city has. Fuck, this is so rocking it makes me want to give Wisconsin to the Canadians." -Jonethon Floyd MRR #195. First 200 on red vinyl.

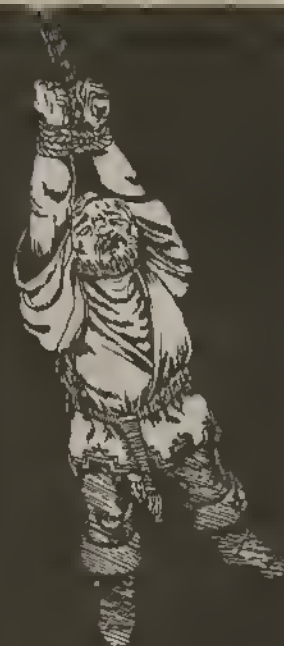


AM01 - Guns of August "Kicking Silver" 7" Melodic, emotive punk rock. Definite references in Hellbender and Jawbreaker. My favorite new release, and definitely one of my picks for Top 10 of '99.



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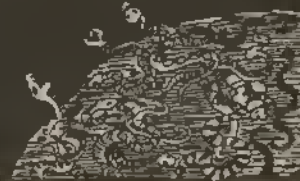
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books about The Holocaust or some other form of anti-Jewishness fill twenty-two of them. With Einstein, Lenny Bruce, Spinoza... with Canaan, Moses and four thousand years, the Holocaust is Jewish history.

With a focus narrower than your blowjob, Jews have destroyed their history, their pride, their uniqueness and turned themselves into victims.

I write about Jews first, because I'm a Jew. This isn't, however, limited to Jews. Take a walk around the evil (book) empire and you'll see Women's Studies, Gay Studies, Irish History and slews of other works. Most of them will be stories of victims.

Why choose this focus? Why look at yourself, identify with only the receiving of death, pain and humiliation?

Actually there are reasons. First, it's easy. You don't have to do anything to be a victim. Just stand there, and let things happen. No problem. It's the path of least resistance. The easiest way to be a club member. No effort. Your dues were paid by others, long (or not so long) dead, raped or tortured.

Second, we have such an ingrained idea against "blaming the victim," that once you assume the role, no one can blame you. You can do the most stupid things. You can show hate, racism, complete idiocy. When someone calls you on it, you claim they're "blaming the victim." Americans (other than Camille Paglia and a few mean-spirited right-wingers) don't realize that sometimes victims DESERVE to be blamed. Especially when those "victims" are people who never suffered the crimes themselves. Instead, they live off the pain of others, claiming it for their own, exploiting it for their own ends.

Sure, being a victim is easy, and powerful. It's also a trap. Victims are so focused on their victimhood that they're paralysed. Once a victim actually does something, moves on to doing, acts out of creativity, desire, or pure balls, she is no longer a victim. You can't feel sorry for a success. You can't spread guilt if you're happy. Move beyond the passive status and you're out of the club. How can you call on others to protect you, when all of a sudden, you can protect yourself?

One of my idols is a feminist. You heard me right, though you probably won't have heard of her. Victoria Woodhull was a prostitute. She was also the first woman to run for president, fifty years before women could vote. The victim-feminists ran her out of town. Actually, she they made sure the government threw her in jail. Her "sins" (in other words, her freedom) were a disgrace to womanhood.

Today, people like Annie Sprinkle valiantly try to hold the banner of "I am MORE than a victim." Where are the others?

Sure there are victims, real victims: Kitty Genovese, raped in a New York street, while no one came to her aid. Matthew Shepherd, killed because he came on to some Wyoming losers. Jews gassed because they were Jews. Negroes arrested and beaten because they are Negroes. I don't deny this or excuse it. If there's a way to keep our rights and prevent these evils, I support it.

But the existence of real victims does not mean anyone who shares a characteristic

with them, is one. It doesn't mean that the homotude, womanheit, or Jewness of a person is DEFINED by being a victim.

I'm not against real victims. I'm against the FOCUS on being a victim. That focus is like the focus on the inside of your mouth during a blowjob. It pushes everything else away from your consciousness. Like the blowjob it makes you lose track of the body its attached to. It narrows your concentration, makes you one-dimensional, and passive.

When I give a blowjob, I blow the whole body. When I reach around to pull tighter, I don't want to feel a hairy back. I don't want blubber bouncing against my head. I'll feel it. I don't want dingleberries crowding around an unwiped sphincter. I'll know they're there.

Giving a good blowjob takes my whole body. My senses widen. I hear the short breaths and soft moans. I feel my own hand jerking my own flesh in furious time to my own sucking. I *widen* my focus. My whole body sings. My nipples feel the air. My own sphincter tightens as I slide my finger into someone else's. I'm more than a mouth.

That's what I'm asking of you. That you be more than a mouth. I'm asking that you drop the focus. Ignore your victimhood for the wider pictures.

I'm asking women to be Victoria Woodhull or Annie Sprinkle, not Gloria Steinem. I'm asking you to be the fighter who dares the rapist then destroys him. Not the scared rabbit who calls the cops when a construction worker whistles.

On the homo front, you have people begging for excuses. "It's genetic," they say. "It's natural."

Bruce Bagemihl wrote a book called, *Animal Homosexuality and Natural Diversity*. In that book, Bagemihl talks about 450 difference species of animals that he claims engage in homosex. The implication is, if animals do it, it's natural.

Bagemihl is wrong. There may be 450 difference species in which there is same sex sex, or sexual games. That doesn't make them homosexual. If they were, those species would quickly die out.

The reality is, that, like humans, these species are bi/polysexual. Sex is pleasurable, so they do it. The label *homosexual* is the label of an observer, with preconceived ideas and maybe a political motive. These animals have sex. That's all. Sometimes the partner is male, sometimes female. For them, it's no big deal. I just wish humans would grow up and look at things the same way.

Even if they don't. I want to see them stand up. Not beg to be "normal," but revel in the freedom to be different. Not whimper for crumbs from the table, but to throw up on it.

I'm asking homos to be Oscar Wilde, not Matthew Shepherd. I'm asking you to wear a brown handkerchief and a tube of KY. Not the pink triangle of Nazi victimhood. Be queer, different from the masses and proud of it. Not a faggot used to light the fires of torture.

As for me, I am not Auschwitz or Dachau. I am Einstein and Lenny Bruce. I am not the ovens or the showers. I am books and matzoball soup. I am not a persecuted victim.

I am a fighter against persecution.

ENDNOTES: [Thanks to your protests, sit-ins, marches and church burnings, there are no longer length restrictions at MRR. All power to the people! Yeah! Still, subscribers through my website: www.freeyellow.com/members2/seidboard/index.html, or email (MykelB@ix.netcom.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. I need to clean out my computer.]

—> Washington Post Trnth Jockeying dept: Brill's Report tells about how The Washington Post printed a horror story. They wrote that 226 pretrial inmates escaped from custody during a three-month period. Worse than that, The Post reported "83 of them were later rearrested on new charges, including manslaughter and armed robbery."

The numbers are true, but the story lies. Of the 83 new charges, 63 were for escaping. That is, they committed no new crimes. They only escaped. Of the 83, the cops charged ONE with manslaughter and ONE with armed robbery.

The Washington Post lied, although the numbers were right. But that's not difficult, just ask any social scientist.

—> Another one spits out the dust department With so many venues closing down, it's nice to hear of a new one. This one is in Brooklyn. The woman booking it is Rachel. She's looking for "bands that don't suck." The address and contact info is: 91R Meserol St., Brooklyn 11206, (718) 302-0355. Email: twinge77@hotmail.com

Right now, Brooklyn has the potential to become what Manhattan was. The trouble is that it's easier to get New Yorkers to go to Mongolia than to Brooklyn. Let's see, when was the last time I was in...

—> Yowee Zowie dept: The folks at Mutant Pop sent me a buncha Connie Dungs stuff and I'm in heaven! Funnier, and punker than jerking off in school! Thanks guys! But how come the band never plays anywhere?? (<http://members.aol.com/mutantpop/index.html>)

—> Project of the month dept: Terry Piercey (1051 Mulvey St, Winnipeg Manitoba, CAN-ADA R3M 1H1) is collecting pubic hair. He's gonna glue it to a bald cap. When he gets enough, he figures he'll have a wig. At least that's what he says. Why not send him some of yours, it can't hurt—unless you miss with the scissors!

—> Homo embarrassmen dept: I just got one of those cardpacks today. It's from "Gotham" something or other, tapping the gay market. One of the more noxious offering is from the GAY FINANCIAL NETWORK (www.gfn.com). "We're just a click away." It includes online brokerage and mutual funds.

Oy vey! It's been years since homos turned from being rebels into being a market. Now they're a FINANCIAL market. Peeee Yuuuuu! If there ever was a reason for returning to the closet, there's one now!

—> Zine of the month dept: I don't know how long it's been sitting in my TO READ pile, but I'm glad I finally got to it. Magic Prise (PO Box 12181, Richmond VA 23241-2181) is pure genius. Sick fun, a zine after my own heart... er bowels. Perfect article on what to do when you're taking a dump in a public bathroom and some jerk comes in and takes the stall

right next to you!

—> And homos want this? dept: In these weird times, "gay rights" means having all the chains that hets have. So you wanna get married, do you?

This story is from North Carolina. They have a law there "to punish homewreckers." If hubby jumps the coop, you can collect big bucks from THE OTHER WOMAN.

In this case, Dorothy Hutelmeyer, won a million dollars from her ex-husband's secretary.

Of course, not every state has this law, but they do have laws. Marriage makes you subject to these laws. Why would you do that? Don't you *already* have enough controls over your life.

So, keep the ban on gay marriage. If I had my way, there'd be a ban on ALL marriage.

—> What was my name? dept: My increasing senility and general flakiness finds its way into an apology here. I got a really cool sex and punk video. Also some Belgian God sent me a replacement for the TRIBE 8 shirt I lost in Hawaii! For BOTH of them, however, I lost names and addresses! If it was you—send me a postcard. I'll send you a free OLD PUNKS NEVER DIE... T-shirt.

Anyone else, send me your own private porno, or anything else you think I'd like. I'm still at: POB 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012.

—> It's test time dept: Here's a test from the Freedom from Religion Foundation, (Box 750, Madison, WI 53701). See how well you do.

1. The word God appears in the U.S. Constitution how often?

a. not at all b. once c. six times

2. The U.S. Constitution guarantees religious liberty for:

a. Christians b. of all faiths

c. atheists and agnostics d. all of the above

3. Separation of church and state started in which country?

a. France b. United States of America

c. Soviet Union

d. Nazi Germany

4. The phrase "separation between church and state" originated with:

a. the Soviet constitution b. a dissenting opinion by former Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter

c. a letter written by Thomas Jefferson

d. none of the above

5. The Puritans escaped religious persecution and in their own colony allowed religious freedom for

a. everyone b. all Christians

c. Puritans only d. Puritans and Anglicans

6. What does the First Amendment say about religion?

a. nothing b. that the U.S. is founded upon Christian principles

c. that the Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting free exercise

d. that there is no national religion, but each state may set up its own religious practices

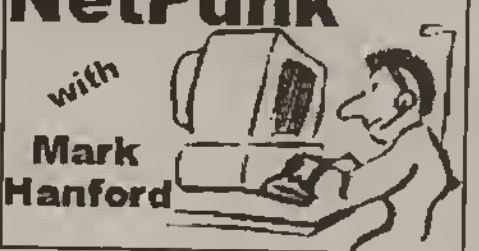
b. a speech by Abraham Lincoln c. American Jewish Congress d. U.S. treaty signed by President Adams

8. U.S. currency has carried the motto "In God We Trust" since:

a. the U.S. was founded b. 1862

c. 1914 d. 1954

Answers
1a 2d 3b 4c 5c 6c 7d. 8d



A bunch of stuff this month, with the only common thread being that it was sitting in my mailbox because you sent me e-mail. I rely on your e-mail to either 1) write this column, or 2) give me ideas for a theme column. So keep those e-mails coming. And, if you're in a band that has a CD-plus (ya know, a CD with both music and computer stuff) send it my way and I'll review both the music and the "plus" part.

Before I get started with the sites, however, I wanted to mention a little something about equipment. Most of the websites I mention to you should work on any old computer that can run Netscape or Internet Explorer. However, some of the websites - especially those that deal with sound or video - may require a Pentium (or PowerPC) processor or equivalent.

Just like a record will sound like shit if you have a crappy turntable, you can't expect to listen to the latest in digital technology over an old computer. If you don't want to spend the money to upgrade or get a new computer, that's understandable, but don't expect to be able to listen to MP3 files and the like.

So, the MP3 thing may be hype for a lot of you, but I imagine most of you will be in pretty good shape. In addition, companies like e-machines (<http://www.e4me.com>) and Microworkz (<http://www.microworkz.com>) are selling computers without monitors for 400 bucks. That may seem a bit expensive, but not out of reach. I've tried out one of the e-machines, and they are a pretty good value for the cash.

That's enough about hardware - on to the websites.

Ex-MRR editor Icki has taken the insanity that was the CompHELLation and put it on the web. Boasting one of the best entry pages on the net, the CompHELLation page wasn't done yet at the point I checked it out, but it promises to be an excellent source for information on punk re-issue compilations. Cross-referenced by compilation, band, and country, this is a continuation of the original paper compHELLation. Check it out at <http://www.lipstickkillers.com/compHELL>.

I got a whole bunch of sites from Ben of

B&G records in the UK. He had a bunch of sites that complemented things that I've already written about. Before you dive into the stuff he sent, you might want to check out his website at <http://www.bgrerecords.freemove.co.uk/>. He has album reviews, a list of links, some songs in the MP3 format and a technical section for those of you who are having trouble figuring out how to do the whole MP3 thing.

Speaking of MP3, Ben recommends the Sonique MP3 player, rather than WinAmp or any of the others. Sonique is currently free, because it is a beta version, so that could change. If you have a Windows machine, you can check sonique out at <http://sonique.com>. Sorry, but there isn't a version for Mac.

Ben also pointed me towards the Top 50 MP3 punk sites at <http://top25punk.hypermart.net/list/rankem.html>. This is a list of links to sites that have "punk" MP3 files. Everything from corporate "punk" to indie stuff is contained here, so it's a good place to get some songs for your MP3 collection.

Another site that Ben turned me onto is <http://www.insidetheweb.com/>. InsideTheWeb offers a free BBS service like the YourBBS.com site I mentioned a few issues back. Ben had some trouble with accessing YourBBS, but he says this one works pretty well.

Another cool free thing is the redirection service at <http://www.arrive.com/>. You can register at this site and get an address for your website in the form of <http://ArriveAt.com/yourname>. For example, I set one up for the Netpunk columns, which are usually at <http://www.diehippie.com/netpunk>. You can now get there by typing <http://ArriveAt.com/netpunk> as well. The only bad thing is that arrive.com sticks an ad at the bottom of your page when people get there via the new address. Whad'ya want for free?

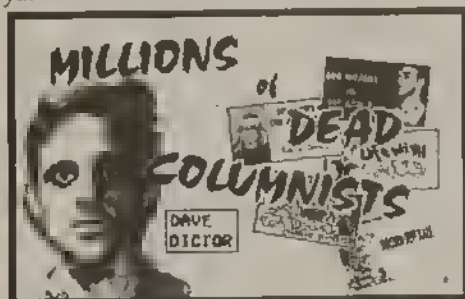
I got e-mail asking me to check out the Punx and Politics site at <http://members.xoom.com/kill69/>. Not a hell of a lot here, though they've got a good start on an essay section, and will stick your stuff up if you send it to them. There's also a picture page of their friends, and a page of links without any descriptions. This site could definitely use some work, but check it out for the essays.

From the UK comes the website The Garage (<http://www.pro-net.co.uk/scaf/garage.html>) which is a big list of links to various garage and garage-punk bands, labels, newsgroups, and more. Anyone who is a fan of garage (and really, who isn't) should take a look at this page.

In a slightly different vein is Perfect Sound Forever, an online magazine that takes a Lester Bangs approach to rock music. From looking through the site, the writers for this magazine seem to be into real rock music like the Stooges, Blue Cheer, Velvet Underground, Television and other monsters of early punk. However, they also cover new stuff as well. Well worth your time if you like your rock writing in the intellectual vein. You'll find PSF at <http://furious.com/perfect/>.

The final site I have to mention is El Paso Occupato. This website for an Italian distro appears to have a political bent. It also has upcoming shows and other stuff that I can't really understand, as it is entirely in Italian. You might want to visit it if you speak the language, because it looks pretty good. Visit it at <http://www.ecn.org/elpaso/>.

Okay, so that's plenty for this month. Once again, remember to visit the Netpunk site at <http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/> or send me e-mail at netpunk@diehippiedie.com. Oh, and a fellow Santa Cruz MRR columnist and I are starting a band and are looking for a drummer. If you live in the South Bay or Santa Cruz area and know how to play, get in touch. See ya.



What does it take for me to write a column? Well here I am at the Multnomah County Restitution Center in Portland, Oregon, serving the back end of my 120 day sentence which I plea bargained for my "Delivery of A Controlled Substance" "Commercial Sales of A Controlled Substance" and "Possession of A Controlled Substance". The first part of my sentence was a 15-Day Inpatient Chemical And Substance Abuse Ward on the 5th floor of the Adventist Hospital here in Portland. I felt like McMurphy, the lead in Ken Kesey's One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest once I learned I was the only court ordered person there where non-compliance meant an added 60 days to my sentence. Everyone there was there voluntarily. Mostly liquor and pills, some for pot; oh brother I felt. Eventually, I took a good look and realized I was indeed a speed addict. Yeah I am powerless over my addiction, yeah I need my Higher Power to stay off the stuff. In my column 2 years plus back I wrote how I moved up to Portland to get away from speed and I stayed abstinent for 14 months. I taught in the Portland Public Schools, all was going well for a while, then I started falling off the boat, a little here, a little there and then I got together with Tom Pig and with the excitement that comes with creation, came the enhancements. I first got into cocaine but quickly transitioned into Crystal Methamphetamine also known as crank, glass, ice, tweak, go fast, speedo and, though I never heard it called this, I read it in my Staying Sober manual, "snot". Which I went on to name my rehab balloon volleyball team. And so a snot addict I am.

Well, why get so back into these terrible drugs you ask? I don't know... I guess I was bored and my little drug addict mind assured me now was the time to revisit the fast lane of those tweezy psychic realities, and revisit

them I did. My dealing days started after my Submissives money started running out. To keep my habit going I'd buy a somewhat larger amount, sell off parts to make my stash. So I'd buy a "T" (a 1-16th of an ounce) for about \$90. That is 1.75 grams or 175 cents, at a \$1 a cent a potential \$175 dollar in return. But since your using you generally sell 100 cents, make back your investment and keep the rest. Of course this can get tricky when you buy some "just alright" stuff and before you can unload any, the "killer" stuff comes along and makes your holdings a not so clever investment. As well dealers often shorting each other, the shit sometimes evaporates and other times you get sold out-right "bunk" (it looks like speed, it tastes like speed, but shit it ain't speed). On top of that, people are always short a few bucks or want the whole thing on a "front". Drug users in general don't like to pay up on old debts so any of you out there thinking of making selling snot your vocation, don't take I.O.U's.

But anyhow, after about 6 months of supplying my habit that way, I met someone who needed to make it to court in Bend, Oregon, about a 200 mile ride from Portland. He offered me a \$100 bucks, I took it and met one David Dougherty, a good guy/bad ass, a Val Kilmer ala Tombstone look alike. We talked on and off for the next 12 hours and something clicked. Our first names were the same, as were the 1st initials of our last name but it was more a Ying / yang that fit together just right for certain things, and the thing at hand was slinging speed. He had sources straight up to the producers, a varied yet cagey clientele and a double-barreled shotgun to match his bad ass personality. To offer the partnership I had gotten to know a lot of smaller players, a clean criminal record, a good sense of what's up and a schoolteacher's look. He was the hurricane, I was the beard. Together we would move quite a lot of snot. Soon we were rolling in doe Rae me.

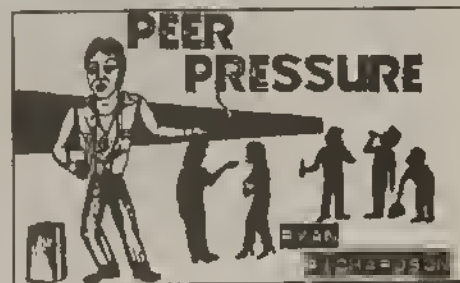
As well as the fact that I had become part of the criminal underground here. We financed phony bank account /bad check writing schemes. It was like a scene out of GoodFellas day and night microwaves, computers, power tools, VCR's, color TV's, stereos, clothes, car toys, you name it, it walking in our front door. It was our place, and we were slinging speed like there was no tomorrow. I lost myself into this whirlwind and with it all caution.

Portland is a very depressed little city. Just beneath the sparkle of a Pacific Rim computer chip new age city, is the reality of Stumpsville, the logging town that logged itself treeless, filled with trailer courts and the largest methamphetamine population in the U.S. Along with all this meth comes this 2nd and 3rd generation of hustling, house burglarizing, bad check writing and cashing, mailbox letter thieving, bicycle and laptop Computer swiping, car robbing under world wired to the gills. This is the home to the Drugstore Cowboy, of Gus Van Zant fame. (And I met him, the Cowboy, not Van Zant). It's like a modern Dickens saga with dozens and dozens of bands of Artful Dodgers led by Fageneque types. Tribes of parentless 13, 14,

15 year-olds banging speed, robbing mail-boxes and shoplifting items then returning them for cash. The height of dysfunctional living, yet functioning to some degree, till they are busted, held for a time and then released. Maybe it's our national secret, it certainly isn't so secret up here in the rainy northwest.

I was so intrigued by these folks, their lifestyles and their sense of right and wrong. I hung with them, partied and transported them, and enabled them to some degree. Thick as thieves so to speak. To sling among the dealers, the cons, the bikers and an array of assorted tweakers of all stripes and their offspring with the common denominator being the thrill of stimulation you get from speed.

First and foremost, the money was way attractive clearing \$1,500 to \$2000 a week. Of course easy money spends easy. I got confederates out of jail on bail, put money on the books I couldn't bail out. Funded one scheme after another. I bought cars, lap tops, bicycles, tools, toys, cameras just to give them away. I took vacations, played video poker, lived pretty high on the hog. Being Everybody's Dr. Feelgood with the kill Crystal. But alas if it feels like too good a thing, than surely it must be. To be continued David Dictor md-cops@hotmail.com or 16016 SE Division #321 Portland, Or. 97236



TEETH GNASHING TIME

An esoteric column concerning punk ultra-rarities is, as always, long overdue. This column will focus on rare punk records that add insult to injury by having even more insanely rare sleeve variations and/or only a few known sleeves at all. The most obvious choice for sick collector scum shenanigans are the MISFITS. Sure, they've been done to death but things like the alternate back sleeve for the "Horror Business" 7in. still pique my interest. Apparently unhappy with the printing job, the band re-did the sleeve without the ghoulish group shot. If finding one of those wasn't difficult enough, the real elitist Misfits collectors prefer them "uncut" i.e. not trim and folded into a real sleeve. Even I get a bit befuddled watching Fiend collectors go about their business.

There are a couple of well-known early hardcore sleeve variant rarities. MINOR THREAT's second EP, In My Eyes, had a very limited (some say 125 copies) number come with a xerox pic sleeve with the incorrectly spelled "Gary Cousins" (plural) sleeve. Later sleeves were offset print and Gary's last name was corrected to Cousin (singular). A bitch to find these days. The NECROS' insanely rare "Sex Drive" EP (the first Touch & Go) release had the infamous "Sex Pistols" variation

which is simply the song titles done ransom style on a full-size back sleeve (instead of the half sleeve Dangerhouse style). These "Sex Pistols" sleeves have recently been reprinted by the original printer just for kicks. More interesting scum work by the Necros is the "skatepark" sleeve for the "IQ32" 7in. which has a different back PS and is numbered out of 100 and comes with a different insert. Now THAT'S the way to do it. A skatepark sleeve is a needle in the haystack indeed.

Moving onto to more Killed By Death type bands, we have the VIOLATORS "New York Ripper" pic sleeve. Most copies of the record were sleeveless, but the band apparently spray-painted (or was it silk-screened?) some sleeves with "Violators" in pink across a blank 7in. sleeve. Only a dozen or so known copies. Ouch. The PLUGZ debut EP on Slash Records is almost always spotted in a stock yellow band shot pic sleeve. It is the "suit & tie" sleeve variant that puts collectors into paroxysms. This is a rare instance where the variant has better graphic design than the more common pic sleeve. Real cool punk DIY. I've only seen the suit & tie up for grabs a handful of times. Very desirable. A bit of mystery still surrounds the CHAIN GANG's Son of Sam 7in. This '77 New York City classic seems to have also been pressed in the UK or somewhere overseas. There are two distinct pressings with label differences and the non-American one has the telltale ridges around the label indicating overseas pressing. Though most of these pressings are spotted sleeveless, a couple have popped up with a strange mimeographed, mostly text sleeve. The variant sleeve isn't nearly as cool as the great stock PS, but to a collector scum, the rarity factor inevitably comes into play. One of the most infamous of rare sleeves comes on the INJECTIONS' great "Prison Walls" 7in. This was essentially a sleeveless release on the San Diego label, Radioactive. However, the band did whip up some rather effortless über-DIY, photocopy sleeves and at least three different designs at that. There are only five known copies with sleeve, and the prospect of never owning a sleeved copy of such a great record has brought many collector scum to whimpering. Cry on, babycakes. Boston's GROUND ZERO did a particularly cool "clock" pic sleeve for their debut 7in. At present, I've only ever seen one copy and am still on the lookout for one of these. Heads up, Boston karate choppers. Getting down to the sick and demented "only known copy" category, we have Australia's CHOSEN FEW. Their 1978 "The Joke's On Us" EP is a high point in great KBD-style punk rock. As they were putting together ideas for a sleeve, one band member (Ian) made 3-4 copies of a sleeve that was never used. The sleeve pictures a guy holding up a Chosen Few band sign instead of the group photo that would grace the regular release. Only two of these sleeves are known to exist.

Lastly, we come to what is, for this columnist, his finest moment of lucky record finds, the stuff of dreams. See, sometime around 1992, I was visiting New York City and spending a day going around to record shops. After a few hours, I'm wind up near

the New Jersey path train entrance. I contemplated whether it was worth a buck to go dig through Pier Platters, a store known for overpriced SubPop 7in. What the hell... I plopped down the dollar and headed over. When I got there, I decided to just go through the dollar bins. After about half a box, I picked out a Mummies/Wolfmen double 7in. One buck, not bad. I continued. Hey, a Roach Motel 7in.! The first Offenders 7in.! One dollar, baby! The Maids "Back To Bataan". Are these people from Earth? As I dig through the last box, I flip to it and stop. No way. Wake up, Richardson. I look at the label. Sure enough, it's the HUGH BEAUMONT EXPERIENCE "Cone Johnson" EP, one of the most infamous Texas rarities. Not only that, it's got a sleeve variation pictured in the collector scum bible, the INTERNATIONAL DISCOGRAPHY OF THE NEW WAVE volume II (1983). The band name is asterisked out, reading H*** B***** Experience. This was and remains the only known copy with the funky sleeve variation. Needless to say, my hands were shaking when I put the records on the counter. Once out the door, I sprinted back toward the path train yelling like an idiot. To this day, I still carry the "lucky penny" I found before getting on that Jersey-bound train.

That's all for now folks. Hopefully, I'll get my act together and get my website back up and have some of these sleeves posted for your viewing pleasure. Au revoir.



I'm having a really hard time keeping up on my mail lately. These days communication comes in so many forms — phone calls, faxes, letters — and tons of fucking E-MAIL. E-mail is a blessing and a curse. It's fast, cheap, and easy. But it's too easy. People will e-mail me, expecting a response within 24 hours. The next day, when I don't respond, they'll call and leave a message on the voice-mail: "Did you get my e-mail? Please call me back." Or they'll mail in an order, and send an e-mail the next day: "Did you get my order?" These are some of the messages I just wanna delete. And I'm having to skip over more and more mail I receive lately. A lot of stuff people send me just ends up in the trash.

That bums me out, because I've always appreciated the idea that, in this little punk scene of ours, you can write to the guy in the band, or the guy who runs the label, and actually get a response. Maybe it would take 3 or 6 months, because that person's out on tour, but in a lot of cases you can get a response. I suppose I "could" respond to everything I read within 24 hours, but if the sun is shining I don't wanna be sitting at a

desk, I want outta here! (Not that I don't end up watching countless nice days come and go from inside this damn office anyways). Sometimes I have creative urges to do new and exciting things, which doesn't leave much time for all that mail.

So if you've written to me or my label and not received a response — I apologize. But the letters I actually want to respond to are still sitting in a crate in my basement, just waiting for that rainy day, when sitting around listening to records and writing letters sounds like a fun thing to do.

I made it to San Francisco for the start of "Bike Summer". It's kind of a hokey idea at first thought, a month of bike events — from "bike dating tips" to building your own chopper bike — but it turned out really cool. It was organized by the fine folks at the San Francisco Bike Coalition, whose members and friends started the worldwide Critical Mass movement seven years ago. People turned up from all around the world for the kickoff weekend, which started with one of the funnest Mass rides I've ever ridden in, followed by the world premiere of a great new film entitled "We Are Traffic: A Film about Critical Mass". Everyone who is involved with Critical Mass (or who is even remotely curious) needs to see this film! It's by Ted White, the maker of "Return of the Scorchers", the 1991 film which gave Critical Mass its name. To get a copy of the film on VHS, contact Ted directly: <ted@igc.org> or 415-436-0006.

The SF bike activist crew is really making a difference, and they're having fun doing it. They have something I don't: patience. That's the big lesson to be learned, is that things aren't going to change overnight. Especially with assholes holding positions of power in our government, with corporate money always pushing them to do the wrong thing, and a dysfunctional joke of a "democracy." I thought about this every time I rode down the newly striped bike lane on Valencia. It took eight years of lobbying to get that lane, and I don't think anyone can argue that it's not a total success.

For more information on Critical Mass & Bike Summer, check out these websites: <http://www.critical-mass.org>, www.critical-mass.org, <http://www.bike-summer.org>, www.bikesummer.org

Does anyone else find it completely pretentious and annoying to hear people refer to San Francisco as "The City"? After hanging around the UK for a bit, I found that people there refer to London as "The City" as well. Half the time, I'm thinking to myself, "Which fucking city?!" I guess it's not nearly as annoying as hearing people call it "Frisco".

On the turntable lately: THE BULEMICS, THE SAINTS, C-AVERAGE, FALL SILENT, THE LEWD, THE ACCIDENT, THE FEEDERZ, THE LURKERS and ...GUIDED BY VOICES?!! Yep. Til next month. Pete / Po Box 204 / Reno NV 89504 USA / pete@stickerguy.com

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL

WHO CARES?



mark murrmann

Some of the best things in the world are the hardest to find. And the act of looking for them, the hunt, only makes them better once they're found. For the purpose of this column, that applies to both records and roadside attractions.

My girlfriend, Mimi, and I set out on the highways of America to make our way to Indiana. I had to be in Columbus, IN, for a wedding; my friends Lisa and Steve were (finally) getting married. Friends getting hitched usually freaks me out a bit, but since I've known them (and well before I knew them) Steve and Lisa have been together. So, congrats to them!

This trip gave us the chance to see lots of friends, to see lots of cool roadside attractions, and, of course, to dig through record stores across the Midwest!

There really isn't much of anything in Alliance, NB. It's over an hour anyway from any major highway. But if you're ever on I-80 in Nebraska and aren't in a hurry to get anywhere, steer yourself to Alliance. Once you hit Alliance, keep going north a bit and in the middle of a corn field, literally in the middle of nowhere, you'll run into Carhenge. As the name suggests, Carhenge is a scale model of Stonehenge, only made out of old cars planted into the earth. Truly amazing, and words do it NO justice. Since it's in the middle of a corn field, it's free. And since it's so amazing, I highly recommend stopping.

Besides the deadly heat (which claimed almost 200 lives!) in the Midwest, it was good to be back in my old stomping grounds. Bloomington was quiet, but good in a small-town-in-the-summer way.

For those of you who've sent me mail and have gotten no response—I hadn't gotten any mail from Bloomington since early May. I picked up a stack of mail and am slowly going through it. Again, use the Berkeley address below! I know it's hard to keep up with me moving all over the fucking place...among those who did send stuff to me in Bloomington, and whom I feel bad about not writing about sooner, is Demetrius, from the *Thing*, one of the world's greatest rock 'n' roll magazines! I mentioned the birth of the new issue of the *Thing* earlier, but I'll do so again. GUITAR WOLF, the REATARDS, FIRESTARTER, ACCEL4, PLUNGERS, X-RAYS, PLEASURE FUCKERS...and so many more interviews inside. Demetrius does a knockout job, nevermind the fact that it's from Greece, but all in English (which actually provides for some interesting interviews). [\$5; The Thing/133-5 Papagou Ave/15773, Zografou, Athens/Greece] Get Hip distributes it as well, so you can probably get your local record shop to get it for you.

Gary from the X-RAYS and Saddle Tramp Records [PO Box 5412/Nottingham/NG1 6HT/UK] sent the new X-RAYS CD to me. It's called "Going Postal" and it's a storming 12 songs of primo X-RAY brand of dirty rock 'n' roll that takes off from the word Go and just doesn't quit until the very end of the album. With the exception of one song that stretches past three minutes, all the songs are under the two minute mark. A good sign indeed.

PULPIT RED from Oklahoma City sent me a self-made CD [1112 NW 49/OKC, OK 73118]. There are a few slower ones that make it hard to listen straight through. Despite that (and the cheesy name), the great rock songs carry the CD past then the slower, moody songs. And after giving it a few more listens, some those aren't too bad...but the cover art...guys, the dripping blood font is done to death (no pun intended).

Also in my mailbox was a package from the 3-D's. I remember seeing their stuff around at MRR a while ago. I'm glad they sent the 7" (titled "Your Heart is Black") [\$3; Arkham/201-A Grove Ave/Huntsville, AL 35801] and newer LP, "Girls, Bikinis, Guitars and Blood!" [\$7; Pequeno/1521 Stevens Ave/Huntsville, AL 35801] They have a cool echo-ey sound that is more prominent in the vocals on the 7" (which is also faster), but is laid on heavier in the guitar on the LP, which gives it a surfy feel. As you might expect from their name, they have a horror/monster movie theme running through their songs/image.

My friend Chris, who lives in Bloomington, started a new photozine (er, a Journal of Punk Rock Photography) called *Shudder*. I've got a soft spot in my heart for photozines, but Chris takes *Shudder* one step farther than just a photozine. He's created a zine that is about, well, punk rock photography. *Shudder* features interviews with and the photos of the people you see at every show with their camera. I'll sidestep any modesty and mention that I'm one of the featured photographers in this issue. Get it! [\$1.50; *Shudder*/911 Basswood Cr/Bloomington, IN 47403] Chris, you gotta keep *Shudder* going, it's a great idea!

The record stores in Indiana are really hit or miss. Sometimes you can find super deals, but most of those are snatched up immediately by starving locals who circle the record bins like sharks. This time I came up pretty much empty-handed in Indiana. I got really depressed driving through Broad Ripple, the area I used to hang out in high school. Not to get too caught up on a nostalgia "back in the day" trip, I'll just say it was sad to see that in an area which used to have between 100-200 punks and skaters hanging out, there was not ONE person hanging out. What's the deal? Hey, punks from Indy, where are you hanging out?

Despite being farther north, Chicago's heat killed me. It was fucking brutal, but it didn't keep us out of the record stores! Like New York, Chicago is a big city that seems like it should have better record stores than it does (I'll lament the passing of Dummy Room here). However, we stayed with my friend Christen, who pointed us just a bit North, to

Evanston, IL. She puts in one day a week at a record store up there called Raw Records. Christen said it was pretty good, so I expected it to be pretty good...HOLY FUCK!!! I gotta be honest, this is one of the best record stores I've ever been to! Seriously. In a matter of an hour, I blew \$200, and that was after I put a bunch of stuff back. It's ALL punk stuff, old and new. They also have a lot of hardcore and emo stuff, but it's all separated, so you don't have to dig through lots of stuff you care nothing about to find a gem. Besides, Raw Records is like trying to find a gem in a jewelry store! Really, it's great. My only complaint might be that some of the stuff is a bit pricey, but just by a buck or two. The used stuff is generally well-priced.

I don't know how long some of the things have been out, since it seemed like the owner has been stockpiling records for a while. How else are you going to find new copies of the KIDS reissue double LP? Or the DOGS reissue on BTX, or the CHOSEN FEW LP on EV Records? Among the records I picked up there, I found a BUZZCOCKS bootleg 7" called "Screen on the Green." It's limited to 500, but unless you're a collector, stay away. The sound crummy. A cool historical document, since it was recorded in August, 1976, but not much else. Aside from some impossible to find REGISTRATOR singles and other reissue things, I got lots of great used stuff, all in excellent condition. Oh, the store is at 809 Dempster, across the street from 2nd Hand Tunes in Evanston.

We cruised through Quimby's to pick up the new *Carbon 14* (mostly for the single which includes a live version of the DICTATORS' "Faster and Louder," as well as a new side-project from one of the TATORS called the MASTERPLAN). While there, I also found an amazing book called *Menu*. It's a list of last meals served to prisoners who've been executed in the U.S., laid out as a menu.

On the way to Minneapolis from Chicago, the House on the Rock, in Spring Green, WI got us off the highway and onto the backroads of America. I cannot understand why more people don't know about this place. It's truly fucking incredible, and I don't really have enough space here to even begin to describe this place. Find ANY information you can on it. Devour that information, then GO. It costs like \$15 and takes at least 3 hours to get through the whole house, but is so absolutely worth the trek. I can't emphasize enough how much you have to get yourself to this place.

The heat followed us to Minneapolis. There was no escape. In Minneapolis, I finally tracked down a copy of the second CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE 7" [THD/PO Box 18669/MPLS., MN 55418]. I was surprised that that was all I wanted from the infamous Extreme Noise. Our host Lilia patiently took us to all the record stores in Minneapolis (there are a lot). I picked up some old Minneapolis punk treasures for cheap, got some newer records, including the new REATARDS 7" [Empty/PO Box 12034/Seattle, WA 98102], which, as you should know, is incredible! Meghan from Empty says they just got the tape for the new (out in

U.S.

November) LP Empty is doing with the REATARDS, and it's even more killer! If you can believe that. Empty also

We left Minneapolis, disappointed that the Museum of Questionable Medical Instruments was closed, but I was happy to have a sack of White Castles to munch on as we tore our way back to the Bay. Thanks to everyone who put us up and put up with us.

Lots of great records have been released, or will soon be released. Get a pen a paper ready to take notes!

In the land of compilations, SMASH THE STATE #3 popped up outta nowhere, and, like the other two, is really fucking good. Entire singles by: GENTLEMEN OF HORROR, BUREAUCRATS, DISCORDS, SIGGY MAGIC, DA SLYME and the ALLIES make up this record. You of course also get a comprehensive booklet like few other comps offer. I'm still waiting to see the BRAINKILLERS comp and KBD #999 that I mentioned last month.

TEENAGE SHUTDOWN #11 "Move It!" [Crypt] is out!!! This is the "Frat Stomp Fracas!" edition. Two whole sides of an LP packed with rowdy '60s collegiate outta hand rock 'n' roll. Four more in the series are due out in October.

Rip Off Records has reissued their early and outta print singles on an LP called, simply, "The Early Ones." Don't get yer hopes up kids, Mr. Lowery didn't include the elusive B-sides to any of the singles.

From the magic land of Norton Records, expect these discs: two from the REAL KIDS!!! "Better Be Good," which is all different takes from the Red Star recording sessions, and "No Place Fast," which are recordings from the 1980-82 era. In both cases, the CD version include extra songs...BOOOO!!!! They make up for this sin by reissuing not one, but FIVE EPs from the PRETTY THINGS!!! And? AND THE MYSTERIANS make another Norton appearance, this time it's a pre-96 Tears recorded single, which was forever thought to be lost. A single acetate of the record was cut, now Norton is finally releasing it!

"Stompin'" Volumes #26 and #27 are also out now, on Norton. I'm dancing, just thinking about them!

Check the review section for more information on the Vinyl Japan released BBC-sessions recorded by the BOYS. One is a live show, the other are Peel sessions (that don't sound any different than the BOYS stuff you already know and love).

I'm completely happy that Kill Rock Stars is releasing the EP RONNIE SPECTOR recorded with JOEY RAMONE! While in New York City (different adventure), Mimi and I searched high and low for that fucking record. Turns out it was only available on CD, as an import. It was worth the \$9, it was worth the hunt. The EP is Ronnie doing two Ramones songs ("She Talks to Rainbows" and "Bye Bye Baby" (on which Joey joins Ronnie...makes your heart melt!)). "Don't Worry Baby," (BRIAN WILSON wrote for Ronnie, but PHIL SPECTOR wouldn't let her record) and the JOHNNY THUNDERS song, "You Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory." I hope KRS has sense enough to release this on vinyl. I

don't know a release date, but DO NOT MISS IT!

I wasn't too impressed with the second single from the STILETTO BOYS, thus I hesitated to get their new LP, "Rockets and Bombs" [High Society/St. Petersburg Str. 4/18197 Rostock/Germany]. I'm glad I broke down and picked up a copy! This departs from the wimpier pop-punk sound of their 2nd 7" and moves more toward the powerful 77" style rock of their debut 7". This is, of course, much tighter.

The DOGS (from Iowa) have a CD of six songs that you can order for about \$6 from MP3.com. It's true. I don't know if you can get 'em from the band, or anywhere else for that matter. My new job is a music reviewer for an MP3 directory website called Listen.com. Imagine my shock when I was assigned "Rot 'n' Roll" to review. Ahhh, true joy after listen to hundreds of the shittiest songs you can imagine. Worse even. Punk rock never sounded so good. Get yourself on a computer and order a copy!

I'm in trouble. My column is due in a matter of hours and I can't find the NOCTURNAL PROJECTIONS "Worldview" 7" that Raw Power Records [POB 7127/Wellesley St/Auckland, New Zealand] sent me. Fuck. Do you recognize the name? Well, they were on the vicious Hate Your Neighbors comp, one of the better comps, I say. The record isn't here, so I can't say more than this is great, raucous New Zealand punk, from, you know, back in the day.

Also on deck at EMPTY—the CATHERS "The Kids Know How To Rock" 7" and a triple 7" set from the DRAGS that's gonna feature their three earliest singles. Get 'em!

Hey! If your name is Drago, you live in Croatia and you ordered a copy of comp HEL-Lation, you forgot to send your address with your order! I need it so I get send your mag.

I'll leave you with this, an email message I got from Jay of LYNRYND'S INNARDS. I thought I'd pass it along to spread the word. If you need to get a hold of him regarding story, you can contact him at: JJChampion@aol.com

I suppose it was bound to happen sooner or later, but after eleven and a half years of existence, LYNRYND'S INNARDS has been robbed of all our gear. I guess this puts us in "good" company, as I've received e-mails saying that SONIC YOUTH and the JOHN SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION have had all their equipment ripped off in recent weeks, but that's hardly any consolation. Here's our story, sad but true; I only wish it were some sort of joke or prank.

Sunday July 25, we drove up to London, Ontario Canada to play the first of what was supposed to be two shows with MAN OR ASTRO-MAN? and the LONESOME ORGANIST. We had all attended the What Else? Records wedding in Columbus, Indiana the night before, so it was a nine hour drive during which we got stuck in traffic jams thrice and minorly hassled at the border. It was an early show on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, unfortunately there weren't many people there but we played really well, if I do say so myself.

At the end of our set, we announced that we needed a place to stay that night

so if anyone could put us up, they were invited to talk to any of us after we finished. We had two such offers, but by the time the show was over and all our gear had been loaded up, both of our potential hosts had departed, and phone calls to the numbers we'd been given went unanswered. The LONESOME ORGANIST (a fellow Chicagoan) and his traveling companion, Sheila, had said earlier that they would be staying at the Super 8 motel down the street. We figured we might as well stay there too, thinking that we could all drive to Toronto together the next day and see the city before the next night's show.

As we pulled into the parking lot of the Super 8, Lonesome happened to be walking out to the parking lot to smoke a cigarette. He asked us if we had registered yet, and since we hadn't he suggested that we just sneak into his and Sheila's room & split the costs. This sounded like a good deal to us, so in we snuck. We were all exhausted after the show and the long drive and all that Canadian beer we'd had at the club, so we retired immediately.

At about 8:30 the morning of July 26, Lonesome went out for a morning cigarette and almost immediately returned, announcing, "I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but your truck is gone." Our assumption (and desperate hope) was that it had been towed by the Super 8 motel people since it didn't belong to any "registered" guests. We then spent way too much time concocting a story to present to the front desk attendant, explaining why the truck would be in the lot ("Karl had gotten drunk at the strip bar next door and took a cab home") so we could find out where the truck had been towed to without implicating ourselves in the unauthorized-guests-in-the-room scam. This was all a waste of time since the attendant told Karl that she didn't have any notes from the night clerk that anyone had been towed, and that this particular Super 8 motel "never" towed cars. Thus, the inescapable truth began dawning: our touring vehicle (Karl's 1993 Dodge Dakota Sport pickup truck) had been stolen—with all our gear inside—while we slept.

Damn.

Karl called the police and filled out the police report as Lonesome and Sheila went and fetched coffee for us. After filing the police report, we stood around pondering the fact that we were about 8 hours away from Chicago, and in another country to boot. Karl called his insurance agent to file the claim and see what our options would be for getting home—would they pay for a rental car, or would we be taking the bus back to Chicago? Sheila suggested that we all go someplace for breakfast, so she gave Nevin and me a ride down the street to a diner & went back to get Karl and Lonesome (the Lonesome Organist and Sheila are touring in a car & thus didn't have room for all of us in one trip).

When the three of them finally met Nevin and myself at the diner, Karl had good news: after he had gotten off the phone with his insurance agent at the Super 8 office, the police officer who had filed the report came back and told him that the truck had been located! It had been found abandoned in Sacina, Ontario, about 100 km away from London, back toward the states. No word on whether or not our gear was still there, but there was a broken window, damage to the ignition, and damage to the tail gate. We figured that "damage to the tail gate" meant that if they thief hadn't

gotten all the gear, he had at least tried to, so we clung desperately to the thread of hope that the gear might still be there when we finally met up with the truck again.

Of course, if you've read the first paragraph of this letter then you know that our luck didn't run that deep, so I'll be brief. After lots and lots of waiting around trying to figure out how we could get to Sarnia, we finally rented a car and made the hour drive. Found the police station & filled out the requisite release/claim forms, then found the towing place where the truck had been taken. Our worst fears were confirmed as all of our gear was gone:

- a 1989 Rickenbacker 4001 bass, navy blue with black hardware, in a black hard-shell case;
- a 1990s Fender Telecaster, "sea" blue with a white pickguard, in a black hard-shell case;
- a 1990s Dan Electro reissue, black with a white pickguard, in a brown/tan tweed case;
- a 1970s Crate CR165-B bass amp, PAINTED GREEN;
- a late 60s/early 70s Fender Twin Reverb guitar amp, PAINTED GREEN;
- a 1980s Charvel 2x10 cabinet, black with red speaker cones and a GREEN grill (these amps are all very distinctive and easily recognizable as ours);
- a 1960s Gretsch 5-piece drum kit with a "natural" stained-wood finish, in cases, plus cymbals and hardware;
- also, various effects pedals, tuners, cords, a personal CD player, a sleeping bag, and various other personal effects.

Needless to say, we're stunned and devastated. We've had these amps for over 10 years and they sound so distinctive that we've often joked that if they ever broke or were stolen, it would mean the end of the band. That joke doesn't seem so funny anymore. Nevin got his drum kit a few years ago at what we're certain was the bargain of the century (at least until its current owner got it). As I write this, it's been about 24 hours since we discovered that the truck was stolen, and I don't think it's really sunk in yet for any of us.

Without being too cynical and without having any solid evidence, we suspect that the thief (or thieves) must have followed us from the club to the hotel. From the time we parked the truck to the time that we discovered it was missing, determined that it had been stolen and not towed, and found out that it had been located in a town an hour away, it was LESS than 12 hours. Additionally, the parking lot of the hotel ran perpendicular to the road (thus vehicles parked there aren't visible from the street) and was very well lit, so it seems apparent that someone knew what they were looking for from the start. Furthermore, the truck was towed in Sarnia at 10:15 am, and had been parked there long enough to be considered "abandoned." So while we're reluctant to come to the conclusion that we were followed from the club and "targeted," we're confident in the belief that such is the case.

Unfortunately, we're equally confident that the responsible parties will never be caught, and that our gear will never be recovered. As I said earlier, we weren't even certain the stuff was gone until we got to Sarnia and saw the truck, and when

we asked the policeman there about it, he said that we should've filed that in our original police report in London and there was nothing he could do. We'll be contacting the London police today to give them a list of the stuff that's missing, but we're not holding our breath.

Jay has since emailed me again and said that the tour will continue (and will be over by the time you read this). He'd like to thank all the people who've so far offered SOMUCH support and lent them equipment and helped out.

That's it this month. Keep the rock 'n' roll coming my way!

icki • PO Box 11906 • Berkeley, CA 94712 • icki@mindspring.com

I've actually got some records/C.D.s to plug this time, so I will curtail my literary salon feature to the recommendation that anyone endowed with some semblance of a sense of humor take the time to at least scan through *The Onion Presents Our Drum Century* (the Onion is perhaps most noted for its excellent Vanilla Ice interview, which was perhaps the best until those appearing in *Rocktober* and *Jahe!* this column, or perhaps not). Although it's subheaded *100 Years of Headlines*, the text accompanying said headlines in standard newspaper format contain much additional amusement. For example, the lead story for January 1, 2000 ("Christian Right Ascends to Heaven," datelined Tulsa, OK) features the following description of Jesus' second coming: "Follow Me," the bearded, unkempt Jew told His assembled flock as he unrolled a papyrus bearing a list of names. "Later in the same story: 'I am going to a place where everybody is like me, filled with Christian love and understanding,'" said conservative talk-show host and two-time Presidential candidate Pat Buchanan. "There will also be a shared hatred of gays."

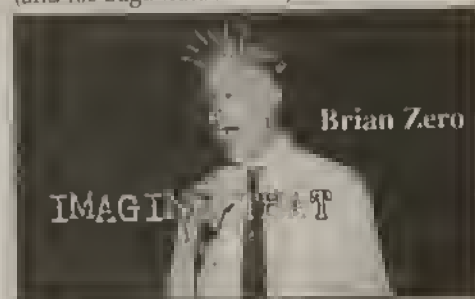
Other top stories include November 11, 1955's "White's Invent 'Rock and Roll,'" October 29, 1962's "Hoover Vows to Stop Martin Luther King Jr.'s 'Dangerous Non-Violence Movement,'" and April 8, 1974's "Amputee Children of Cambodia Award Peace Prize to Henry Kissinger." If you can't laugh at this stuff, you're bound to be overwhelmed by the tragedy of human history (but that's a choice that only you can make).

Everybody knows that Japan currently produces the best Power Pop around, right? Samantha's Favourite (led by Koji of the Tweezers) just blew through town on their second U.S. tour, and while their C.D. ("Whatever Happened to Power Pop") is more on the pop side, their live show was absolutely dynamite, with power chords aplenty. As it turns out, K.O.G.A., the label who had the foresight

to put out aforementioned C.D. has put out a whole slew of good stuff, such as a couple of albums by the Playmates (who I'm convinced could kick the Searchers' collective ass in a battle of the bands, and I'm a BIG Searchers fan), a 10" (entitled "Blow Mind! Here Are the Trout," which I think is one of reaching for Sex Pistols parody in an endearingly nutsy, English as a second language way) by guitar go-go intro masters the Switch Trout (including a great rendition of the Buzzcock's "Ever Fallen in Love," a great song which is perhaps improved by the absence of vocals), a split between the Switch Trout and R&B beat gods Gyogun Rends. I don't know why this stuff isn't better distributed in the U.S., but it should be. (K.O.G.A. Records, Kikusui Bld. 6f, 5-30-2, Daizawa, Setagaya-Ku, 155-0032, Tokyo, Japan).

And fulfilling my duties as MRR country correspondent, Probe Records has done a service which I suspect may be unappreciated by some by firing off the latest salvo of punk/country hybrid, an LP by Ding Dang (former members of Op Ivy and numerous others, if that will help convince some of you little shitasses to buy it and help keep Aaron from losing too much money). A lot of covers, though mostly well-chosen (Webb Pierce's "There Stands the Glass" being the highlight of side two's booze trilogy), good playin' and pickin', and one of the vocalists sounds quite a bit like the Gun Club's Jeffrey Lee Pierce (even uses his limited vocal range to the same effect). My only real carp is the background vocals on "Big Iron" get out of hand (come to think of it, it's a tough proposition to really do anything new with the quasi-mythic proportions of Marty Robbins, but the effort is appreciated). I'm looking forward to subsequent releases by these fellas (unisexually employed, I think). (Probe Records, P.O. Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566).

Other big news is that apparently there's a Veblen renaissance, so make sure you stock up on copies of "Theory of the Leisure Class" (and his Saga translations). G's!



Is the sun a violent jaguar? Do ghosts and witches come out after midnight? Will my actions anger the powers that be? These are the sorts of questions that have plagued human kind since we developed the knack for storytelling, for creating mythology. As a fairly irrational species we have in our nature a need for myth, for tales that bind us to the tribe. Even in this age of computers and high speed blenders we can't escape myth any more than we can escape being human. However, what can be confronted, what can be challenged, is the way we use our mythology.

Where do our stories come from? What purpose do they have? What seed do they plant within our garden, our sociology, our way of perceiving the world around us?

Humanity is a collection of enemy gangs. By this point, this should be fairly obvious. Most of us would like to assume that we are somehow removed from the process that divides us, but very few have taken a constructive look at what that process really is. While we criticize the pack mentality of those around us, we fail to see the same drive within ourselves.

In the past, I've called the punk scene a "pseudo-tribe." One of the more real tribal qualities we possess is our adherence to mythology: the scene is riddled with stories and stereotypes about correct and incorrect behavior. Since we've never taken the time to analyze our myths, we've fallen into the trap of having them manipulated for us. What are our myths? Let's take a look at some of them and deconstruct their inherent value to ourselves and the world around us.

1. *Cops are the enemy*: This myth has a long history within the scene. In the 1980's, the police officer was seen as a direct threat to the punk community. They were known to break up shows and hurt people. Going to the police for protection was out of the question. They were evil spirits in the jungle. But were they the enemy?

In the summer of 1987, I was arrested for a rather foolish incident in Sacramento. I was only eighteen at the time, but looked even younger. The police officers at the county jail cited my youthful appearance as a reason I wouldn't last too long there. They even threatened to throw me into special cells where I was certain to get raped.

Out of this nightmare, I can remember at one point an actual sheriff approaching me. I was crying, frightened, alone.

"Don't worry, son," he said, "you're going to be okay, you're going to get through this okay."

It was the only pleasant encounter that I had with the police while behind bars, but it was enough to make me think twice about them. This man was not my enemy. This man was a human being. He wasn't simply playing a good cop. Perhaps he had a kid of his own. Who knows?

This scene has spent a great amount of time and energy demonizing police officers. In many ways this reminds me of how communities often deal with a junkyard dog that gets out and attacks children. The dog is typically destroyed, but the owner is allowed to continue their operations. We in the scene have wasted too much time on the dog, not the premise that is behind it. We stereotype all cops as the same animal, forgetting to see that there are some junkyard dogs that like children; there are some which can be approached, which might like you better than their current master.

It's doubtful that most police officers go to work thinking that their job is to protect the rich. Most of them probably believe they are "doing the right thing," that they are there for the good of the people. Yelling at police officers, calling them "pigs," simply makes them

the enemy and helps people forget the true nature of the obstacle they confront. Yet over and over this scene produces media which attacks the police. What this reveals is not a drive to solve a problem, but the need to repeat the same pattern. Basically, in order to be a punk rocker, you have to hate police officers. Don't ask why. Just hate them. Sound familiar?

Henry Rollins has made a fortune by making fun of the police. This is important to note because it means he has acquired capital, which is the real element of power in this society. How much of this sort of power do the police really possess? In actuality, some rock star on Sony Records has more power than most police officers; the rock star is a direct conduit to the minds of huge groups of people. The fact that the rock star in question chastises the police is meaningless; it's like the junkyard owner mocking the vicious behavior of their dog, and then selling an example of their mockery.

It's ironic that we in this scene have failed to see this fact. But then again, we have become infused with capitalist intentions. We have allowed ourselves to become swamped with individuals who want to make a quick buck. Since it's far easier to sell people what they've grown accustomed to, it's unsurprising that ineffectual myths, such as the one regarding the police, continue to prosper. So much for questioning authority.

2. *Religion is evil*: Like attacking cops, going after religion in this scene is a sure fire way to sell records. We should have learned our lesson on this one after *Bad Religion* signed to Time Warner. From what I have gathered by talking to those in this scene who hate religion (those who are not just claiming such a belief because of a band's lyrics), their feelings usually result from bad experiences with bad religious teachers. This raises the following question: what about those in society who don't have such experiences? Do we write them off?

My good friend Tod is a Christian and a Communist who lives in Cincinnati. He once recounted to me an argument he got into with Ramsey from AK press. Apparently, Ramsey was of the opinion that a person could not be a Christian and have Marxist or Anarchistic leanings. Obviously, Ramsey has never read the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

Although great acts of evil and social injustice have resulted at the hands of people who claim to be religious, great acts of social kindness have also resulted: e.g., Arch-Bishop Romero was assassinated in El Salvador during the early 1980's for his outspoken condemnation of inequality and violence, and priests in Nicaragua actively supported the Sandinista guerrillas before they came to power. Even in this country, the Sanctuary Movement, a Catholic organization, housed and sheltered scores of political refugees during the Reagan administration. They did so in direct violation of the law, and under threat of prosecution.

From the Mennonites who protested the first world war, to the assassination of Gandhi, human history is full of people that

have connected their religious beliefs to the theory of liberation. That so many people have used such beliefs for evil, simply highlights our knack for allowing bad teachers to manipulate us. Because of Stalin, can we discredit all of the theories of Marx? Because of the Inquisition can we discredit all of the words of Christ? Or is there another way? Is there a way to encourage people to see religion as poetry as opposed to dogma?

Attacking religion is like attacking someone's flag, something that people consider sacred. Consider how you might feel if someone came up and started defaming your best friend. You would feel pain yourself, you would probably grow hostile. The same can be said for how a person might feel when you defame what they consider to be sacred.

When people believe in an ideology or a faith, they develop a language that goes with their belief. To engage in a discourse with such people, one must be prepared to work with that language. Challenging the language itself only leads to conflict. Instead it's more in the cause of understanding and tolerance to find what words our languages share in common. That is unless we wish to have a war with others. Is that what this scene wishes from the members of the religious communities it attacks?

3. *Drinking alcohol and doing drugs is rebellious*: This myth obviously rose in response to another myth: the "just say no!" puritanism broadcast by mainstream society's phony right wingers. Since we now know that the latter myth was a bogus sham brought to us by people heavily involved in narcotics trading, what does it say about the former? In truth, drug use is status quo, and not rebellious in anyway, shape or form. We live in a society built on addiction, so to be rebellious one should logically confront the process of addiction and abstain from it.

In a society which has moral fabric, like the hunter/gatherer societies of old, drug use is ritualized. People use them as a part of a celebration or sacred ritual. In our society, we have no sense of the sacred, no sense of ritual; thus, when we do drugs, we do them alone. In this context, they only lead to addiction. This addiction in turn leads to the destruction of yet another person who could be a productive part of a community. What does it say about a scene that encourages such self destruction?

4. *Punk Rock Music is Rebellious*; body piercings are rebellious; dyed hair is rebellious; tattoos are rebellious: Punk music is hard on the ears. It may have been rebellious at one point. Now it's simply a part of the mainstream hierarchy. In order for it to change this condition, it has to change itself as a medium: it has to escape from the format of the rock band on an elevated platform. Currently, this form of music has become the antithesis of rebellion. As to body piercings, dyed hair, and tattoos, these expressions barely muster any sort of sting anymore. They have been assimilated into consumer society.

5. *The punk scene is centered around the idea of self-determination*: I probably hate this myth more than any other. From the beginning it's easy to suspect that this idea

was dumped into the scene by capitalists who know the value of breaking the spirit of community. In time, it has become one of the values we cling to the most fiercely. Over and over, people in this scene talk about "individual choice" as opposed to group consensus. This has lead us away from openly declaring any sort of collective ideals such as "no big business" connections. Instead such sentiments become unspoken codes, as if those of us who believe in them should be embarrassed. Meanwhile, through the flow of capital, the message is being propagated loud and clear that the scene is a cash register.

What all of this means is that we in this scene possess a confused discourse. Our language is full of words which are being twisted to sell us records and to sell ourselves into conformity with the status quo. In a tribe, most myths function to keep the community alive. In our scene our myths function for the opposite reason, highlighting our nature as a pseudo-tribe instead of a real one. If we understood ourselves we would have abandoned these notions quite a long time ago. Instead we cling to them and in the process become the myth for magazines such as Spin and Rolling Stone; we become a product in another discourse, one which is using the art of story telling to rape and rob humanity of its nature.

If you would like to contact me, or would like to know more about the philosophy of Structural Idealism, I can be reached at PO Box 4842, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-4842, or you can e-mail me at Brizero13@aol.com.



Man, just got back from the funnest 3 weeks of my entire life. CAPITALIST CASUALTIES went to Japan and did a five day tour with SLIGHT SLAPPERS and I cannot explain how rad it was. Every night was packed with kids who were dedicated and sincere (not begging for change and starting fights like in the states) and all the bands flat out ruled. It was thrash fest every night and we felt like suckasses having to go on after 5 bands that easily destroyed us in every department. I picked up so many old 80's Japanese punk and hardcore classics that I'll be paying off my debt for a year....fuck. But it was worth it and if any of you ever get the chance to go to Japan, try to make a show and talk to the locals, you'll probably find them 10 times as friendly, dedicated and welcoming than anywhere else. The only draw backs are the lack of vegan food, the expenses that seem to come from no-where, and the pollution mixed with air-conditioning freon and cigarette smoke....

I have to take some space to thank those

that made my stay and experience there so special, so here we go: first off, SLIGHT SLAPPERS for all the work and being the best live band I've seen in years, Shigeru for his friendship and help, 324, FUCK ON THE BEACH, MASS GENOCIDE, NICE VIEW, OUT OF TOUCH, IN SANE'N THE BRAIN, CORRUPTED, REAL REGGAE, RAZORS EDGE, SENSELESS APOCALYPSE (thanks Manabu for driving!!!!!!), ASSFORT, SMASH YOUR FACE, FLAME, CHARM, DUDMAN, SU19B, DUDMAN, MORE NOISE FOR LIFE, SKUNK, and of course I can't forget the 80's club: CRUCIAL SECTION, DxRxY, LIE, FLASH GORDON....and all the other bands, labels, promoters we met.....Erica/Boy, FFT Label, ARGUE DAMNATION, LIFE, B.R.O.B, TOMORROW, JASON LEE, NAT Records, HG FACT, BASE, shit...there are so many people to thank.....I'm eternally in debt to all of you and hopefully you'll come to San Francisco so I can repay the favor!!!!

Ok, so onto the fucking music reviews...lets fucking GO!

Ok, only one "reject" to cover this month and it comes from SoCal's....

*COUNTERVAIL - "The Most Abused Word" CD. I know a lot of people into this band but I just fail to really get into their style. The new CD from New Age is a mixture of ultra-metal (ala UNBROKEN) and melodic overtones. While the melody bugs me, its the basic song structures that loose my attention. Who knows, reviews are only opinions, so give it a listen if you like the modern mixture of metal and melody...I just don't get this style I guess. Write New Age at: Po Box 5213, Huntington Beach, CA 92615.

All right here's a quick run down of the stuff that got reviewed this month that I think you should pay attention too....

*25 TA LIFE - "Friendship, Loyalty, Commitment" LP. Fuck yes man, the new kings of East Coast hardcore are back with their third full length (if you count the "Strength" 10" as an LP). I have a huge soft spot for this band so I knew I was going to love it before I even heard it. 14 songs of brutal NYHC hardcore with some crazed AGNOSTIC style vocals....I never tire of these dudes. Only set back is that this contains some songs from their first record...I wish it was all new material, but hell, its good to hear newer versions of older songs....send the label \$1 and get their catalog at: Triple Crown Records, 331 West 57th St., #472, New York, NY 10019.

*COMMUNICORRECT/OVERTHROW - Split Ep. One song from each band. The COMMUNICORRECT song is good, the production is really heavy, yet as with their other releases, this song is released on other records (in fact its on the 3 way split Ep mentioned below). OVERTHROW play music in the same style but just don't really do it for me. Their descent NYHC style hardcore, but nothing really seems to stand out from them. This split is available from Triple Crown also (see above).

*FALLING DOWN/25 TA LIFE/COMMUNICORRECT - 3 Way Split Ep

Ok, first warning is the labels are on the

wrong sides...so first up (accidentally for me) was COMMUNICORRECT. Good two songs, a lot heavier than the songs on the last full length. Rick's vocals are over the top on this one. The 25 TA LIFE songs are newer versions (some live) of older songs which is cool....good ol' 25TL. FALLING DOWN from Japan play some killer fast hardcore mixed with some NYHC style. The vocals really add to their style, plus the fast tempo on their songs helps a lot too. The order of the songs on this EP is all fucked up so you have to do some guess work. Its available from Back Ta Basics, 79 Third Ave., 2nd Fl., Paterson, NJ 07514.

*SWORN VENGEANCE - "The Blood and the Chaos" EP. Holy shit, this is more metal than the GREEN RAGE Ep. We're talking riding the fucking E....I dig it. Lyrics are about watching your enemies die in agony, growing hatred, and vengeance...fuck an A man, shit is pretty pissed. The style has been done, but if you miss the early style of old EARTH CRISIS, check this, I dug it. Available from Back Ta Basics (see above).

*DAYBREAK - "Ice Beast" Picture Disc Ep

Whoa, this is brutal. 20 songs crammed onto 7 inches, they remind me of a black metal influenced I HATE YOU, due to their over the top approach. This shit is good fast metal core, check it out. Reptilian Records, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231.

*UNDERTOW - "Everything" EP. 3 songs plus an EMBRACE cover from Washington's deceased UNDERTOW. Its great hearing these songs just because they had such an outstanding ability to write heavy hardcore....with some of the most memorable vocals too. I saw these guys twice and both times were fucking bad-ass. I don't actually know if these are completely unreleased or if they are extra track out takes from CD versions or what....but they rock so who cares. Indecision, Po Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615.

Alright, here's some stuff from my personal collection that I don't think got included in MRR in the past so take note....

First up is a CD compilation from Japan that my friend Mitch gave me. It's called "Express Our Will" and it features 8 Japanese hardcore bands that are youth crew, NYHC, mosh core, etc. Here's a quick rundown: GARPIKE are fucking bad-ass '88 style like WIDE AWAKE....great. DOWN FALL are heavier but still more hardcore than metal...kinda like old SOIA. PROTECT are fast youth crew that has fucking great crazy vocals. This is a band you have to watch out for. BUCCL are heavy hardcore with the lamest vocals I've heard....not too good, maybe their other stuff is better than these tracks. SET POINT are fast youth crew with rough vocals....another killer band. Song structures are like old UPFRONT. NO CHOICE IN THIS MATTER are super fast '88 style, we're talking fast. They fully destroy, its like STRAIGHT AHEAD. GNASH play cool hardcore with dual vocals....really late 80's influenced. STRUCK are the metal core band of the compilation and they play metal with style. Over all this is a killer compilation, so I highly

recommend you to get this so you can check out the booming scene in Japan right now. 14ALL Records, 2-9-10#101, Daita, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, 155-0033 JAPAN.

***PERSONAL CHOICE-** "Days of Trust" CD. This is half of a continuing discography from Brazil's PERSONAL CHOICE. If you never got a chance to hear their EP (which was also a split CD with MANLIFTINGBANNER), you really missed out. They played some fast and energetic youth crew straight edge. This CD contains the EP plus some unreleased songs and some live stuff too. I wish everything was on one CD (another CD is on the way I guess) but who knows. Write the label at: Teenager In A Box, Caixa Postal 205, Sao Paulo - SP, CEP 01059970 BRAZIL.

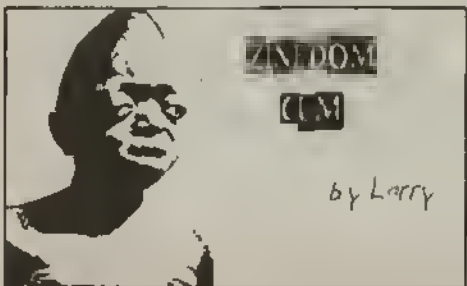
Ok here's the last couple things.....

-The new issue of ENGINE Zine is out and it was worth the wait. Its got good, in depth interviews with LOS CRUDOS, DEVOLA, SOCIETY OF JESUS, SCATHA, DEVOID OF FAITH, HELLNATION, DS-13 and OPSTAND....plus tons of other articles. Its available for \$3ppd to: Engine, Po Box 64666, Los Angeles, CA 90064. Issue number 6 is on the way as well I understand.

-Played a couple shows in LA with my other band WHN and stumbled upon this band called FIRM REGRESS which rule. They sound like an old Mystic band, like SCARED STRAIGHT or something. They have an 8 song demo that sounds like it should have been on the Flex Your Head comp so check em out, it's like a blast from the past. They were really nice dudes too so try and support them. The demo is available for \$2ppd to 1922 Cumberland Drive, West Covina, CA 91792.

***CORNERED - "Surrender to None"** Demo. 6 songs from the same session of their EP (which I put out, so buy it damn it!). They play a style that's hard to describe, its like NYHC meets HERESY. I know that sounds weird but it really is like HARMONY AS ONE or STRAIGHT AHEAD. They have tons of mosh breakdowns, but then they have tons of blast beats to boot. Professionally duplicated is the added bonus so write em at: 1363 Shadow Lane, Ft. Myers, FL 33901.

Alright, that's it...thanks for reading this stupid ass shit, and sorry if I'm not making sense, I still have jet-lag and I'm already starting to stress on all the work I have to catch up on...so in the meantime, send in demos (to the address below) or whatever...I need your help to make this an informative and worthwhile article. See you in the pit. Max, Po Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413 USA.



I've finally broke down a couple of

months ago and registered a domain name for an internet site. I've been slowly compiling stories and graphics from back issues and figuring out how to present it. My friend Juan, who is designing the site, keeps making fun of me for trying to design a website with my background in print. "HTML doesn't format like text on a page. Sorry, Larry, but you're site is going to look like this, and there's nothing you can do about it."

I don't know why I was slow to publish my zine online. It makes a lot of sense, and it's fairly inexpensive. The biggest expense has been the price of registering the domain name, a total of \$70. Once it's complete, readers will be able to view articles from previous issues, I can stop photocopying requests for stories from out-of-print issues, and I refer people I meet to the online version of my zine when I bump into someone who wants a copy of Genetic Disorder. I will continue to publish a print version, although my computer friends say it's a dead medium.

I did discover something shocking when working on the site. I'm posting record and zine reviews, which will serve a couple of purposes. First, there's such a large time gap between issues that a lot of music I would like to review doesn't make it to the review section because of space limitations. Also, I receive so much stuff for review, I could review more records if I can review a couple of releases a week on the website. I know, I know, just what everyone needs - more record reviews. While talking about how to set up the review section, Juan pointed out that I could link the record review to CD Now, an online music mailorder store. Obviously most of the stuff I'm reviewing is not going to be sold by the large online distributors, but he pointed out that CD Now does sell a Candy Snatchers CD, not the one I reviewed, but a person still might want to buy it after reading a review. Whether or not I should offer instant access to some of the music versus letting a person track down the music on their own accord is not that big of a dilemma. The Candy Snatchers would benefit, obviously, but I would benefit too. What online stores are doing, that both independent and chain stores cannot offer, is offering kickbacks. If I link my review section to CD Now or Amazon.com, I get a small kickback, usually five percent, of whatever someone spends after linking from my site. Obviously, I wouldn't get rich if I do this, but I've decided that I don't want to steer people toward online shopping.

The bigger stores are definitely going to feel the pinch as online commerce increases, along with MP3 downloads becoming more and more common. As for the punk record stores, as long as they stay something of a specialty store catering to punk and HC, they'll do alright.

Satan might not be in the news as much as he used to, but keep sending those clips from your local newspapers. Be sure to include the name of the paper and the date the story appeared.

There was a large club here in San Di-

ego that closed recently. It had been around for about 10 years and all the large national touring acts would play there. I stopped going around '93 after a number of friends had been beat up by bouncers or skinheads or had their bands treated like shit. The place was sold and the new owners weren't able to keep it open, supposedly because the city wouldn't renew their permits.

I wasn't the only person who hated this place. A lot of bands publicly said they wouldn't play there and a large of people also refused to go to shows there also. A few zines had also talked about how terrible the place was, and one went as far to write a detailed piece on the club. The story was actually written for the large weekly newspaper, but they refused to run it. Journalistically, the story had a lot of problems. For a fanzine, it was perfect. It had a lot of anonymous people saying how some other anonymous person told them about the club's shady practices.

Despite the zine's small size, (approximately 500 copies were printed) the club owner got a hold of a copy.

And then came the summons from the lawyers.

Both the writer, Philip, and the zine were sued. Not only did the club owner sue the zine, but he also sued the guy who published the zine, Scott. That meant Scott was sued twice, while the writer was sued once. So every time he had to go to court, he had to pay twice the court fees to defend himself and the zine. And unlike criminal charges, lawyers are not provided in civil trials, so he would either have to pay for a lawyer or find someone to donate their time.

Both were able to delay having to go to trial and the judge was encouraging both sides to find a way to settle without having to go to court. Eventually they settled with the club owner for a total of \$200, a measly amount when compared to what the club own was asking for. Scott believed that the club owner's legal fees were starting to rack up and probably wouldn't get any money from these two guys.

But the best part is I went and got a copy of the court papers. The court house has a database where you can type in the person's name and it will tell you if they were ever sued. I found out the club owner was involved in three other lawsuits where kids had been hurt in his club. I also read the court papers about another club that was sued when a guy slipped and cut his hand - at a GG Allin show. The club owner was lucky GG didn't take a shit in the guys mouth.

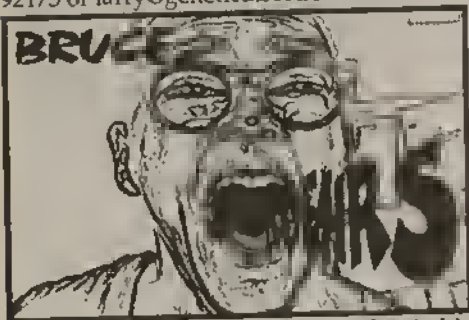
Reading the court papers was fascinating. First of all, the story that he was trying punish these guys for it now public record, so anyone can print it. Secondly, there were all of his claims about how, because of this story, he couldn't eat or sleep and his family made fun of him after they read the story.

The funny part was after they settled, both guys had a benefit at another club around the corner from the Mr. Lawsuit's place and raised about \$1000, which covered all of their expenses along with the fine.

Being sued can be a real threat. I worried about it a couple of times, but luckily no

one with an itchy lawyer ever saw my zine. If I'm correct, MRR had even been sued at least once, by the Hare Krisnas.

Believe or not, there still are people out there committing crimes in the name of Satan. If it happens in your town, please send me the newsclipping from your local newspaper, along with the date the story appeared. I can be reached at PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175 or larry@geneticdisorder.net.



The RANDUMBS, that indomitable punk force from Sonoma, California, have a great, new punk rock CD available on TKO Records! This fucker has Ian Randumb spitting out lyrics like never before! In "I Need A Beer", Ian sings: "Found an old knife/I'm fuckin' deranged. Got a silk stocking and I put it on my head. I went to the eighteen and stabbed that fucker dead." The RANDUMBS have matured like a fine cheese. Great singing, full throat shouted harmonies and scorching guitar parts by Noah have pushed this punk band to the upper reaches of the Budweiser kingdom. In "Hit the Bricks" Ian sings, "You can't tell me what to say... You can't tell me what to do/ You never could and now we're through./ You never liked me to this day/Maybe we should go our separate ways... You don't like me/ I don't like you!" Good shit! Get RANDUMBS product from TKO International Enterprises.

PRESSURE POINT comes at you full bore with a tough new six song CD called "Life's Blood". The title song has great pro-union lyrics with a strong oi beat. Mike and PRESSURE POINT sing: "To those who came before, led the way and paid the price/ For our future and our life, they made their sacrifice/ The bastards and the whores who crossed the picket lines/ Pissed upon the graves of those who gave their very lives./ I've detoured defeat and bled for free/ I've detoured defeat and kept my name/ I've detoured defeat and bled for free/ To live another day." This is a strong message for you working class kids! PRESSURE POINT continues to celebrate the blue collar pride of workers from factories to farms, from loading docks to garment districts. If a reviewer like John Backstrom cannot appreciate the honesty and the integrity of workers like these then he shouldn't be reviewing working class records.

Featured on "Life's Blood" is a song "Fuerza Por Oi!", sung in Spanish by Cesar and Oscar from the up and coming Sacramento Oi band SUBURBAN THREAT. Very good! Look for records by SUBURBAN THREAT in the near future on Chapter 11

Records. In the meantime, go to the nearest store that carries TKO product and purchase "Life's Blood" by PRESSURE POINT.

The ANTI-HEROS are back in your mutha-fuckin' face with a fuckin' great CD called "Underneath the Underground". This CD has new material as well as some older classics like "Rich People Don't Go To Jail" and "Election Day". In "Red, White and Black and Blue" Mark Noah sings: "On the picket line, I'm looking at you/ Now you know what you put us through/ We took the blows we took the pain/ The truth and glory flows through our veins/ Ready to fight, not afraid to bleed/ Gonna stand up for what we believe/ My country belongs to me/ This nation my identity/ We're living the greatest life/ Walking to school stabbed with a knife/ Bury the hatchet once and for all/ United we stand divided we fall... beaten down but we're the working class of the USA." Great lyrics! The ANTI-HEROS continue with the gut-level visceral rants: "On the cracked pavement of our broken streets/ The ghosts of my youth still rise to meet/ Raised in anger some lived some died/ No surrender was the battle cry/ We might rise and we might fall/ I am indebted to you all." These are deep and introspective lyrics from America's longest running street punk band. In the title cut "Underneath the Underground", the band sings: "On the brightest, clearest of days life was always polluted and gray/ Had to transcend to be free - chose the outsiders' life for me/ Roaring guitars and crashing drums smashing shit and having fun, we're the rejected family/ The rest of us stood triumphantly/ It's not a gift, it's a curse straight from my heart, not for the purse." Mark Noah's voice has taken on a new urgency on this CD. You must get this! Write GMM Records, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333 USA.

Radical Records from New York has a good compilation available for you this month. It's called, "The East Coast of Oi" and starts off with one of the best of the old school of the Northeastern bands: THE WRETCHED ONES. THE WRETCHED ONES do "Welcome to the East Coast, Where They Drink the Most". Good shit! The OUTSIDERS are prominently featured with their great song "Veteran's Day". BROKEN HEROS do "Lesser of Two Evils", which is quite rocking! TERMINUS CITY do "Landlord Bastard". This band is one of the most dynamic of the current bands appearing from the Southeast. Check out TERMINUS CITY's split with the BLOODY SODS. SQUIGGY continues the assault with "Welfare Case"; a thorough indictment of the way welfare has become a way of life for some families - passed on from generation as an accepted way to receive food and housing without working. DISORDERLY CONDUCT plays a blistering song "Childhood Memories". THE BRASS KNUCKLES rant and rail on their vicious "Traitor". Next up you have Boston's finest, THE DUCKY BOYS kicking ass with their song "We'll Find A Way". Mark is one of the best singers to emerge from the punk and oi scene in the last ten years. The INFILTRATORS play a hard punk song "Vows of Secrecy". HEIDNIK

STEW growls out the biting "Love Thy Neighbor". One of the oldest and best, NIBLICK HENBANE from New Jersey, finish things off in fine style with their song "Hoodlum". Great! Get this compilation skinheads!

The aforementioned DUCKY BOYS came to town recently and played a fucking amazing set to a lucky crowd at the Cocodrie. Mark and Mike gave it their all, combining their considerable vocal talents for DUCKY BOYS classics like "All Rise Up" and "Pride". There is no doubt - it's a fact - the DUCKY BOYS are one of the best punk rock bands in this country or any other! Go see this great band when they tour in September and October! Buy the two DUCKY BOYS CDs from GMM Records!

Taang Records has two rough and ready skinhead reissues for you.

First up is FORCED REALITY with a celebration of the American way and a belief in a strong national defense. The songs are back to back skinhead hits with relentless guitar attack. FORCED REALITY has reformed and has been playing shows in New York with FIRST STRIKE, OXBLOOD, and the TEMPLARS. Get this record - it kicks ass! Go see FORCED REALITY if you get the chance. Fucking great vocals. Listen to strong anthems like "Never Forget" and "Brotherhood". This shit will give you chills. This record was recorded in a time when skinheads felt persecuted and looked for camaraderie amongst their kind. This reissue includes "U.S. For Us", the first FORCED REALITY demo.

The second reissue on Taang is STARS AND STRIPES "Shaved for Battle" with Jack Kelly (CHOKE) on vocals. With songs like "Shaved for Battle" and "Skinheads on the Rampage" the intent is obvious. The love for fighting and skinhead brotherhood are the predominant themes here. The unity amongst American skins is emphasized - deep felt pride in our country appears again and again. Futility for the working class is the lyrical content of "Nowhere". If you didn't get this record the first time around you should make the investment now.

Haunted Town Records has two new releases for you this month. First you have the TEMPLARS/WODNES THEGNAS split 45. The TEMPLARS side is "No Compromise" a good song in the well liked Carl Fritscher Tradition. The flip side consists of "Wolfstooth" on guitars and vocals and Mr. Scott Fritscher on drums. This WODNES THEGNAS material sounds like stripped-down TEMPLARS with muffled vocals and fuzzed-out guitar. A good record!

The second Haunted Town Release is the "Six Gun Justice" LP by BEST DEFENSE. This music was recorded in 1988 and 1989 in Pennsylvania, USA, and has stood the test of time reasonably well. The vocals are dramatic with some similarities to early MISFITS. The guitar parts are solid with the occasional lead. Songs like "Boot Boy" and "American and Proud" summarize the R.A.C. politics of BEST DEFENSE. Write to Haunted Town Records, 1658 N. Milwaukee Av. #169, Chicago, IL. 60647.

Hang 'Em High Records presents two

good skinhead releases for you. Number one is the Florida band BRICKS AND BOTTLES with their "Raise Your Glass" 45 from 1997. The title cut captures the skinhead bar-room spirit. Oi! Oi! Oi! - Side "B" is called "Safe" and evokes visions of walking down a dimly lit street late at night and looking over your shoulder. There are good guitars, strong vocals and complete harmonies. This is a good record!

The second Hang 'Em High release is the BATTLE ZONE LP "Arson Around With Matches". This English band was formed in 1989 and had two hard-to-find French issue singles "Way of Death" and "Right To March". This album contains those two 45s plus the unreleased album material from 1991. This is hard-nosed R.A.C. Oi! with gruff vocals and churning guitar work. Very Good! Contact: Hang 'Em High Records, 11110 W. Oakland Park Blvd., Sunrise, FL 33351 USA.

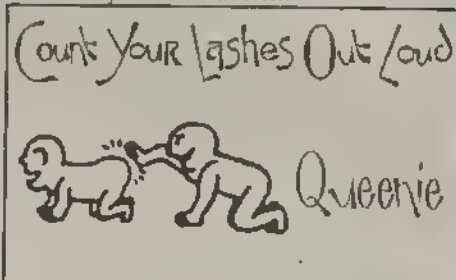
Some evil punk music came our way from Snapshot Records in NSW, Australia. This three band CD contains a rough hewn display of brutal street punk meets hardcore with some Oi influences. All three bands RUPTURE, STANLEY KNIFE and THE BLURTERS are loud and raucous with no ballads or weak-ass "politically correct" pop rock in sight. This ruthless approach to punk rock is all hard and nasty the way punk rock is supposed to be! Order "The Great Australian Fuckwit" EP from Snapshot Records, PO Box 175, Georges Hall 2198, NSW, Australia. Email: jaysnapshot@hotmail.com.

We got a good punk LP from the band DOG ON A ROPE, hailing from Leeds, UK. This new effort is called "Spike" and it has tasty punk tunes that hearken back to England in 1983. Lots of hooks, good guitars and drums. The lyrics deal with choice subjects like "Police Scum" and "Power Corrupts". There are clear and evident ties to Polish punk bands and friends as well as an undercurrent of distrust for governments. This is good political punk with snarled vocals and consistent support from a "right-on-the-money" rhythm section. Give a listen: Dog On A Rope, Box HP 171, Leeds, LS6 1XX, UK.

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN has a rocking new CD for you kids on Damaged Goods out of England. This fucker has good punk rock from the onset! "Duty Free" and "Rip 'Em Off" have big guitar sounds and snotty vocals. This band continues good English Oi/Punk influences with journeyman Boston punk. You have heard some of these hits on SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN singles. The punk blasts just keep oozing off of this motherfucker. "Year Zero" and "Bombs Away" have all the guts and glory that you look for in a quality punk rock production. Give this CD a spin as soon as you get a chance!

Rude A and the infamous JAKKPOT from Baltimore, Maryland have a CD collection available on Royalty Records. This package includes lots of hits from JAKKPOT's extensive catalogue of 7"s. Included are "Burnin' in '77", "You Ain't Shit", "Young and Dumb", "Hit or Miss", "3-2-1 Go", a cover of the UK Subs "Rockers" and "Clash City Rockers" by the CLASH.

Till next month,
See you fucks in hell!

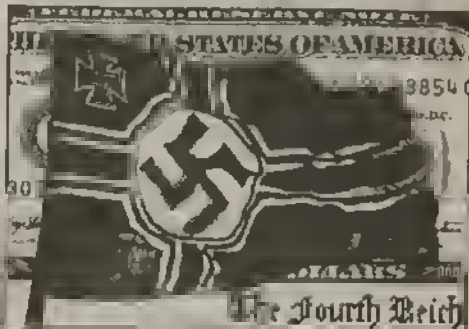


It's tourist season in San Francisco, my roommate's ten year old half-brother is staying with us for a week, my computer crashed twice and I'm sick as a dog. Yep, I'm having a real shit kickin hootenanny of a month. So pardon my brevity, I'm off to buy me a semi-automatic. Imagine my surprise when I learned I can only purchase one firearm a month. What?! What about my first amendment rights to have arms and other necessary appendages? Allow me to do the math for y'all, if I'm only allowed to buy one firearm a month, then at the end of the year, I only have a total of several firearms! Ya call that artillery? How am I expected to wipe out my family who tried to make me feel like a failure by loving and depending on me, a random selection of office managers and day traders that were obviously plotting against me and shoving their stock market successes in my face, and all those high school jocks who became star athletes just to make me look bad... Yeah, yeah, those guys only needed two guns each, but I'm different. I'm also a duck hunter.

Well now, put a gold star next to New Jersey! There's something I never thought I would say. Til now. In a 7-0 decision, the New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that the Boy Scouts of America's 1990 expulsion of a gay assistant scoutmaster violated the state's anti-discrimination law. The court also dismissed the Scouts' contention that homosexuality is immoral, comparing that argument with discrimination against women and African Americans. This is even more amazing since it follows the recent California Supreme Court ruling that the Boy Scouts are a private organization not covered by the state's civil rights law and has constitutional rights of freedom of association and freedom of expression that entitle it to expel homosexuals. Oh please. They can't expel homosexuals from the boy scouts; who else could teach them how to tie their ascots? Remember, this is an organization that dresses up little boys in military uniforms, stresses the importance of learning rope bondage, lures these little campers out to the wilderness to share their pup tents, all the while demanding to be called "Scoutmaster." California should be ashamed, if not for that backwards ruling alone, than by the fact that New Jersey made us look bad.

Ta-ta all. Mark your calendars and dust off the ol' leathers cuz Folsom St. Fair is scheduled for September 26. Til then, be prepared and heed the Boy Scout Slogan: Do a good turn daily. What the fuck does that mean? Do a good turn in your car? In the steam

room? A turn on the dial? Whatever. Fuck the boy scouts. Oops, I forget that's what started this whole mess... Alright, alright, go play hard. And fuck a Webelo instead.



D: Hello, my name's Dave Emory, and it is my pleasure to present once again Christopher Simpson, the author of among other titles, "The Splendid Blond Beast, Money, Law, and Genocide in the 20th Century," and also "Blowback," the story of Nazi war criminals being brought into the US. Published in hardcover by Weidenfeld and Nicholson, copyright 1988. Chris, welcome back, once again, to our airwaves.

C: Hello Dave.

D: Before we left off we were talking about the collaboration between German and American industry, German and American finance, and how the whole issue of international law bore on war crimes. Allan Dulles, whom we spoke about in the first segment in connection with Walter Rowlf and the escape of some other war criminals, not only wore the hat of a Wall Street lawyer, but he also wore the hat of a spy. Tell us about his OSS role if you would.

Sure. The OSS (the Office of Strategic Services) was the predecessor to the CIA. It was created by the president of the United States of the time, Franklin Roosevelt, to help carry out WW2. Dulles was stationed in Switzerland which was a neutral country. His specialty was making connections and collecting information from various businessmen, émigré diplomats, floating European royalty without countries and people of this sort who had ended up in Switzerland during the war. Contrary to myth, Allan Dulles was a very poor spy who didn't turn up much good information and (I have demonstrated this from looking at his telegrams which now reside in the National Archive) would rather often give away the identity of his spies in open telegram traffic. So his trade-craft was not very good. But one thing that Allan Dulles did know was who the bankers and industrialists in Germany were, whom he had worked with prior to the war, who he liked, didn't like, who he felt was an ideological Nazi (a true believer in Nazism), and who he felt was either an anti-nazi or an opportunist.

D: Before we go on about Allan Dulles, at this very same time period some other people (who I guess we can say bridged the gap between the American economic elite) also figure into the adjudication of Germany during and after WW2; State Department Robert Murphy and the Army's William Draper. I

realize this is a tall order, but if you could give us a little background about them and then focus in on Germany as the war ended and how these people acted in concert...

C: The gist of it is that these people were part of the relatively small strata at the top of the US social system that had been involved in the international trade with Germany prior to the outbreak of the war. The American government was deeply split during the war between those who favored with Franklin Roosevelt, the unconditional defeat of Nazi Germany, and the creation of more or less rational diplomatic relationships with the Soviet Union after the war. That was one group. The other group favored opening WW3 with the Soviet Union as quickly as possible after 1945, exploiting the advantage of the atomic bomb, exploiting the advantages of the enormous suffering that the Russian people had suffered at the hands of the Nazis, and other geopolitical advantages that the Americans had seized. Robert Murphy, George Keenan, William Draper, and the Dulles brothers were most certainly part of the latter group. They had differences over timing, but they didn't have differences over the essence of the strategy that they favored following.

D: Briefly Chris, Cannon and Murphy were part of the RIGA Group within the State Department that we spoke about in our first interview about "The Splendid Blond Beast," and William Draper had been heavily involved with Dylan-Reed, and like Sullivan and Chromwell had been very much involved with the American investment in Nazi industry.

C: Sure, absolutely! So what happened after the end of the war is that... WW2 was a war of alliances and you had strange bedfellows. You had the British being allies with the Soviet Union which is strange enough, and allies with the French which if you know about the French relationships may be even stranger. Nonetheless, the basic deal of the war was that the allied forces would not betray one another and sign a separate peace treaty with Germany, and instead they would fight Germany to the bitter end until the Germans surrendered unconditionally. This was the only basis on which confidence or an alliance could be made. As early as 1944 the president of the US, Franklin Roosevelt was clearly very sick and the forces in America that favored a much more aggressive stance and even an outright betrayal of these wartime treaties with the Soviets became stronger and stronger. By 1945 Roosevelt had died. His successor, Harry Truman was now president, and Robert Murphy was acting Secretary of State. Robert Murphy went to the president and said, "It is as certain as anything in this world can be certain that there will be war with the Soviets sometime soon." This is at a time when the Americans and Soviets are still allies and the ashes are still smoldering in Berlin. Clearly at the highest levels of the US government there was a strong sentiment to (at minimum) prepare for the possibility of this conflict and I would argue do considerably more than that. Let's look at the simplest possible explanation.

What happened over the next couple of years were the relations between the Americans and Soviets deteriorating dramatically. Many people who had collaborated with the Nazis during the extermination program in Russia... You know the Nazis went in, invaded Russia, exterminated millions of Jews, and in the process killed millions (perhaps tens of millions) of Russians, Ukrainians, Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, and other minority groups in the Soviet Union...

D: By way of setting some of the background to that, a lot of people know about the millions. In Biella Russia alone, just one of the larger Soviet Republics, the Germans burned 500 villages with the people locked in the buildings...

C: This was total war. In order to carry out that kind of atrocity, in fact you have to have the cooperation of local collaborators. It's the local collaborators who are the finger-men, the ones who drag the Jews out of the house, and line them up on the edge of the executioner's ditch, and shoot them down. This is precisely what happened. All along the Eastern Front, when the Nazis retreated back to Germany, these collaborators retreated back to Germany with them. After 1945 the Americans and the British, rather than returning them to the Soviet Union for trial as they had agreed by treaty to do during the war, kept these people in displaced persons camps where the Nazi collaborators basically ruled the DP camps. This is a complicated story. Not everybody who was in a displaced person's camp was a Nazi. Obviously plenty of people just got caught in the wrong place at the wrong time and there was enough suffering to go around for everybody. Having said that, what took place is that American intelligence and British intelligence systematically combed these camps for the people who had collaborated with the Nazis to put them back to work in psychological warfare operations against the Russians (see previous Dave Emory interviews for more detailed information concerning these psychological warfare programs - transcriber's note). This was presented as preparations for the war that Robert Murphy had predicted, but was interpreted by Stalin and the Russians as the conduct of this war. In other words, they saw what The West was doing as proof of the character of Imperialism and the various aspects of the Soviet political doctrine which predicted that the Imperial powers such as the US and Britain were going to double cross the Russians. So this set off a spiral of escalation, violence, betrayal, propaganda, psychological warfare, murder, and the dropping of agents by parachute into contested regions where they attempted to stir up civil war. The whole range of cold war double crosses and all of the brinkmanship, the playing with nuclear weapons as though they were toys in international relations.

D: We should note that the handling of these war criminals, not just the Eastern European and Soviet collaborators, but also some of the high ranking Nazi officials who had participated in these things, was a major factor in helping to draw the lines of the cold war.

C: Absolutely and you see the same phenom-

enon in The East as well where in Japan, Korea, China, and so forth... The western policy on the emerging cold war had enormous impact on how relations worked in that part of the world, and how things carried themselves out.

D: Chris, tell us about Dulles, Operation Sunrise, and let's briefly get back to Walter Rowlf. C: Well Walter Rowlf figures in Operation Sunrise. At the very end of the war the German SS chief in Italy was Karl Wolf and his senior assistant was Walter Rowlf. Rowlf had won this rather dubious honor by being an efficient executioner with Eichman. The Catholic church was very concerned (speaking of the Vatican leadership of the church, the church is actually a rather decentralized body in many respects). The Vatican leaders viewed the communism leaders, or the Red Army, as nothing less than Satan on earth. So the pope and the leading archbishop of the time went to the Nazi SS on one hand and Allan Dulles on the other and said let us make an arrangement under which Wolf and his senior aides will receive amnesty, the Americans rather than the Russians will take control of Central Europe (which is directly to the north and slightly to the east of Northern Italy), and in this way blocked the advance of the Red Army who were closing in on Germany from the east. It also quite likely would have set off a war between the Americans and the Russians in Central Europe, but that fortunately didn't come to pass. So there was much back and forth about these negotiations and Allan Dulles represented himself as a big hero and is remembered in spy lore as this supposedly very clever spymaster who organized Operation Sunrise. The reality of the situation was that Operation Sunrise did not shorten the war by even a single day and that it precipitated a crisis of trust between the Americans and the Russians, which was very important in setting off the Cold War. What happened is that the Americans with Dulles's conniving were making a separate or side peace deal with the Germans to double cross the Russians and take control of a very large part of Central Europe. This was precisely a violation of that fragile treaty that had held together the anti-Nazi coalition in the first place.

D: And Rowlf figures into Operation Sunrise...

C: Rowlf was the go-between man. He trotted the messages between the Archbishop and the SS General. Rowlf was also the messenger who trotted the messages between the SS General and Allan Dulles.

D: We certainly know that Walter Rowlf landed in Chile. Amnesty International received numerous reports in the 1970's of Rowlf assisting the Pinochet Regime with the "torture and interrogation" of prisoners.

Es, that's right. Other people who had played similar roles and who had been involved in Operation Sunrise, Nazi war criminals, including Karl Wolf by the way. Karl Wolf was a guy who helped set up the Cheblinka Death Camp, which was arguably the most horrifying place on earth of those years and perhaps of the century. He was certainly a major war criminal. Wolf got off on bogus technicalities. His other major aides got off on a variety

of really quite bogus... Shifting them from one prison to the next, into a mental hospital, out of Italy, into Switzerland, and back and forth. Rowlf disappeared into South America where he ended up as an advisor to the terror government under Pinochet. Meanwhile you have Klaus Barbie active in France, who followed somewhat the same route and ended up in Bolivia, where he was also active in teaching the Bolivian Secret Police nazi-style methods of torture. Klaus Barbie was eventually captured and tried in France. The main aspects of his case are a matter of public record. This is not speculation on my part. This comes straight out of the US Government documents and trial records.

D: I'd also like to reflect some of the early period upon which the Contra cocaine connection was being formulated. Chris, a person who figures in both "Blowback," and in "The Splendid Blond Beast..." is Karl Wolf. There have been recent attempts in some of the press to resurrect the reputation of Joe McCarthy. I'm thinking of a column by Ethan Bronner in both The New York Times and at least one other paper, The San Jose Mercury News, in which he basically says that a lot of what McCarthy did (although excessive) appears to have not really been so bad. In "Blowback" you mention that Karl Wolf ran an SS intelligence network, which was used not only by elements of the CIA, but also by a fellow named John Gromback to assist McCarthy.

C: The American intelligence community was at the time, and remains today, split. The most basic split is between the CIA and the civilians on the one hand, and the Defense Intelligence Agency and the military on the other hand. That's an oversimplification of course, but the basic point that the intelligence community is split is beyond question. At this particular moment in time it was even worse, and this man Frenchie Grombach, who had been active in military intelligence during the war, aspired to become the spy chief of the United States. Even people who are espionage aficionados don't know much about Frenchie Grombach, but the fact is that at several points he had a pretty good shot at doing just that. One of the ways that he did that was to make common cause with extreme anti-Communist elements, particularly ones at Georgetown University in Washington who were very influential in the foreign service of the US. He also made common cause with other military intelligence colonels with the far right that saw communists under every bed and took rumors from highly dubious sources, some of them from Nazi German sources. Some from the fascist regime of Franco from Spain, others from people of similar character, and brought them to Washington as sources of authoritative intelligence and then leaked them to Joe McCarthy. McCarthy had a funny career. He was not a big anti-Communist crusader until he had a series of meetings in the late 1940's with Frenchie Grombach and Edmund Walsh of Georgetown University (who is now remembered as a major diplomatic figure) who basically told McCarthy, "Here, you want to be a big time senator? Here's the issue to cam-

paign on..." and they were right. So the basic story of Joe McCarthy denouncing innocent people and making extremely irresponsible statements is well known. It's not a secret. The word "McCarthyism" comes from the kind of false accusations that McCarthy would make on the floor of the senate. One of the things that is happening nowadays is that the FBI (which is hardly a neutral party in all of this) has declassified some intercepted Russian intelligence communication cables that it had been gathering during the late 1940's. The cables appear to be authentic. Exactly to what degree they have been edited remains open to question because the FBI is not a neutral party in political debates that swirl around the people of this time. Nonetheless, these cables identify people who went to a peace rally by a candidate for president in 1948 named Henry Wallace. Henry Wallace had been vice president in 1948. This guy wasn't any communist or secret communist conspirator for heaven's sakes. He's like Al Gore or Dan Quayle for that matter. The contention of those who are inclined to place the entire blame for the cold war on the Soviets, and to paint the Americans as entirely innocent during the cold war has been to use these cables as a sort of latest device in a long running debate that goes back to 1945 as to saying, "Oh, it's your fault! No, it's yours..." This is a childish sort of debate.

D: Speaking of the genesis of the Cold war, someone who also figures prominently both in "Splendid Blond Beast," and in "Blowback," as well as in the formulation of cold war policy is George Kennan. I wonder if you could give us a synoptic overview of his role in both of your books and in the cold war, realizing of course that this is impossible given our time constraints...

C: Right (chuckling). Keenan is a very interesting character. He starts out serving in the American Embassy in Moscow as a young man. He regards himself as quite an intellectual, and has geopolitical aspirations which are something like Henry Kissinger's. To give you an idea of that, he wants to be the big fish in the pond when it comes to America's grand strategy in the world. He's also quite an opportunist as a young man and writes a denunciation of what the russians are up to which appears in the magazine of The Council on Foreign Relations and is very influential in a variety of ways in chrysalizing the liberal internationalist wing of the government (which is far stronger by the way) against normalized relations with the soviets. As far as the far-right wing of the US government, they'd been willing to go to war with the soviets since 1917, so there wasn't much work to be done in convincing them there... But it was the liberals of The Americans for Democratic Action stripe who really had the power in the country at the time and Keenan was instrumental in convincing them that the way to go was a cold war, bankrolled by the American taxpayers, designed to "contain communism," and to use the military expansion of the period as an economic tool in the US to promote certain industries and to goose the economy and boost interest rate manipulation and so forth.

D: Chris, we're up to our last 40 seconds. We should mention in closing that Keenan was a member of the RIGA Faction and also was the architect of "containment." Perhaps in a future discussion we can go into just what containment theory was. For Christopher Simpson, this is Dave Emory saying thanks for listening.

For more information about Dave Emory, his research, and his audio cassette series, contact: Spitfire, PO Box 1179, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, email - alcalaine@ix.netcom.com, Web site - <http://www.kffc.org> Attention non-commercial radio stations! Contact Spitfire regarding Dave Emory's weekly radio program.



Most of the time I find myself writing about political issues and problems that just piss me off. In articles it seems as though all I do is preach about my opinions until I'm so upset with the world I could rip off my ears and run down my front lawn like a banshee on crack. In the long run, no one cares. I'm most likely not changing anyone's opinions or the way they choose to live their lives.

In this column I'm not going to preach about second amendment rights, religious beliefs, Clinton scandals or anything else that could put a reader in a bad mood. Instead, I'm going to write about a subject that almost everyone can relate to. Love. I'm not talking about peace, love or hippy shit. Just love.

I recently got engaged to my wonderful girlfriend, Amy, and consider myself the luckiest man on Earth. Along with the engagement, I thought about all the other times I've been in love. Afterward, I realized we are perfect for each other. All the other times, it seemed to have a problem. Too much arguing, too fake, too much jealousy, too intense, too sexual, not sexual enough and so on.

I'm finally happy. It's taken me years to find my soul mate, and I'm finally content with who I'm with.

In the past, I've had problems deciding if I'm in love or just have a crush on someone. A crush in many ways is more intense. It seems I would want them more and more until I could just break down into tears like the little pansy ass boy I am. With love, it just hits me. I look over my shoulder at the person I'm with and then BAM! It hits me. My chest hurts, I get a lump in my throat and butterflies in my stomach. Afterward, I accept the fact that I am in love.

I think a crush can be fun if you enjoy being depressed as most young people do, but love is ten times better. It doesn't hurt, unless of course the person doesn't feel the same way.

Now that I'm getting married I find myself stressing out over things a whole lot more. My whole life I've wanted to be able to support my wife so she wouldn't have to work. I don't consider myself sexist, but she shouldn't have to work if we plan on starting a family. I'm at a point in my life where I don't make as much money as I would like to. In the past I had no problems financially. When I still lived at home, I worked at a telemarketing office making \$18,000 to \$23,000 per year. Back then, I was young and stupid, and I blew all the money. Only three months before I met my future wife, my record label was doing great. I was making a whole lot of money, but I blew all of it at bars. Again, I kick myself. If I could save money, my label would be bigger and I could take care of my fiance financially.

My future wife is also stressed. She's

stressing over the wedding day more than anything else. What do we serve? Who do we invite? Which dress should she get? What theme for the wedding? It goes on and on. Planning the wedding is so humorous and fun.

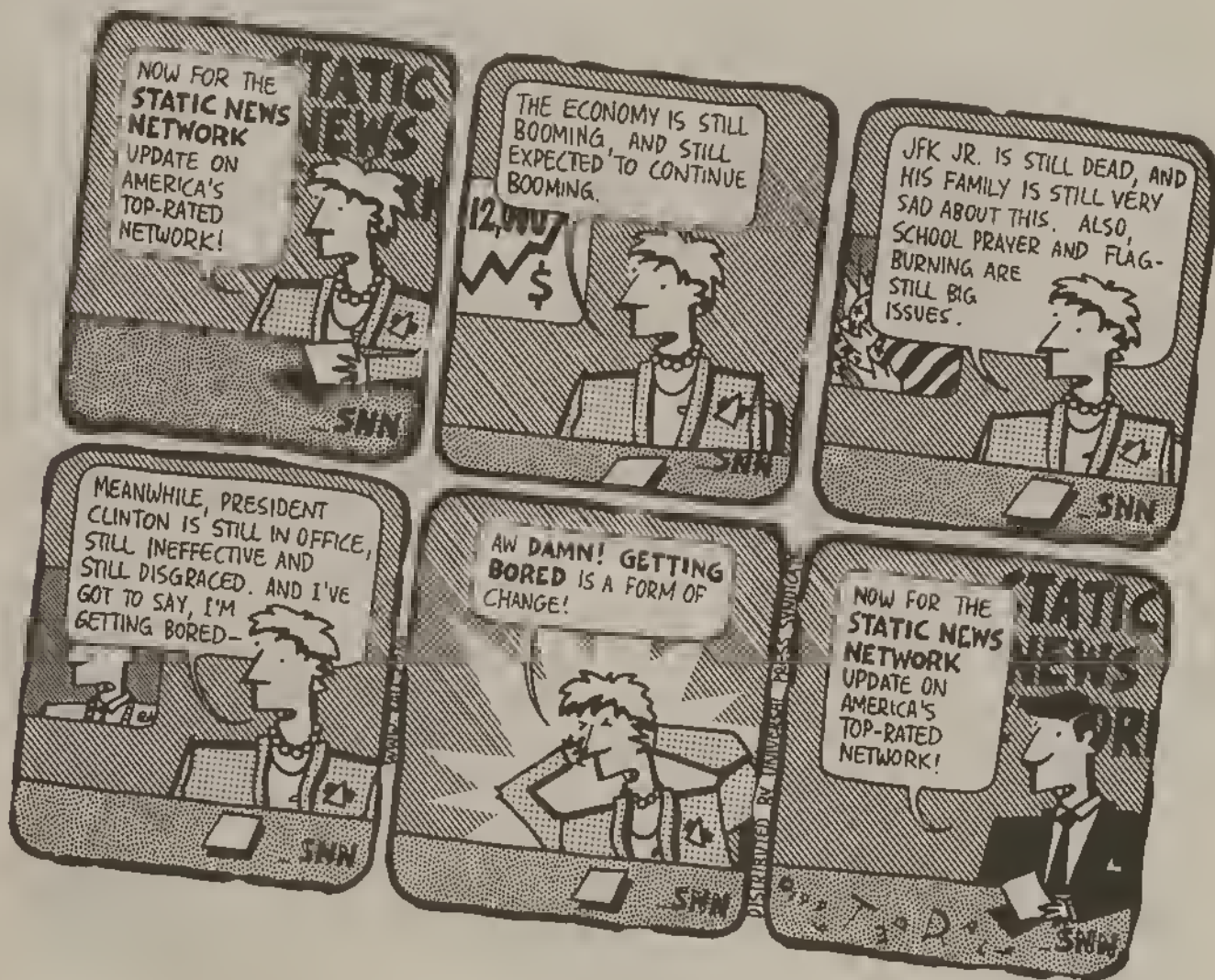
We don't have a whole lot of cash, so it won't be a huge wedding. It will be great. I will make this work. We've decided to serve beef stroganoff and roasted turkey with gravy for our dinner. I figure, hey, they got invited to the wedding, and it's free food, so they should be happy right? Wrong. They're thinking, "I just spent a lot of money on this gift, so I better be getting London broil or prime rib for dinner".

We decided against seating arrangements for the wedding. It doesn't ever work anyway. People just sit where they want.

Plus, I wouldn't know where to sit anyone. I have this terrible vision in my head of my fiance and myself having premarital sex when I start screaming out, "Grandma Watts! Grandma Watts!" Then she would get out of bed exclaiming, "I was just thinking about her too. Where the hell are we gonna sit her?"

In any case I'm on my way to having a "Ball and Chain" and I couldn't be more excited. That's because my "Ball and Chain" won't hold me back or wear me down, because she's light as a feather and soft as a rose. I love her with all my heart and can't wait for the first day of the rest of my life.

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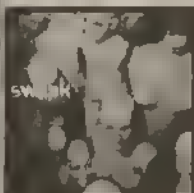
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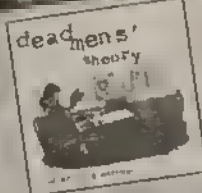
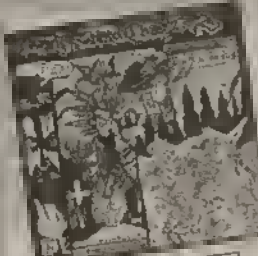


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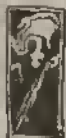
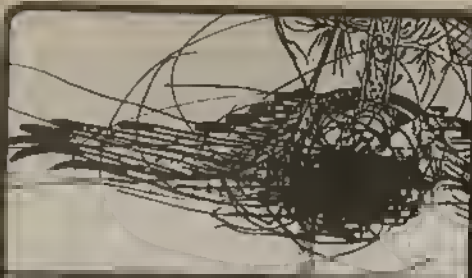
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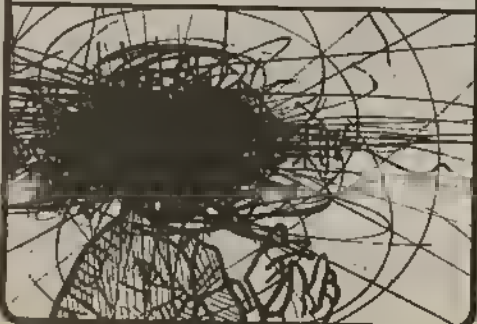
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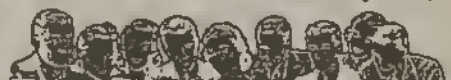
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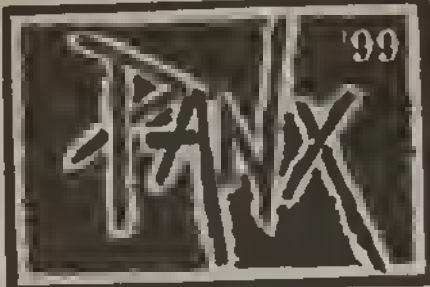
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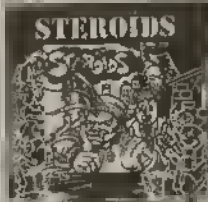
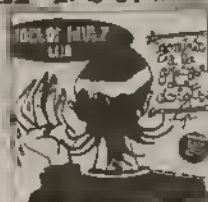
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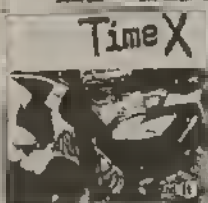
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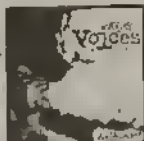
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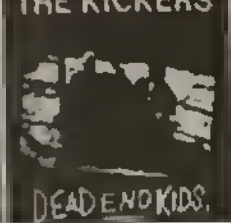
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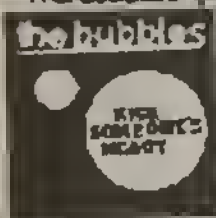
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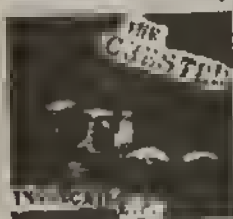
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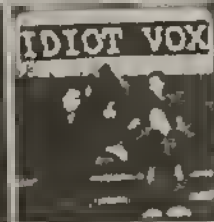
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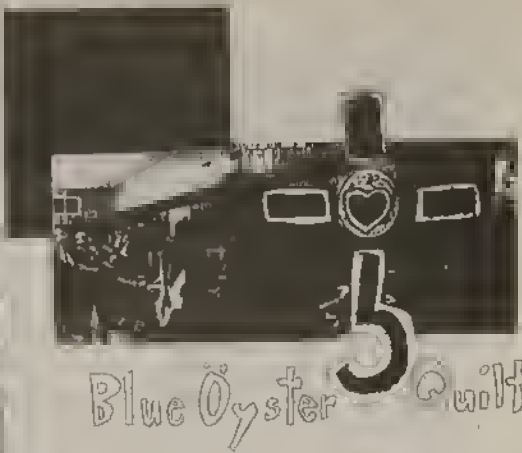
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Hawaii



Okay, let's try this again. I tried to write this godforsaken "scene report" once only to be shot down through nobody's fault but my own laziness. Needless to say, I have all

rette. Okay, so not all the same characteristics...anyway, what I was trying to say is that when there is actually something happening (i.e. a fucking show that happens more than once a fucking month (urrgh!!) the punks, such that there are, come out in droves (okay, maybe just one drove, Maui's pretty small) to support the bands and for a second, there actually feels like a little bit of community reminiscent of the mainland scenes that I have come to sorely miss. But when

the lack of fucking ambition and all talk ethics that seem to plague everyone. It seems that more people are worried about recording their album rather than getting off their ass and trying to find a fucking place to play and put on shows. That is the second problem here—the lack of support and interest from local businesses/organizations makes it hard to find a place to put on shows regularly, or at all. Kalama Park, in Kihei, is a state park that has a pavilion where bands used to set up and just play with minor complaints and police intervention. That is until recently, when the county decided that it would be a better idea to charge 400 bucks a night to rent it. Elitist bastards! Oh well, we're still exploring our options.... Fuck, I can't stay on one topic, so again, bands: I'm not exactly sure how many there are, I'm sure there are way more than I'm about to name (I hope) so if anybody knows anything I don't, or can correct me on anything, or even gives a shit, PLEASE do it. I would hate to think that I'm the only voice that everyone else is reading and judging the Maui scene on. I just did it 'cause no one else would.

mr. orange undercover at the june 26 beach hall show



but forgotten what I wrote in the first one, so I will try once again to, relay accurately (if not fictitiously) what the hell is going on in the Valley Islc.

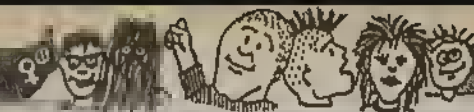
First of all: bands. Bands. bands, bands.... Let's put it like this: the punk scene on Maui has all the characteristics of a good ol' fashioned coke head: great when you're up, shitty as hell when the rush leaves and your nose is bleeding all over your ciga-

that show/party is over, everyone goes back to their own side of the island never to be seen again til the next event. This is not bitterness, though. To say that the Maui scene is nonexistent or even lame would not be fair, because it's not, it's fucking great.

This island is a melting pot for some really cool ass people and great musicians too. The one negative thing I would say about the scene is

So, 1998-1999 have shown a surge of some really good bands, such as **THE VAGRANTS**, who apparently are already breaking up 'cause their guitarist is moving somewhere that's not here. They were Maui's only true gutter punks, if you can imagine that. I missed their only show, because I was on the mainland, but apparently they're fucking great and true to Ben Weasel's seal of approval. They played

Scene reports



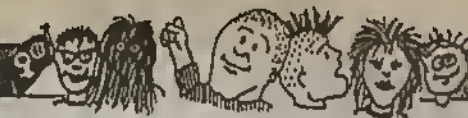
at the May 22 **Iao Theatre** show that was put on by local CD/vintage clothing shop **Re-quests**, run by Vince and Jay. I can say that they are the only place around here that will actually support the scene and put up the insane amounts of money it costs to rent out a space like that and actually see it through. Along with **THE VAGRANTS**, **UNIT 101** (punk rock from Oahu), **EXIT 24** (pop ska from Oahu), **DREADED YOUTH** (dub stylee from Oahu), **REZIN** (slow **PENNYWISE** "bar rock" band from Maui), and **MR. ORANGE UNDERCOVER** also played that show. **MR. ORANGE UNDERCOVER** is a poppy three piece vaguely reminiscent of... I don't know, **MxPx**, uh, **THE COOTIES**, something like that. they're all really cool though and bring more people to the shows than any of our bands do. They also played the April 30 **Iao** show, along with



CRINGE (Maui hardcore, fucking great), **THE STICK-LEERS** (Oahu indy-punk also great, and funny as hell), and my band **STANDARD ISSUE**,

really fast...just really fast., that's the only way I can think to describe it semi-accurately. In fact, the only shows that **STANDARD ISSUE** has ever played has been with **MR. ORANGE UNDERCOVER**. We're kind of like a team, almost...okay not really, but we did just get back from Oahu where we played a show at **Beach Hall** put on by Jason Miller of **Hawaiian Express** fame with **THE CAPS** (Oahu poppy punk 3 piece), **LAST IN LINE** (only punk band on Ku'uai, and they are fucking insane!) and **UNIT 101**. Other bands on Maui include **Cindy and Lahela's** (almost) all girl 4 piece (Gannon plays guitar too) **PINKSET**, who, even though they won't believe it, are fucking awesome. I saw their first show in like 3 years or something and it was unbelievable. They did some great **MUFFS**, **ANGRY SAMOANS**, and **RANCID** covers. But that





was before they got their new drummer, which now makes them an all girl band (except Gannon). Before, their drummer was Tom, who plays drums for the old school stylings of **TWO STROKE BONER**, who have been "in and out" around here for about 2 years. Anyway, PINKSET has some sick shit going on, and they love porn too. Andie's band, **BARN-YARD COMMANDOS** is Maui's answer to today's growing market of Christian punk rock. I haven't heard them, but apparently they're really good for their age (?). I guess they're kind of young. Now, I know that they play shows, like say at their youth center, but that shows the segregation that is so rampant on Maui. Not only do the non-church going punks not feel welcome at these shows, they probably aren't. We tried to go to one once but got there late and stood in the parking lot for five minutes before we were asked to leave for smoking cigarettes. It didn't help that the SSG were screaming "God Sucks" like good little fifteen year old alternates either.

We too have our own small percentage of zinesters, and by that I mean ones that are actually worthy of being called a fuckin' zine, because there are plenty of pieces of shit made by horny video store clerks and Honda kids that show nothing more than the aforementioned's ability to degrade women and give the local kids free access to soft porn. Occasionally there will be a review on a shitty ass movie or maybe a review on the latest Epitaph release,

but nothing else that doesn't piss the rest of us off who are actually trying to do something. Gannon's zine, **Scumbag Tulip**, for instance is one that has been around for quite a while, a few years. I'm not sure, but definitely maintains some form of integrity, albeit through ambiguous prose and ballads that are rarely, if ever, straightforward. But, it's a refreshing change from the "normal" zine format. Cindy and Lahela's zine, **Super Duper Secret Squirrel** is fucking hilarious. The first issue after three long years came out recently and had a semi-fabricated (but funny as shit) interview with STANDARD ISSUE (shameless plug) as well as a lot of other shit that showed the talent that these girls really have. It's great, that's all I can really say. Nick and Jonathan put out a zine called **Yukon Ho!** It's your typical polipunkhappyfun zine. It's got a lot of random shit in it, but the next issue promises an interview with the most famous porno star of all time, Ron Jeremy! John Harper puts out a zine called **Stereotype**, and although its name reflects its content, it's still punk, and that's all anyone can really ask for. 'Cause, unlike the mainland, it's rare to see anyone around that you can actually iden-

tify with, much less walk by without getting stared at or "haole" muttered at you under the other guy's breath. So although we may not have as tight knit a community as other punk meccas, ya gotta start somewhere, and what's happening here now is the birth of what promises to be an actual established "scene." So don't shun us off, we'll still be here 2000 miles away from any "established scene" with "punk rock cred" doing this shit. Thanks if you actually read this feeble attempt, and if anyone actually cares enough to send feedback, PLEASE DO.

Aloha from the land of the menehunes. Jonathan.
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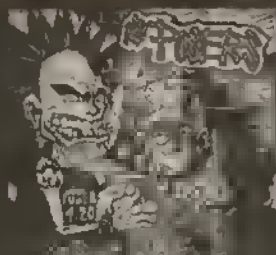
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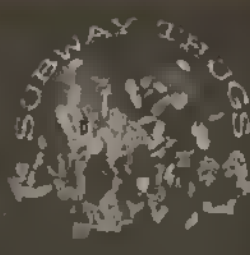
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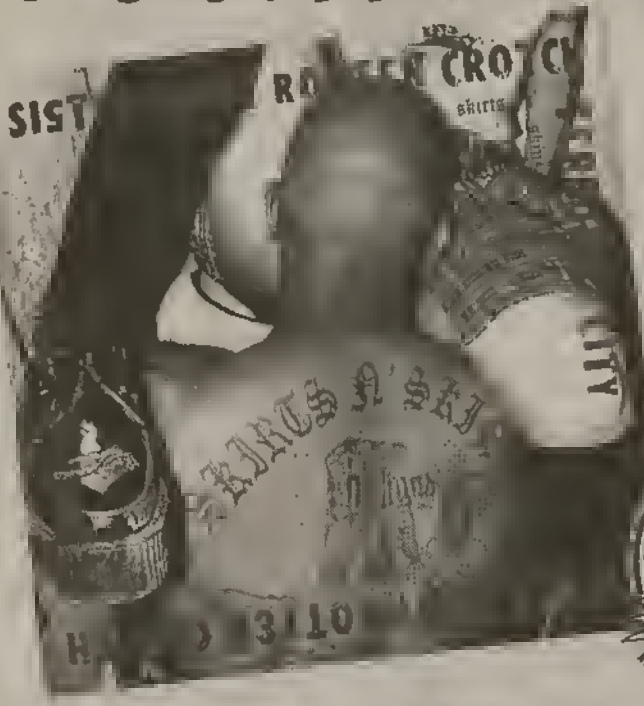
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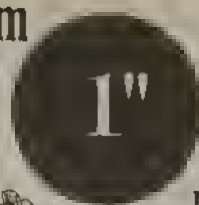
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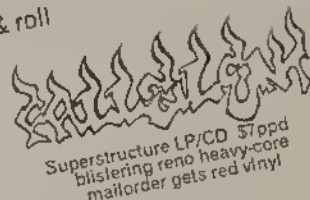
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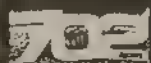


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NEWS

World Trade Organization Meeting Set the Stage for Massive Confrontation

The World Trade Organization, "the Geneva-based supreme court of international trade," is coming to Seattle on November 29, 1999. Launching the "Millennial Round" of global trade negotiations, the Third Ministerial Conference of the World Trade Organization (WTO), is slated to include over 5,000 delegates from 150 countries. As with precedent conferences in Uruguay during 1986 and Tokyo in 1973, the Seattle Round will look to expand and strengthen neo-liberal policies throughout the world: encouraging the elimination of tariffs, the abolishment of subsidies and greater global investment from transnational corporations.

Although the massive gathering of Free-Trade executives and pundits raises a warning flag to those concerned with the expanding global economy, many activist communities see it as the ultimate chance to stem the tide of international corporate greed. Without a doubt, demonstrators will outnumber the attendees at the 5 day conference. According to the Wall Street Journal (a newspaper known to be sympathetic to the WTO), the list of angry protesters keeps growing: "Steelworkers, livid that both President Clinton and Congress in June refused to endorse a bill putting quotas on steel imports, have already reserved 1,000 hotel rooms in nearby Tacoma and Bellevue to help house the thousands who plan to make the trip. Longshoremen say they are bringing 3,000 to 5,000. Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth activists are leading the environmental brigades. Labor representatives from India, militant anticapitalists from Germany and AIDS activists from New York are all busy making plans to, among other things, form a human chain around the Washington State Trade & Convention Center in downtown Seattle, where the WTO conference will be held. There are even whispers among the free-trade foes that the Zapatistas, southern Mexico's peasant-based rebel group, are coming by caravan." Moreover, as the calendar draws nearer to the end of November, the list of organizations and unaffiliated demonstrators will certainly expand.

Those actively opposed to global capitalism and neo-liberal policies have already proven themselves in a test run to late November's gathering. On June 18, as part of the internationally coordinated J18 Global Day of Action, protesters rioted in London, Cologne, and New York (see MRR News, Sept., 1999, #196). Many activists say Seattle will see a much larger conflagration. Indeed, in preparation for the event and its demonstrations, the Seattle police department has set up a WTO planning commission, which is coordinating with the U.S. Secret Service, the FBI, the State Department, the Federal Emergency Management Association, and the ATF. With posturing that seems to forecast serious confrontation, Carmen Best, a spokeswoman for the Seattle police department, pointedly stated, "Our SWAT team is flexible."

Although the results are far from being counted, the November 29–December 3, WTO conference will certainly bring about the largest confrontation between neo-liberals and their opponents in recent history.

by Jason C.

October 1999



Prison Sentences for Several Perpetrators of Acteal, Chiapas Massacre

Twenty assailants have been sentenced to 35 years in prison for the December 1997 massacring of 45 suspected Zapatista sympathizers in Acteal, Chiapas.

The perpetrators, who were supporters of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), allegedly received their weapons from the Mexican army and police. In total, 102 people — including soldiers and policemen accused of aiding the killers or neglecting to stop the massacre — have been arrested. According to the Associated Press, "the remaining 81 people charged in the case are scheduled to be tried between August and December."

Furthermore, AP reports that "12 policemen also are on trial in the case, and a soldier has been charged with having trained the group that committed the massacre."

Despite contrary evidence and clear motivation, the ruling PRI continues to deny any involvement in the Acteal massacre or any other paramilitary activity in Chiapas.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS

OCTOBER 1999

OH JOHN, JOHN, WE'LL MISS YOU SO FUCKING MUCH

a first hand testimonial by Matt Tait

I have recently traveled to a void — of critical thinking, of real feeling, of the unallowed. Maximum RocknRollers, I have seen the rock and roll minima, and am puzzled by my need to testify. "You may well ask why I write," wrote the diarist of The Good Soldier. "It is not unusual in human beings who have witnessed. . . the falling to pieces of a people to desire to set down what they have seen. . . just to get the sight out of their heads."

I was lead into battle by the call from MRR HQ. They wanted a eye witness account of our most recent media charade, the disappearance of JFK Jr. I had remained in near-total ignorance of the JFK fiasco until I stumbled into my apartment late on July 21. A message from Sean told tales of a shrine and a media circus just across the river. The next morning, I was on the case.

I took the C train for a few stops before realizing I had no idea where John John had lived. Not to worry; at the first stop in Manhattan two white women — thick makeup, big hair, slow drawls — sauntered in and pored over a map.

"There. . ." one pointed, "right there."

They stepped off at Canal Street and I strolled behind. Just across the street from the subway steps, in the doorway of an apartment building's entrance, lay about five dozen roses and a few pieces of construction paper, which I read as I drew nearer:

"Lauren — few flowers, many memories."

"Lauren, they'll take care of you."

So that was his wife's name. . . Lauren. I took it all in, which took about five seconds. To me, this seemed appropriate — by the time a person dies, about 25 people would know him if he bit them in the ass, so he gets a few flowers.

A white asshole in a suit strolled by. Three people gathered behind me.

"What's. . . what is this?" asked the asshole.

"Lauren Bessett. . ." responded a Puerto Rican man. "Her apartment."

Puzzled look from asswipe.

"She died in the plane crash."

Disappearance of puzzlement.

"Oh wow..."

"She was with her sister."

Asswipe begins pacing away.

"Oh wow..."

So this was the sister's place; just a prelude. I looked in the direction where the Southern women had gone minutes before and followed. A typical block in the Triangle Beneath Canal — designer shops that probably signify whole different paradigms of clothing for people who can actually afford to shop there; bars with \$10 burgers and no Bud. I turned the corner onto North Moore.

Barricades, police, 1000 bystanders, a flower-strewn sidewalk and a VIP-section of camera crews,

satellites and talking heads in pancake makeup. This did not seem appropriate. A cop chanted at the crowd: "Get in line or get outta here. . . get in line or get outta here..."

I stepped between the barricades running the street's length and took note of the people around me; smiling kids, white secretaries on lunch hour, a Japanese guy cursing his dead cell phone.

I turned to the the woman behind me — fat, black, sores on her arms — and told her I was writing a story.

"So can I ask you why you're here?"

"Ohh. . . just to honor JFK junior, you know..."

"The salute," a friend prompted.

LISTINGS!

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS

OCTOBER 1999

"Oh, and I remember him saluting. . . watching him grow up..."

Which meant she remembered watching TV last night. Let's face it, no one watched JFK Jr. grow up, and I'm not just being a literalist here; no one even watched him grow up on TV. No one gave a rat's ass, as was evident by the sheer lack of grief in the throng in front of 20 N. Moore. But the absolute first thing television must convey when fueling these frenzies is "You have previously cared." Viewers watch so their memories can be jogged about things that they'd recall totally if they had ever cared. This is re-education packaged as reminiscence; it is the necessary first step.

The second step is to report rampant sentimentality, the illusion of which you've created. I do mean rampant — the barricades, three deep, winding people up, down, and up North Moore, eventually dumped the crowd, amusement-park style, into a sea of flowers and maudlin cut-and-paste musings. People pushed to write their names on the wall; a middle-aged woman taped up a computer-paper scroll with American flags on it.

I scoured the scene for that one ironic mash note that would inadvertently reveal the stupidity of the whole affair, like the guy who says Native Americans should go back to wherever they came from. I didn't find one, and it's just as well — it might have suggested that however unintentional, this shrine said something. In truth, all it announced was brain death.

This poem, taped on the door, gives you a clear idea:

"You've come a long way
from Camelot,
with soldiers by your side
and tragedy on
your heels, you stood as
tall as a child.

With one salute we
watched you transform
from a boy into a prince.
But you didn't become
one by force or power,
but by example. You did
it with words and
inspired us to speak out.

You knew you were
special yet you chose to
walk among us.
You respected you
mother and honored your wife
You lead a prince's life.

Oh John John how we
miss you so
Although you now walk

among angels

We hate to see you go

Thank you for showing us that chivalry[sic]
Still exists.

We promise that your work from Camelot
Will always persist.

From your friend,
Maxim

I'd love to track down Maxim and ask him about the exact moment at which John F. Kennedy Jr. inspired him to speak out; what action of John John's was so powerful, how Maxim found out about it, and what subsequent things he took to the street. I'd also like to ask Maxim why cordiality and consideration are expected of most people but rewarded in celebrity. Maybe it's never occurred to Maxim that if absolutely every obstacle that confronts normal people — eating, paying rent, getting good at something, forging your own identity — is removed, good manners are the least you can do. If Maxim married Prince Charles, he'd probably visit four-year-old AIDS patients out of sheer boredom.

Another note, 25 copies of which must have been taped up:

"John and Carolyn —
When you get to heaven. Tell
your family we miss them."

Here's a thought — if
you can leave notes that
communicate with the dead,
why not tell them
yourselves?

There was no sense to be
made; in a way, there was
nothing to be seen. I walked
back towards the subway
and passed by the CNN
barricades. A tall anchorman
in a suit made jokes with his
cameraman and laughed
until he got a message in his
earpiece. He turned somber,
instantly, and stared gravely
into the camera. In
moments, he'd be on
televisions in Egypt. With
his face on pause, I turned
the corner.

**Maybe it's never
occurred to Maxim
that if absolutely
every obstacle that
confronts normal
people is removed,
good manners is the
least you can do. If
Maxim married
Prince Charles, he'd
probably visit four-
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WHAT'S THE SCOOP?



by Jax and Bridget



Tam B

Beards, top hats, long coats
and carrying a round bomb.



Mark C

Black.



Alice

Red & black.



Daniel

Denim.



Camilla

Velvet.



Gary F

Black trench coats.



Ramsey K

Calvin Klein underwear.



Rita

Spiked bracelets.



Rusty

A lot of grey suits and blue
suits...more suits.



Camilla's dad

The bruise pallet.

WHAT ARE ANARCHISTS WEARING THIS SEASON?

Asked at the Bound Together Book Collective, 1369 Haight Street, San Francisco



Sas
Abercrombie & Finch.



Mary
Hairy legs and heels.



Jean
I'm the wrong person to ask, ask Sandra.



Sandra
Sexy black & red underwear.



Andy
A frown.



Chris
Vertical stripes for the slender look.



Chris
Leopard skin, leopard hair, military attire and patches for fashion, not function.



Caral
Anything soft & fuzzy.



Ana
Black in the spring...and in the summer, fall and winter.



Tam
The anarchists I know are wearing nothing this season. We are expecting a warm summer.

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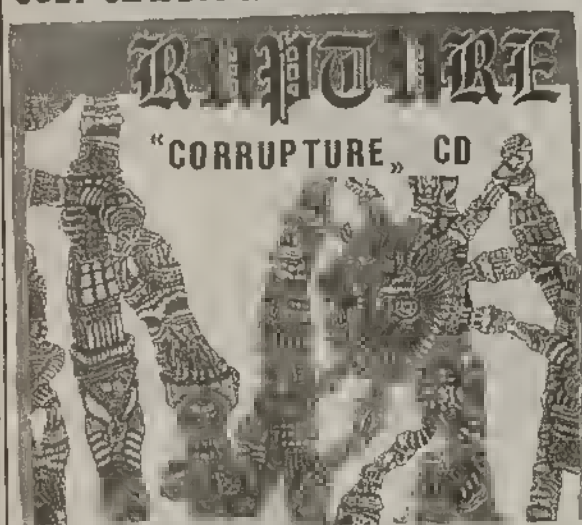
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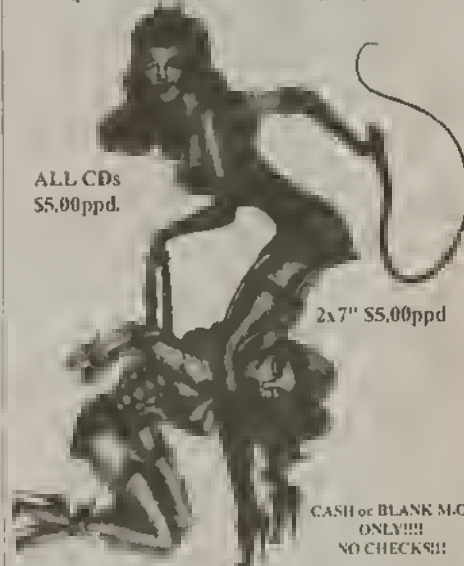
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THE REDUCERS

MRR: We're sitting down with the Reducers, having a little interview and I'm gonna start off with everyone introducing themselves, and talking about what instrument they play.

Mike: I'm Mike and I play bass. It's Reducers SF by the way we'd like to get that across, and that's what I do.

Glen: I'm Glen, I play rhythm guitar and yell.

Kevin: I'm Kevin and I play guitar.

Scott: I'm Scott and I play the drums.

MRR: We're at TKO world headquarters with Dave and Mark permitting this mischief to go on. Let's start out with how ya'll met, how long ago, and how you ended up in this band.

Kevin: Let's see, about four years ago I read the Guardian. There was a bunch of ads in there and one said, "Need a guitar player who likes the Buzzcocks/Stiff Little Fingers". I said I'll call them. They liked me and I played with them. Jim Martinez was our singer and Toby was our drummer at the time.

Mike: Glen and I played in other bands that aren't worth mentioning, as did these two.

Kevin: Yeah, as did Scott and I.

MRR: OK, we won't talk about any old bands, but can we touch on the Santa Cruz scene a little bit? Didn't you two, Mike and Glen, meet in Santa Cruz?

Mike: That's correct. I met Glen ten years ago.

Glen: Something like that. I basically grew up around there and Mike ended up moving there in '89 or something.

Mike: I was playing in another band at that time and I wanted to jam with some people in Santa Cruz. So I persuaded Glen to take up music.

Glen: He made me do something constructive.

Mike: He turned out to be a pretty fine singer in the end, so I'm pretty proud of myself.

MRR: Did you guys meet at a show or at school or what?

Mike: Mutual friends. I think Joel Loya.

MRR: He's a bartender?

Mike: Down at the Orbit Room, yeah.

MRR: He's a good man, he deserves a plug.

Glen: Yeah, he's a friend of both of ours so...

MRR: And at that time there was a Skinhead scene already blossoming in Santa Cruz, am I right?

Mike: Yeah, pretty much if you weren't into politics. It was where you wanted to be, and Santa Cruz became sort of a haven for anybody who was into the "original style" or skinhead music.

Glen: It was a pretty tight group then; you could probably pull out 50 really

SF

good friends just to go out and get a beer. And then there was the Swingin' Utters which brought us all out and gave us something to do.

MRR: The scene down there included Northern Soul and Ska. And correct me if I'm wrong here, but it was completely nonracist skin head scene.

Glen: Very much anti-racist at the time yeah.

Mike: It was a shame in a way because it was a reaction to something that you didn't really want. To me, your either a skinhead or you're not. To be anti-racist and to react against something that was screwing up the whole scene in the first place was a real drag. There were movements going around at that time, things like SHARP and all that; but still in Santa Cruz we were all friends and there was none of that.

MRR: There were no Nazi skins that would turn up at a Swingin' Utters' show?

Mike: Every once in a while, with their bats and stuff but we'd run them out of town.

Glen: We had a lot of friends there that wouldn't put up with any of that crap. Santa Cruz is a great place for that as well, because it's so isolated you know when someone comes into town, and you can get 'em.

MRR: There seems like there's a lot of camaraderie in a small town like that, cause everyone knows each other.

Mike: Of course, I've heard the whole town's gone to pot since then, but who knows.

Kevin: Chico was always like that too...Chico always went to pot. That's where I lived for four years, like in

Santa Cruz it was the skinhead scene. In Chico there was a whole bunch of scenes and we all knew each other and all played music together.

Scott: There wasn't enough people to divide up..

Kevin: Yeah, there wasn't enough people to make a scene. It was just a music scene, whatever that was.

MRR: Did the Swingin' Utters ever come to Chico?

Kevin: They never came to Chico when I was there. It's not really the kind of place people come to on tour.

MRR: It is a college town, but I guess there's no money to be made.

Kevin: It is a college town, and there is no money to be made.

Scott: There were a couple of good clubs though, and we used to get bands to play. Agent Orange or whoever.

Kevin: It would depend on what clubs were open. Before I got there, there was the Burro Room, which a lot of bands played at. When that closed down, no one big really came through.



MRR: And that's another place that is so isolated that if you're a punk or a skin up there you probably know every other punk around. Everybody else up there is just a cowboy or a red neck.

(laughter)

Kevin: You knew everyone in town no matter who you were; you knew all the cowboys and rednecks too.

MRR: So, would you guys drive down to the city for the big shows?

Kevin: Yeah, definitely, any excuse to get out of town.

MRR: Were there any big bands that really influenced your musical development in that era...were the Business playing around or any of those other old school English bands?

Mike: When the Business or Bad Manners came through, it was a fucking huge event. I remember the first time the SLF came out; I was just going nuts. And they've been out here god only knows how times since then.

Glen: The first time you see a band like Stiff Little Fingers, or even the Business it's a mind blowing show. Then it gets to the point where they get tired of playing the same old set, so they start playing their newer stuff, which may not go over as well. It's just gonna get tepid.

Mike: It's just the same thing that happens in England to a lot of those bands. You talk to guys that see these bands and you're just like, "What? You see these bands?" And they're just like, "Yeah, they're fat now, it's no big deal."

Kevin: It'll happen to us in twenty years, watch out.

MRR: What about some of the bands from the east coast that were around ten years ago. Like the Anti-Heros, or the Wretched Ones, did they influence you?

Kevin: Yeah, and we could catch them on a lot of those compilations that were coming out back then.

MRR: Would you say that you're influenced more by the British Oi rather than the east coast American Oi from that era?

Kevin: Yeah, and I find it really intriguing, because the east coast has always had this kind of hardcore element going on in their scene. That influenced a lot of bands on the east coast, while the hardcore thing maybe hasn't influenced as many bands out here, in my opinion.

MRR: What about violence in the skinhead scene today? Does it seem like a problem to you, with the touring you've done?

Glen: To tell ya the truth, I really didn't notice a whole lot of it.

Kevin: I don't think it's a big issue. In the Bay area it's not a big thing, at least not to my knowledge. Talking to my friends who are not in bands it's not a big deal.

Glen: There's always going to be certain cliques of skinheads who are violent, whether that's in Southern California, right here or wherever. I still think it's a pretty good time right now of people getting along.

MRR: Let's talk a



little about the new record. As you read this the record will be out in stores. Are you going to be touring to support this?

Kevin: Yeah, we're hoping to. But you know the unfortunate thing is, we all have to work full time to support ourselves cause we're all older and married or something.

Mike: You know personally I'd love to go on a full blown US tour, but I've got to see the cash before I can do that (laughter). But no, we will go on a two week long tour to support.

Scott: Maybe we can get the record label to support us. (laughter)

MRR: Well, this TKO records seems very supportive of their bands, and are better than most. Let's talk a little about some of the other labels you worked with before this honeymoon started, let's talk about Pair o' Docs and that split record with the Lower Class Brats.

Mike: It served it's purpose for us. They pressed the records for us, and put 'em out. Granted there wasn't much distribution but that is what

you're gonna get when you've got one or two guys who are just kinda doing this on the side. It's really hard to get that stuff out there if you're not working full-time at it, and they did take a chance on us.

Glen: And for the kind of band we were at the time, we were playing once every two months, so it wasn't essential for us to sell lots of records.

MRR: It's nice that they would roll the dice on a new band like that, same with the Lower Class Brats, who also speak highly of that guy. Bones from Lower Class Brats mentioned that just as he started that label, the guy had come out of the closet. He wanted bands on his label that were not homophobic, and weren't into gay bashing; that was a prerequisite. Were you aware of this as well?

Mike: I was told during the process and I thought "So? BFD, what's the deal?" Look at where we're from. We're from San Francisco you know, if you can't get along here where can you?

MRR: You could probably see his perspective too when your putting on skinhead bands, you might be a little nervous about the politics going on. Evidently it was good arrangement for everybody.

Mike: Yeah, it definitely worked in our favor, and the only drawback as far as we were concerned was the lack of distribution, but that was to be expected. It wasn't a surprise.

MRR: Yeah, I'm sure he was just working with his own money, but distribution is an important thing.

It's nice now, I'm sure, since TKO has a really excellent distribution, as far as getting the music out to the kids, and moving some product. And like you said, you've all got to work day jobs; you can't just pick up and go.

Mike: I'd be more than happy to do it, I'm sure we all



would. If we could just break close to even on what we are getting at work now, I'm sure we'd all be like, "Sure". Who wouldn't want to do it?

MRR: That's my next question for you, whether or not you think you could get to a point where you could live off of your music - does that seem like a goal?

Kevin: I'd love it, but I just honestly don't know in the punk market, I just don't know if the market is out there. For example Dropkicks- Christ! They looked awesome out there and they packed all the places where we played with them. They're probably doing quite well, I would think. They're on a huge label and everything, but I don't think many bands make it to that level.

Glen: It's a really tough decision to make. It's good for them that they went, did it and they've succeeded. They're producing a hell of a quality product. They're really strong and talented. They can tour and headline, and sell the places out, so, they made the right decision. But it's tough getting to the point of "I'm putting in my two week notice now" type of thing.

Mike: It's a really expensive hobby too. Sometimes I think it's a "catch-twenty-two". You do have to make that move in order to take the time to write the songs for that next album, and take the time to rehearse 'til you've got it to a "T". From my understanding, Dropkick Murphys rehearse every freakin' day, especially when they're not on tour. And then you got to take the time to run your business, ship your merchandise, and distribute your records. I think it works great for them - you know I'm jealous. But it's a scary commitment.

MRR: Would you allow yourself to be courted by Epitaph/Hellcat if it would allow you to leave your day jobs and go on the road?

Mike: Let me just say that everything's negotiable in this world. Let's see the green and we'll start talking. (laughter)

MRR: Would you sign to a major and risk being accused of "selling out"?

Glen: I think with that, if enough people take interest in your music and are generally interested, if you're always been playing and that you feel you want to play, then whatever man - if the people are buying it, let 'em have it.

Mike: I think it's really cool that bands that have made it are giving something back. You have Lars from Rancid producing smaller bands, and now Dropkicks are going on tour and saying this is how we want to do it, these are the bands we want to open along the way.

MRR: They've got a long memory those Dropkicks, and they remember all the little bands that they played with and they are riding the crest with them.

Mike: Exactly, and they did this tour on their own terms for the most part, and they said "We're taking the Ducky Boys and Oxymoron, and along the way we want you to pick up the Reducers, and the Randumbs." I think that's really cool. I told Kenny a million freakin' times that I

thought that was fucking cool, for them to do that.

MRR: Yeah, Ken and The Dropkick Murphys are true to the spirit. If you help them anytime or anywhere, they'll be there for you till the end. It's nice to see that kind of reciprocity in a business that has a lot of assholes.

Kevin: We've learned that too as we've moved up in all this.

MRR: Let's talk about this new record; does it have any material that differs from what the fans are expecting?

Glen: I think you'll find some surprises on it. Nothings a world

apart from what we've been doing, we've still kept our sound. But we just kind of did our own thing on this one.

Mike: I think in a way it's all the same elements. We've got the harmonic guitar stuff, the strong back up vocals and a driving rhythm for most of it, and I would say, in that respect, most of it's pretty similar.

Kevin: You're not going to hear any ballads or anything.

MRR: Kevin, I notice that you play more leads than a lot of people do in "Pub Rock" bands.

Kevin: I don't know if I'd call 'em leads, maybe melodies or... It makes it more interesting to me, to play the melody in the middle of the rhythm just so that there's something else going on.

Glen: It adds a lot to the Reducers SF sound, that we have two guitar players.

MRR: I like it too. I find it refreshing. Can you cite two or three guitar players who you grew up listening to?

Kevin: Well, Johnny Ramone, who played nothing, no guitar melodies.

MRR: Like I always used to say "Four great guys, three great chords". (Laughter)

Kevin: Yeah, well besides him, I don't know, I was a big Ace Frealey fan, and Brian James is an awesome guitar player.

MRR: Right now is a good time for small bands who are doing it themselves - getting out and playing good music. We should all be thankful that the scene has just burgeoned and just keeps getting bigger and healthier.

Glen: I don't think the punk scene's ever been as healthy as it is right now, and you got to hand it to people like Mark Rainey.

MRR: Any young bands that caught your attention last time you were out touring?

Scott: I really liked the Forgotten.

Mike: The Forgotten, the Workin' Stiffs. I'm really sad to hear about what happened to Eric Bird, everybody's really sad. We are just pulling for them, pulling for him and for them as a band. Another great band we played with was Oxymoron.

Glen: The Ducky Boys and The Beltones.

Mike: The Beltones "Naming My Bullets" never leaves my CD player. I mean that is the most amazing CD I've heard in a long time. The way their melodies go along with the vocal growl of Bill McFadden it's just awesome. They are so good. I can't wait to see them, hopefully they'll be out here for the TKO weekend, but I'm not sure



about that.

MRR: As far as the commitment to touring goes, the most you'd be able to take off would be two weeks?

Glen: Everything's negotiable.

Scott: It's just really tough 'cause we do have to work.

MRR: I'm talking about going back east, or going to Europe. In Europe bands like your's are very popular, I think you would do well in venues over there.

Glen: Like we said, we'd love to do it, but it's just a matter of arranging it with work.

MRR: Are the respective spouses supportive of that? If they get to go along to Europe?

Mike: Our spouses are great, they understand how these things go.

MRR: And it's tough for them, they see you going out there on a Wednesday night to the Covered Wagon with all those bike messenger types and tackle box faced girls. (Laughter)

MRR: On a more serious note do you all vote in national elections?

Mike: Yes I do, and I actually feel that your local elections are more important than you're national elections.

MRR: How about you Glen?

Glen: I didn't vote in the last one, but I do my best. I'm kind of a flake when it comes to that sort of thing.

Scott: I'm part of the Green party, and I'm the first Green party member of the assembly of Oakland.

MRR: We'll though I don't agree with all the things the Green party does, to me it's refreshing to see a change from the norm. Where you have this good old boy network, where they've all been in bed with each other and paying each other off for ages.

Glen: It's like Jesse Ventura and that's probably the best thing that's ever happened.

Scott: Exactly. Just because it's something totally out of the norm. And that's the state deciding they wanted something completely different than all these pieces of shit people in there.

Kevin: You go back along time ago and your politicians were just some average guy like me and you; they were just somebody who thought they could stick up for everybody in that community. That's what politics should be about.

Scott: Where they represent the community and not the dollar bill.

Mike: It's really such a shame that it's not even a secret anymore. You get these politicians, and I'm just gonna say it - Bill Clinton, and I voted for the guy. But he's like, "Oh the tobacco industry they're a bunch of nice guys".

And geesh Bill, didn't they contribute 15 billion to your election account? It's bullshit because people just go and accept it. It's just not right.

Glen: People do accept it because someone's a Democrat or someone's a Republican.

Mike: It's the standard operating procedure in American government at this point, it doesn't matter what party you belong to, and this new woman in the Green Party. She's gonna get all these people giving her money, and she's gonna have to try



and resist it as long as she can. These people aren't gonna support her unless she does something for them.

Glen: And that's what's going on with Mayor Brown over in Oakland. Everybody's out there expecting him to be Mister Ultra Left Wing, and you can't do that in politics. Once you're voted in, you're stuck, you've gotta play the game. And that's the shame about politics these days; you go back to the original Roosevelt, that guy was kicking ass and taking names.

Scott: We just need the right people in power. That is what

we need these days. The problem right now is you just don't get a good selection of people. They're just trying to appeal to both parties while staying on either the right or the left.

MRR: One of the biggest travesties of this rich country, is that we do not take care of our own. An old person, who worked in a factory for thirty years is dumped out into this Medicare system. They don't even have enough money for medicine or rent. We don't take care of them.

Glen: All that goes right back to the career politician. Those guys have never lived in this neighborhood. They're career politicians, and their parents were politicians.

Scott: OK, enough about politics.

MRR: I feel we're lucky that we live in a society where we are comfortable enough where we can practice that art or that music as opposed to some poor Serb who just wants to put food on the table and keep from getting blown away. We're pretty damn lucky to have ended in the US as workers.

Mike: Exactly, and a lot of people don't appreciate that, I mean you can say what you want about America, and yeah, there's a lot of fucked up things...

MRR: Now, going back to the music for just a minute. If you could go on the road with one band who would it be?

Everybody: Cock Sparrer.

MRR: And is there discussions with that band?

Mike: No not at all. It's just a band that if they were playing in Ohio tomorrow, I'd be on a fucking plane and go see 'em. Just cause, I've seen most of the bands I've wanted to see, but Cock Sparrer is one of those elusive bands that just keeps getting away, and I've just never got to see 'em. It's amazing, they are just such a solid band.

Glen: You go on for example about the politics of war they did "Secret Army", so simplistic but so right on.

MRR: And the guy had a very unusual voice, for him to get that embraced by the skins and the punks, the guy had a very very hard to grasp singing style.

Mike: Yeah, very unique, it almost verges on the glam-rock/pub-rock kind of stuff, but it goes so well with the Cock Sparrer sound. But yeah, you're right, it's not a very tough style, by any means.

MRR: And Cock Sparrer are still the reigning kings.

Contact: Reducers SF, c/o First Round Promotions, 4104 24th St., San Francisco, CA 94114.



Photos by James Kotter
Layout by Michelle Barnhardt

DEADSTATE

DeadState interview conducted by Josh Coffman

MRR: Well, lets begin with who you are and what you do in the band?

Eli: I play drums and constant rockin skin beating.

Andy: Constant axe grinding

Bree: Vocals,

Sean: I play bass/God.

(Tony who also does vocals wasn't able to be present.)

MRR: You changed the line up since the split 7" with Banished, correct?

Bree: Yes, thank God.

Andy: Thank God. (laughter)

MRR: Your 7" deals with a lot of topics

like HIV, AIDS, and your other lyrics deal with?

Andy: H.I.V.

Bree: HIV which is an abbreviation for Hiding In Vane, and it's about how AIDS is everywhere and can happen to anyone. It doesn't matter your status in society, so forth. Then there's our song We Hide which is about everything that's going on in the world and the reaction we get from people who only bitch and moan about it. We all can do more, there is a lot more that I myself could do, and that is the point. People just need to notice that there is a lot to be done out there and that there are things that we as individuals can do.

Andy: I think another thing, too, is a lot of bands' lyrics, especially in the punk/hardcore scene can become very repetitious.

MRR: It's to please the scene.

Andy:

What?

M R R :

Lately, it's

to please

the scene. It's what people want to

hear.

Andy: Yeah, it can get repetitious, and I think we try to put more emotion into what we are trying to do. But don't get me wrong, we are not excluding anybody.

Bree: Well, as for me personally, I've been steering away from such words in our lyrics as "apathy" and "ignorance", because it can get real old. I've been trying to do more anecdotes and stories. Because it gets so monotonous when you open up a record and... (interrupted by Andy)

Andy: War torn battle field!!!

Bree: Yeah, war and death and the apathy.

MRR: The seventh "Dogs of War" song you've heard.

Andy: Exactly.

Bree: And we do sing a lot about some completely depressing things (laughter).

MRR: But it can really get some people thinking.

Bree: Yeah, but it definitely has some good stuff behind it. The HIV song we wrote was after a good friend of Tony's died of AIDS. It all has meaning behind it. We never really sit down and say "God, war sucks". (laughter)

Eli: We do play a lot of music that is kinda on the dreary and on the darker side compared to

what usually is released. But it's not to steer clear of what others are trying to accomplish. In the punk/hardcore scene, we are all striving for the same thing. We still like to listen to songs about drinking beer and having a blast like the next guy, but we try to portray more important issues.

Andy: Issues that need to be dealt with, not social atmospheres, I personally believe.

Bree: Me too. Maybe we should say something about the lineup change?

Andy: I think that question was asked, but did we elaborate on it?

Eli: Nope.

Bree: We got a new bassist (Sean) as of three months ago, and Eli, who was playing bass, moved to drums.

Andy: DeadState first... rough because it was ex... of Disorder. Myself and Pete who was the bassist decided to keep things going after Flux. Tony decided



"A world of American regrets" the bloodshed from foreign fingers for the products of a modern world luxury for you though the pain still lingers

to join DeadState, and we recruited Crutch, who you'll notice on the DeadState/Banished 7" played drums, and then Crutch left the band and never mind I'm not going to comment on that.

Bree: Let's not go to that.

Andy: We all have our opinions about that situation.

Bree: Basically what happened was, our old drummer was in another band who he was playing for before DeadState. Then changed his opinion on DeadState and decided to follow another style with his other band.

Andy: Because Black Metal is so productive! Eli: To make a long story short. There is Tony, Crutch, Pete, Andy and Bree on the 7", Then Pete left due to certain circumstances. Then I stepped in to play bass for a while.

Bree: Right after the 7" came out.

Eli: Then our drummer (Crutch) left the band. By that time I already knew most of the lines to the songs so I then stepped in for drums and Sean from Cursed Earth came in to play bass.

Bree: So this long story in short was a bitch.

Andy: But it works even better now then previously.

MRR: Who and what are your influ-

ences?

Sean: DeadBoys for sure, Lou Reed, UK Subs, a lot of the old school British stuff. I'm a huge Blitz fan. And Andy's Mom, (laughter) Bree: Unhinged, Jobbykrust, there's so many great bands out there, these are only a few. But as for vocals, I love Servitude and Ebola (UK).

Andy: Oh man, I'd have to say Rorschach, Amebix, old stuff from ENT, Police Bastard and Dee Snyder all the way.

Eli: Yes! (laughter)

Andy: I like Motorhead and can't get enough Scandinavian thrash. I guess any active band who follow DIY ethics.

Andy: Sean likes the Partisans.

Eli: Oi, oi.

Andy: Yeah, I like the... (laughter)

Andy: Jedi Punks On Ice!

Sean: Politics? I like beer, I don't follow politics that much.

MRR: Alright, let me word this differently. How do you feel about the system itself?

Sean: The system has fucked me many times. I wasn't able to get a job for 5 years just because I didn't have a social security number. I couldn't even get a social security card for my kid, because I didn't have one.

Bree: Why couldn't you get a social security number?

Sean: Because I didn't have an I.D. In order to get an I.D. you need a social security number. Which I didn't have. It's just a vicious circle. I couldn't be on my sons birth certificate be-

cause I didn't have a number to be in this country. I didn't have my bar

code.

Eli: I believe the moon landing was filmed in the same hanger where they keep the aliens and the ship from Roswell. (much laughter)

Bree: The Old Republic.

Andy: Very Star Wars influenced. Then on a more serious note. Deadstate, for me, symbolizes the decay and collapse of today's infrastructure in society. Of course that destruction witnessed today is by the hands of man. If anyone in Colorado reads this interview, you'll know what we're talking about. It is absolutely sickening seeing the amount of development popping up on land that is so rich and beautiful. These multi million dollar contractors come in on their high horse and completely destroy what makes the rocky mountains so great. Please don't get me wrong. This bullshit is going on all around our world, but when you see it happening in your backyard, you build this uncontrollable anger for these parasites. For all you parasitic fucks who voluntarily bring in your money to corrupt and wash the minds of society, the tables will turn!

Bree: With everything that's going on right now in our betraying, deceitful world, honestly even the word politics sparks anger in me. I just really try to keep my eyes open to what is

NOTHING IS MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE GUISE OF PROGRESS

going on and just do the best that I can. Obviously you can get the idea of how I feel from my lyrics so as the saying goes, read on

MRR: How do you feel about the Denver scene as a whole, and some of the bands and kids in the scene?

Eli: Hell! They belong in the hanger too. As for bands and the kids in the scene, they all have hearts of gold and they mean well, but there's always the certain few that, well you know. As for venues around here they're ifsy at best if you can find one to play at. And sometimes kids get real drunk at the shows and screw things up, I've done it several times myself. But as you get older you grow a certain respect. As for the bands and people, they're striving to make it work. But there are a few things that come into play, such as the police. Other people that are "in the scene" such as "punk rock producers" around here.

Bree: that are fuckin lame.

Eli: We actually scored a warehouse to play at a while ago and there's this guy, Dan Steinberg in Denver that ran the Mercury.

Andy: Punk for profit.

Eli: Yeah, and he ran all the bookings for that club. So we were putting on all our shows at this warehouse and he would actually go around and tear down the flyers for our shows so people would go to his shows. He also went as far as calling the fire chief, since the warehouse wasn't up to code. So after that it was shut down since it didn't meet inspection standards. Bree: It's yet another vicious circle because in the punk scene you have your so called "punk system" of people who are in it for money. And they purposely screw people who are truly into it for the music, and want to have fun to produce something great. Instead they make the money to make their clubs successful. They ruin it for people that really try to make something real and true, and that's what punk rock is really about.

Andy: It's like the sell-out scene of the 70's when the business man came in and tried (succeeded) to capitalize off the punk counter culture.

Eli: Any underground culture will eventually be utilized off.

Andy: Just like how prefabricated "punk stream" punk is today with Lagwagon, Bad Religion, etc.

Eli: That's completely true. In any counter culture there's always going to be a coin off of it's name. Underground itself is a shoe company (laughter), then you have anarchy sunglasses.

Bree: anarchy for sale, just look on Zippo lighters.

Eli: Sean went into a store called Hot Topic where you can find "descent" shirts. Mostly dealing with gothic stuff. And everything was a coin off, from Misfits necklaces made by Tommy Hilfiger to Exploited key chains.

Andy: well, that's expected.

MRR: How do you feel about anarchy for profit? Is it something that can be ignored and put on the back burner?

(roll of the eyes)

Andy: Oxymoron?

Bree: It's ridiculous. It goes against everything



the actual word stands for. Anarchy once meant something. Now when you hear the word anarchy, as crappy as this might sound, it's a word for profit.

Andy: But only from the business mans perspective.

Nothing makes my blood boil more than some money hungry asshole who commercializes punk and the ideals that lie behind it.

Bree: Anarchy once meant a way to live

and a way to believe. But honestly, anarchy has turned into what is now the exploited or even.

Andy: Tommy Hilfiger

Bree: It's another thing that sells. There are young kids who are 14...

Sean: and don't know the meaning of the word.

Bree: but it's cool to them.

Eli: They've marketed it to death, and who ever marketed it, knew what they were doing. It turned a lot of people on to it. It's the few, the proud.

Andy: The Anarchists (much laughter)

Bree: who isn't for a giant blood red, fuckin sloppy, spray painted circle A on their backs.

Sean: anyone can claim to be an anarchist, but when it comes down to creating the action they're never there. "Yeah, system sucks, but I'll have to suck cock to get where I'm going."

Eli: "I'm an anarchist when it's..."

Everyone: "Convenient."

Bree: I hate to say this because I feel like a traitor. But anarchy, these days, seems like another product.

Sean: like the Nike corporation.

Bree: Anarchy is what I hold within me. It is something I try to portray in this world.

MRR: What is the difference between the commercialized circle A and DeadState?

Bree: I would say the difference is in our generation. We're not into it because the circle A means nothing. It's just another teen rebellion.

Andy: The circle A belongs in the mind and not on a sticker.

Bree: I feel I don't need it on my back, as a back patch, or a patch my knee. DeadState stands for what we believe in plain and simple.

Sean: It's what's in your head and not on you shoulder.

Bree: What I portray is me, that's it.

MRR: So, what's in the works for DeadState, do you have any records planned in the near future?

Bree: Well, we're hoping on doing a full DeadState 7" within a few months and we are also planning a split 7" with Calloused from Minneapolis. Right now we're just trying to get into the studio, it's tough sometimes when everyone has different schedules.

Andy: Yes, we're recording for our second 7" due sometime before August. As far as I know it will be a split label deal. Organize and Arise

and Cold World Distro will be releasing that.

MRR: Is there a tour planned?

Andy: We are planning on playing the Wisconsin punk fest in August and maybe a few shows before that.

MRR: What spawned your interest in the underground? How did you get involved in the scene?

Eli: I got involved in the scene because of this man right here. (Sean) It was basically lack of interest in anything really. I wasn't fitting into anything, I had no fun doing anything that was set out for me. So I ended up sitting around playing guitar all the time. When I met Sean he was looking for a bass player for his band S.N.I.L.L.J. So we started jammin together and then as fate would have it I ended up moving about a block away from him, so we got a band going and it just fit me like a glove. We've been playing together ever since.

Sean: My older sister was involved in the scene when I was little and she used to take me to shows. My mom was into the bigger bands like the Ramones and Velvet Underground. We'd always watch TeleTune and all of the Clash videos when they would come out. Then when I got older my sister would take me to this place called Penny Lane down in Boulder and we'd go see shows. \$2 wasn't bad for a nine year old. After that it was just buying records, ya' know. Andy: Dead Silence was my first experience in the punk/hardcore scene. And ever since then it has changed my life. Life got really pathetic with all the prefabricated music and fashion that has blanketed the youth. So after experiencing the atmosphere and energy at that Dead Silence show, I was converted.

Bree: I remember being young and hearing old Metallica through my mom and Slayer, Seasons In The Abyss, old M.O.D. Stuff like that. It was GREAT! But ever since my first Misfits tape I was hooked on Punk. I loved all of the female vox like Blatz and Naked Aggression. It was cool and different to hear. Through punk and the people I've met I really learned a lot about myself and it's a great way for people to come together and have fun while accomplishing great things.

MRR: Alright, here's the second to last question. Why is DeadState so Star Trek? (extreme enthusiasm)

Sean: Jedi Punks!

Bree: Forget the circle A, let's start the circle J. Andy: Strength begins with the mind and that is what the Jedi endorse. It's a common respect for all living things.

MRR: Any last comments for the masses?

Bree: Come to the Wisconsin fest, it will be a blast! Jedi Unite.

Eli: I'm God

Andy: Thanks a lot to Maximum Rock and Roll for this interview and a great review of the 7". Stay punk, stay active.

Organize and Arise, 1035 Modred St, Lafayette, CO 80026.

OK, here's a long overdue interview with the Showcase Showdown. They are a 4-piece punk band from Boston who have been around since 1993. If you are from the Northeast you should know them for their constant stream of releases, touring, and as the band that kickstarted the Boston punk scene of the mid-nineties at the Rat and Middle East. They play fast '77 sounding punk with some oi influence. People tend to compare them with the DKA, Sex Pistols, Forgotten Rebels, and some of those trashy sounding '78 punk bands like the Sniveling Shits, Art Attacks etc. They just released their second full-length album on the English label Damaged Goods. This interview was done over bad Chinese drinks and bad Chinese food. Only after certain members of the band are drunk or full of pork fat do they actually respond to the questions with anything that could qualify as answers. Without further ado - the Showcase Showdown.

MRR: First off, I want you to be like choirboys, no lying.

Ping: That's not what the priest said. The priest told me to lie down, so I did.

Chez: My priest always told me "never wear underwear underneath your robe, little boy."

Cloherly: Off to a smashing start.

Ping: Yeah, he said "swing the incense ball," if-you-know-what-I-mean. What do you call those things? The incense balls on the end of a chain?

Cloherly: Testes?

MRR: Who are each of you and what do you do to create the racket we

have come to know as the Showcase Showdown?

Ping: I'm Ping Pong. I'm the singer. I sing from the heart, but not only from the heart. I sing from the stomach.

Cloherly: Was that you in Pink Flamingos? I'm Cloherly. I play guitar.

Victoria: Victoria, I play bass.

Chez: Chez Nips, drums.

MRR: Tell me how you were all formed. How did you meet each

other, and no dirty stories please.

Chez: Well, I was formed when my father and my mother had sex.

Ping: I thought it was when my father and your mother had sex.

Cloherly: Is that why you guys look so much alike?

Chez: See, I was a little sperm, and the sperm went to the egg.

Victoria: Is that why you're only half a person?

Chez: And here I am today.

Ping: I was cloned from a sheep.

MRR: Seriously, how did your band form?

Ping: Well, basically there wasn't anything else to do.

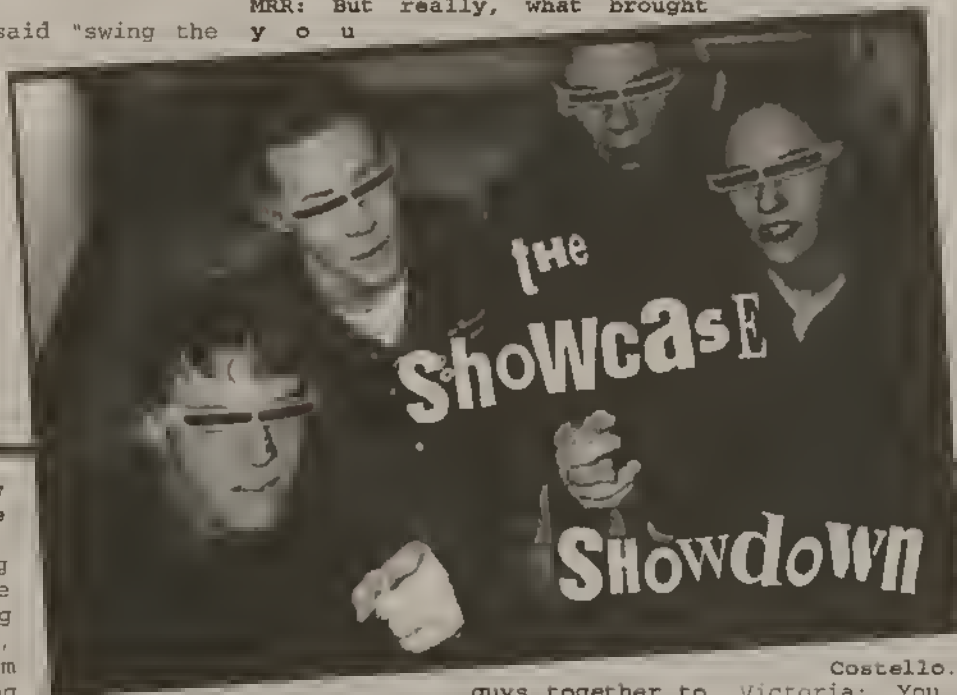
MRR: So the story about the sex club is true?

Cloherly: Yeah, we formed above a gay sex club.

Ping: Which was Chez's house. We actually formed before that, in 1993, in order to form a more perfect union. I don't know about everyone else, but I was desperate for something to do. Something which I thought, mistakenly, would get me girls.

Cloherly: So where better to start than above a gay sex club? Yeah, basically we all ran into each other in the elevator there, and decided to form a band.

MRR: But really, what brought y o u



guys together to form the Showcase Showdown?

Chez: We drank and we needed someone to drive us around. The bottom line is we all wanted to go to shows, and not have to pay admission, and get as much free beer as possible. So the three of us took care of the drinking, and Ping took care of

the driving. End of story.

Cloherly: And Ping's family pays us \$40 a month. But out of all the people we know, who we can actually hang around with, we were probably the only people who owned instruments and liked punk rock. You form a band with those around you, and that's that.

Victoria: It was also God's plan.

MRR: Why did you start your own label, Tario, to put out your stuff?

Ping: So we would retain the creative spirit...

Chez: No one else would put our shit out, that's why.

MRR: How come you didn't shop your first record around?

Ping: Shop it around?!? Then you spend four years working with some coke-headed asshole at Geffen records, and they never release it.

Cloherly: It is just as easy to work with a coke-headed asshole like me.

MRR: Who influenced you individually, and as a group?

Ping: To do what?

Chez: I would just like to say that Pearl Jam has influenced me to never form a band like that.

Ping: I like late seventies English punk rock, and early eighties English oi.

Chez: I want to be like Karen Carpenter. Dead. You know this is turning out to be more like a psychiatric session than an interview.

Victoria: Well, look who you're dealing with. My name is Victoria, and I'm an alcoholic.

Cloherly: I got a picture of

Keith Richards in 1976 and I thought he looked cool.

MRR: I think mine was Elvis

Costello.

Victoria: You wanted to look like Elvis Costello?!?

Cloherly: I was thinking about Bruce Springsteen today, and how awful he is.

Ping: I like "Born to Run."

Cloherly: No, but in the eighties, it's like Bruce Springsteen versus Michael Jackson. Who would you chose?

Ping: Well, you'd choose Bruce Springsteen.

Everyone else: No way!

Cloherly: No, but think about it. Bruce Springsteen sings about life on the streets, and working hard. Whereas Michael Jackson dyes his skin, lit himself on fire, and he collects the elephant man's bones. He also lives in an oxygen tent, wears a mask, and dressed like Mhomar Khadafy all through the eighties. Bruce Springsteen worked out before going on stage, and pumped himself up. I mean what a loser! Really, which is more punk? And "Beat It" is a good song, and the Jackson Five...

Ping: The Jackson Five are excellent.

MRR: OK, why don't we change the subject? How was your tour of Portugal and Spain?

Chez: Well, we have a greater understanding of what other cultures are like. We found that this opportunity diversified our portfolio, if you know what I mean.

MRR: I haven't a clue. Did you learn any Spanish in Spain?

Everyone: No.

Chez: I learned "Donde esta Pepe? Pepe esta aqui" (points to his groin).

Ping: And "Vehiculo Longo."

Chez: Well, same thing.

MRR: I know you also toured California. What was it like meeting Johnny Rotten on Venice Beach?

Victoria: Well, they were shooting this add for Sex On A Beach, some kind of mixed drink. Johnny was molesting a nude woman sand sculpture, so I figured I should talk to him. He was dressed like a clown....

Cloherly: So they immediately had that in common. You know who I saw in LA? The star from Switchblade Sisters.

Victoria: And he's convinced he saw Freddie Krueger walking down the street.

Ping: Just like you saw the ostriches? We were driving to New York and he said "Look, look, ostriches!" And we all looked, and there were no ostriches. And he said "In that truck, there are ostriches!" So we pull up next to the truck and there are only horses, but he still insists there were ostriches in there with the horses.

Cloherly: They do that now, though.

Ping: They wouldn't mingle horses and ostriches together!

Cloherly: How do you think the

get mules?

MRR: Describe the perfect day in and around Boston.

Cloherly: Well, I'd stay in bed until about eleven.

Victoria: I'd stay in bed until twelve, and all visitors should come and stay there with me.

Cloherly: Then they should get up and cook me breakfast. And I'd have to get up in time to watch the end of *The Price is Right*. Or have the TV in bed.

Ping: A TV in bed is sometimes better than a woman.

Chez: It don't talk back, and you can shut it off whenever the hell you want.

Cloherly: Then you'd go out and maybe...

MRR: Get some baked beans?

Cloherly: Yeah, get some baked beans and talk about Larry Bird.

Ping: Walk the Freedom Trail. Start drinking at 12:30 as a tribute to the Kennedys.

Chez: Go down to the Harvard Club.

Cloherly: Oh yeah, then we might go yachting.

MRR: Who are the unsung heroes of Boston?

Cloherly: Well, me.

Victoria: The August Spies.

Cloherly: The waitress that got fired from the Shangri-La. She ruled. She hasn't been there forever, and the other guy does a shit job.

Victoria: She's responsible for many of our blackouts.

Cloherly: She's responsible for why it took three years for our second record to come out.

MRR: So how is *Damaged Goods* treating you guys so far?

Ping: Everything they send us comes broken.

(Chez begins picking his underarms)

Cloherly (to Chez): What are you, a gorilla?

Chez:

Ooo Ooo Ooo.

Ping: We've just started dealing with *Damaged Goods* so they haven't had time to fuck up.

Chez: But they haven't sent us our tour bus yet.

MRR: But wouldn't the driver be on the wrong side?

Chez: You think you're pretty smart, don't you?

MRR: Last question. Any tour plans in the future?

Ping: We want to tour the United States in its entirety, as well as Puerto Rico, and the territory of Guam.

Cloherly: I think the Marshall Islands feel shortchanged.

Ping: No, we'll go to the Marshall Islands. We'll go to Guam. We'll go to Midway Island. And we're going to tour the Virgin Islands, because I'm hoping.

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN DISCOGRAPHY (in reverse order):

PERMANENT STAINS - Full length LP (*Damaged Goods*) 1999

GENETICALLY SUPERIOR - 8" Split with the Twerps (702) 1998

WE ARE SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN - 7" picture disc tribute to Shampoo (Tario) 1998

DRUNK AT THE KARAOKE BAR - 7" Split with Blanks '77 (Tario) 1997

ASSEMBLE YOUR OWN DICTATOR - 7" Split with August Spies (Tario) 1997

SOOTHING MOMENTS - 7" (Beer City) 1996

APPETITE OF KINGS - Full length LP (Elevator Music) 1996

HO HO HO CHI MINH/MERRY XMAS, I FUCKED YOUR SNOWMAN - 7" (Tario) 1995

ALL THE PRESIDENTS' HEADS - 7" (Pogo Stick) 1994

CHICKENS - 7" (Tario) 1994

S E L F - TITLED - 7" (Tario) 1993



NOW THAT BOMBING CAN BE "HUMANITARIAN,"

it's worth comparing recent events in Yugoslavia to a situation closer to home:

KOSOVO

AREA OF CONFLICT

Kosovo is a southern province in Serbia, the largest part of Yugoslavia. It has long been inhabited by ethnic Albanians as well as Serbs, though they have often been at odds. The area is rich in minerals and holds strategic importance for its access to the Black Sea.

RULING GOVERNMENT

The President of Yugoslavia is Slobodan Milosevic, who won elections in 1990 that are generally held to have been rigged. Previously, he had been head of the Serbian section of the Communist Party, which had ruled Yugoslavia since 1945.

ROLE IN THE GLOBAL ECONOMY

In 1990, international lending agencies administered economic "shock treatment" to Yugoslavia, which brought massive unemployment. Regional nationalists came to power in part by vowing to resist these measures, thus weakening the authority of the central government. The United States continued to promote the plan, even though intelligence reports suggested it would contribute to the break-up of the republics. In the post-Cold War era, it Yugoslavia has been a key ally of Russia.

THE ARMED RESISTANCE

The leadership of the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) is steeped in Marxist-Leninism and holds the former Albanian dictator Enver Hoxha in high esteem. In 1998, a US diplomat to the Balkans called the KLA "without question a terrorist group," and European police have expressed strong suspicions that the KLA play a role in heroin

CHIAPAS

AREA OF CONFLICT

Chiapas is a southern state in Mexico. It has long been inhabited by Mayan peoples, historically at odds with the country's elite (Spanish and Mexican). The area is rich in timber and oil.

RULING GOVERNMENT

The President of Mexico is Ernesto Zedillo of the Institutional Revolutionary Party (known by the Spanish acronym PRI). Famous for its habitual election theft, the PRI has held the presidential seat continuously since 1929 and has been called "la perfecta dictadura" ("the perfect dictatorship").

ROLE IN THE GLOBAL ECONOMY

There are historic tensions between Mexico and the United States, but the PRI have welcomed transnational investment by US-based companies and joined the US and Canada to create the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) in 1994. The PRI have been extraordinarily compliant with the measures imposed by international lending agencies, and received significant bailouts for the country's floundering economy in 1982, 1989, and 1995 (the latter from the United States itself).

THE ARMED RESISTANCE

The Zapatista National Liberation Army (Spanish acronym EZLN) takes its name from Emiliano Zapata, the martyred hero of the country's peasant revolution. Organized secretly over a period stretching back to the mid-1980s, its ~~forces~~ are predominantly Mayan

distribution across the continent.

ROOTS OF CONFLICT

Kosovo was the center of medieval Serbia until 1389, when the Serbs were militarily defeated and dispersed by the Turks. Kosovo again became part of Serbia in 1915, and though the province was granted limited autonomy within Yugoslavia in 1974, ethnic Albanians began pushing for secession in the '80s through such means as attacks on Serbs and the destruction of Serbian crops and cattle. In 1989, Serbia revoked the province's autonomy. Relative to the rest of Serbia, Kosovo is economically marginalized, marked by unemployment, illiteracy, and incomes are about 40% below the national average.

AIMS OF THE ARMED RESISTANCE

The KLA seeks to create a Kosovar state completely independent from Serbia, eventually to be incorporated into a "Greater Albania." As a separatist movement, the condition was thus one of civil war.

CONDITIONS OF CONFLICT

Many leading voices in Kosovo have advocated nonviolent resistance to the Serbs, but others have grown impatient in light of ongoing Serb abuses. The KLA appeared on the scene in 1996, with a dramatic escalation of activities in 1998. Within a few months of that year they controlled a significant amount of the province. Serbs retaliated in brutal fashion, targeting both the KLA and the civilian population through the use of the army, police, and paramilitaries. In March of this year, KLA forces in Kosovo were estimated at 12,000; Serbian forces numbered approximately 18,000.

US RESPONSE

In March, when Milosevic refused to accept a plan drafted by the United States and other Western powers, the US began a bombing campaign through NATO. In response, Serbia accelerated its "ethnic cleansing" (i.e. the killing and expulsion of Albanians in Kosovo). The bombing lasted two months and killed approximately 1,200 civilians and 5,000 Serbian soldiers.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

In accordance with the agreement that ended the bombing, a NATO and Russian peacekeeping force has entered Kosovo; Serbian troops have withdrawn. Ethnic Albanian refugees are being repatriated, and the KLA are being disarmed. Investigations have found abundant evidence of Serbian war crimes, though the casualties are nowhere near as high as originally estimated by US officials during the bombing.

ROOTS OF CONFLICT

Chiapas has been the site of numerous rebellions pitting indigenous people against wealthy national elites. Though the Constitution of 1917 secured for all Mexicans the right to land for farming, this provision (Article 27 of the Constitution) was overturned by the PRI in preparation for NAFTA. International observers have found that Mexico routinely violates human rights throughout the nation, but that the indigenous populations seem to have been targeted in particular. Relative to the rest of Mexico, Chiapas is economically marginalized; 30% of the population is illiterate and half of them earn less than the daily national minimum wage.

AIMS OF THE ARMED RESISTANCE

The EZLN are not revolutionary, but seek to create regions of limited autonomy for indigenous communities within Mexico. A government delegation signed such an agreement in 1995 (the San Andres accords), but the PRI has refused to implement it.

CONDITIONS OF CONFLICT

The EZLN rose up on January 1, 1994, the day NAFTA went into effect. A cease-fire and negotiations with the government followed. The EZLN called off further negotiations after the government failed to fulfill the promises of the San Andres accords (above). Since then, the government has targeted the civilian population through the use of the army, police, and paramilitaries, setting off waves of internal refugees. The estimated 2,000-strong EZLN remain in the mountains, besieged by some 30,000 Mexican troops.

THE US RESPONSE

The United States provides military aid to the Mexican government and trains over 1,000 officers on US soil. (In 1998 alone, the tab of this and other training totaled \$12-million.) The United States has also been linked to the formation of Chiapan paramilitary forces friendly to the PRI, such as the one that carried out the Acteal massacre in 1997.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

June brought a new military offensive to the area as Mexican troops and police agents swept into communities sympathetic to the Zapatistas. Protests were dispersed by force, several dozen civilians were detained without charges, and hundreds of refugees fled into the mountains. The EZLN continue to maintain the cease-fire and, in their own words, "confirm their support for a process of organization...of civil society" and "the resolution of the indigenous' demands."

REACTOR 7



Interview by Eric LaRo



MRR: First off, what's with the robot fetish? Did you guys live under power lines when you were little, or do you just enjoy a good droid when you see one?

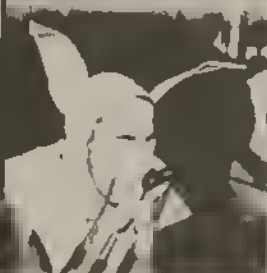
R7: We have always just had a strange fascination with altered humans. *Robocop*, and other shitty B movies. Time and space continuum, etc.



MRR: I personally have never had the chance to attend one of your live shows, but it's rumored that you guys smash hellu shit with baseball bats? If so, what kinda stuff?

R7: Some things that we have smashed at shows include: toasters, printers, old electronics and any other free or real cheap plastic and/or metal objects from yard sales and flea markets. However we never planned on having things getting smashed as a gimmick or

theme for us, but shit always goes wild when we play... it just happens when we get excited. This has caused problems though. Some show promoters don't want to have to deal with the mess we make, and some people know us as "that band that smashes shit", so we are going to tone down on the smashing stuff, but we'll continue full-speed on the chaotic live shows in other ways.



MRR: Continuing along the line of your live performances, what's with the outfits?

R7: Whatever seemed like it would be funny

or get people's attention is what we had planned since the start. We have never really put that much effort into our costumes though (with the exception of all of us dressing up like Nixon), but have never done the same thing twice. I guess we just want people to not know what to expect so it doesn't get old.

MRR: Since you guys are such insanity live, I was wonderin'. Was it decided "in the beginning" that you should be so intense live, or did you just pick it up along the way?

R7: We knew that we might just be another shitty teenage loser band if we didn't do something to stick out. We decided that we'd do stuff to stick out, but we hadn't really decided what was going to happen, it just evolved over time.

MRR: What was the first show that you guys every played? Did you smash anything?

R7: Our first show was at the D-S Coffee House in Warrington, Virginia with other school hardcore guys For The Living and another crazy live band PCP Roadblock. It was on 4/19/1998 and we smashed a toilet.

MRR: How did R7 come to be, so to speak?

R7: We are all just high school friends who like to get brutal. We had a few practices where we were just messing around and when it got pretty crazy we decided to continue as a band.



MRR: You guys have a pretty original sound going on, if any, who were your big influences? And how?

R7: Well we all have pretty varied music backgrounds, but some prominent influences include: Gwar, Pantera, old school metal combined with a mix of our punk rock influences from being involved in the DC scene.

MRR: The DC scene is pretty tight from what I can tell, but how exactly do the bands interact with each other? Do they help out in times of need, or is it survival of the fittest?

R7: To clarify: The DC scene is not as cool as everyone thinks. It definitely had a strong past but now it seems that things have run dry. There are plenty of awesome bands around here, but the major decline is that there are almost no venues to play. The bands try to help each other out if they can, but there is only so much that people can do, and there are also the same cruel people that can be found in any town and/or scene.

MRR: How often do you guys practice?

R7: We try to practice every week or two if everyone is in town. Josh (one of the singers) just got back from a 4 month trip to Israel so it has been a while since we all rocked together.



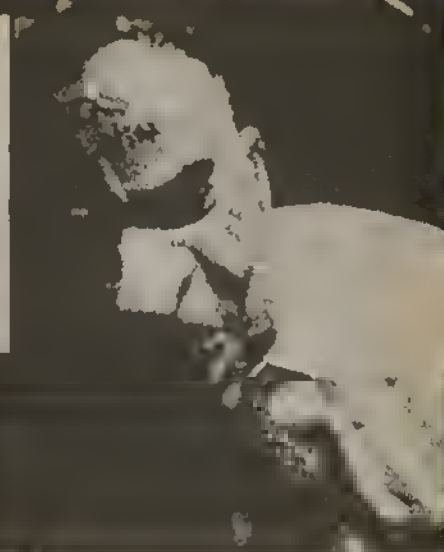
REACTOR 7





go to college/move away. We had plans for another 7" and/or a discography tape or something but decided it wasn't worth the trouble.

MRR: Have you guys ever played out side of DC/VA area? Any tour plans?
R7: Unfortunately we never got to play out of the DC/VA/MD area and we were planning to do a small summer tour with the living legend Man- cake, but the plans fell apart unfortunately.



MRR: Is the split with Page 99 you guys' first release, or did you have an uncirculated demo tape?

R7: The split 7" with Page 99 is our first official release, but we have recorded at least 4 other times for various comps and things that have yet to or never will come out. As for an uncirculated demo, well we've made copies of these recordings and sent them off to different people so some folks out there have R7 stuff that's not released and might never be.

MRR: What are some of your current favorite bands?

R7: Some of the stuff the individual members have been listening to recently are: Slayer, Radiohead, Today is the Day, Weezer, Morrissey, Cave In, DJ Shadow, Dr. Octagon and Converge.

MRR: When you're not recording or playing amazing hardcore, what do you like to do for fun?

R7: Sometimes we all get trashed and terrorize our town with airhorns and soda bombs. We just like to hang out and laugh like any other teenagers.

MRR: Are there any more releases planned for the future, or you guys just sitting back and chilling, waiting for that 15 million dollar contract from Capitol?

R7: A contract would be nice, but we will all part when the summer ends and jerks

MRR: Are you trying to convey any message with your lyrics, or do you just write about whatever?

R7: We write about human emotions and what we do on the weekends.

MRR: Do you consider R7 a "serious" band?

R7: We are serious enough to have a drive for what we do. We first started brewing this project in August of '97. We all have a desire to get bolted out of control and have loved every minute of it since we began the group.

MRR: Is anyone in the band Vegi, sX, or anything else along those lines?

R7: We have all considered ourselves straightedge at one time or another, but it doesn't really apply to us anymore. However every single member is vegetarian, also some members are or have been vegan.

MRR: Any last words, shout outs, contact info?

R7: Please, please watch TROMA horror movies (you won't be disappointed) and don't swallow everything about punk rock. We all believe that independent music should be taken seriously, but not so much that there's no sense of humor.



We have a split 7" w/ pg.99 for \$3 ppd and it kicks ass, no shit. Please check out our website we have MP3s and other cool stuff at <http://r7.tasam.com/> or you can email us at r7@r7.tasam.com. Reactor No. 7: 12001 Aintree Lane, Reston VA 20191. Thanks to MRR, Eric, The Crass Menagerie, and thanks to you! you actually read all this about some band you probably haven't even heard of!

LOWER CLASS

BRATS

ago, Austin's
rabid, fist-wav-
known as the LCB

of the Brats' houses and you'll hear everything from Stiv Bators and the Casualties to the Sweet and Rose Tattoo. You'll also drink a lot of beer. Interview by "Metal" Dave Glessner and Bruce Roehrs. Photos by Juni Bravo.

MRR: When you decided to form

the band, what was it about the other guys that clicked and helped you

Bones: When I was getting started, Motards and Jesus Christ Superfly, the Exploited, the 4 Skins. I went to were doing Angelic Upstarts covers if he wanted to work on some the Clash or the Pistols 'cause punk rockers with skinhead atti-Around New Year's, I went to play at the Blue Flamingo. I remember him writing his number on back of a Tallboy sticker and I him. We started writing some and started thinking about a er, 'cause we thought we drummer. We practiced er from the Dead End James Grant to get start-wanted to give Austin a ed kick in the ass. Marty with him from the Rick knew Rob.

Marty: I knew about band and his fanzine. Then we became asked me to start a exactly when it hap-seemed to just the beginning. knew this really played in all bands. So Rob brings his bud-His drumming him to get rid was in.

Rob: I was the only were met-breaking every-Black they pard stuff like Mo-

weakness for Ju-was easier to find people of stuff I wanted to play. I wanted to instead of just music designed to let the guitar with Rick through an ad. That band didn't work out, but Bones, and Marty started the Brats, he gave me a call.

Rick: I played in a band with Rob called Tapeworm. It was kind of like MDC we just sort of did it to drink some beers and play some Oi. I don't think we started

MRR: You'd already written some songs at this point.

Bones: Yeah, me and Marty had written about three songs, something like that, and were doing a couple of covers: a Stiff Little Fingers cover, a Chron Gen cover, a Business cover and a Cock Sparrer cover—stuff like that. We'd also written a few originals, which basically ended up on the "Who Writes Your Rules" seven inch on Helen Of Oi. Which was pretty amazing—the first songs I've ever written in a band and they end up on something like that.

MRR: Were the Pair O Docs records before the Helen Of Oi records?

Bones: No, the "Who Writes Your Rules" seven inch was the first records we put out. The Pair O Docs single split with Reducers

Since forming three and a half years Lower Class Brats have cultivated a ing, know-every-word following Army. Spend an evening hanging at one

the bands in town I would go see were like the Inhalants, the But nobody was playing the stuff I grew up on, like GBH, see Marty's band, the Cov'rs, play, and they and Sham 69 covers. So, I asked him songs. We didn't want to be

we're pissed off

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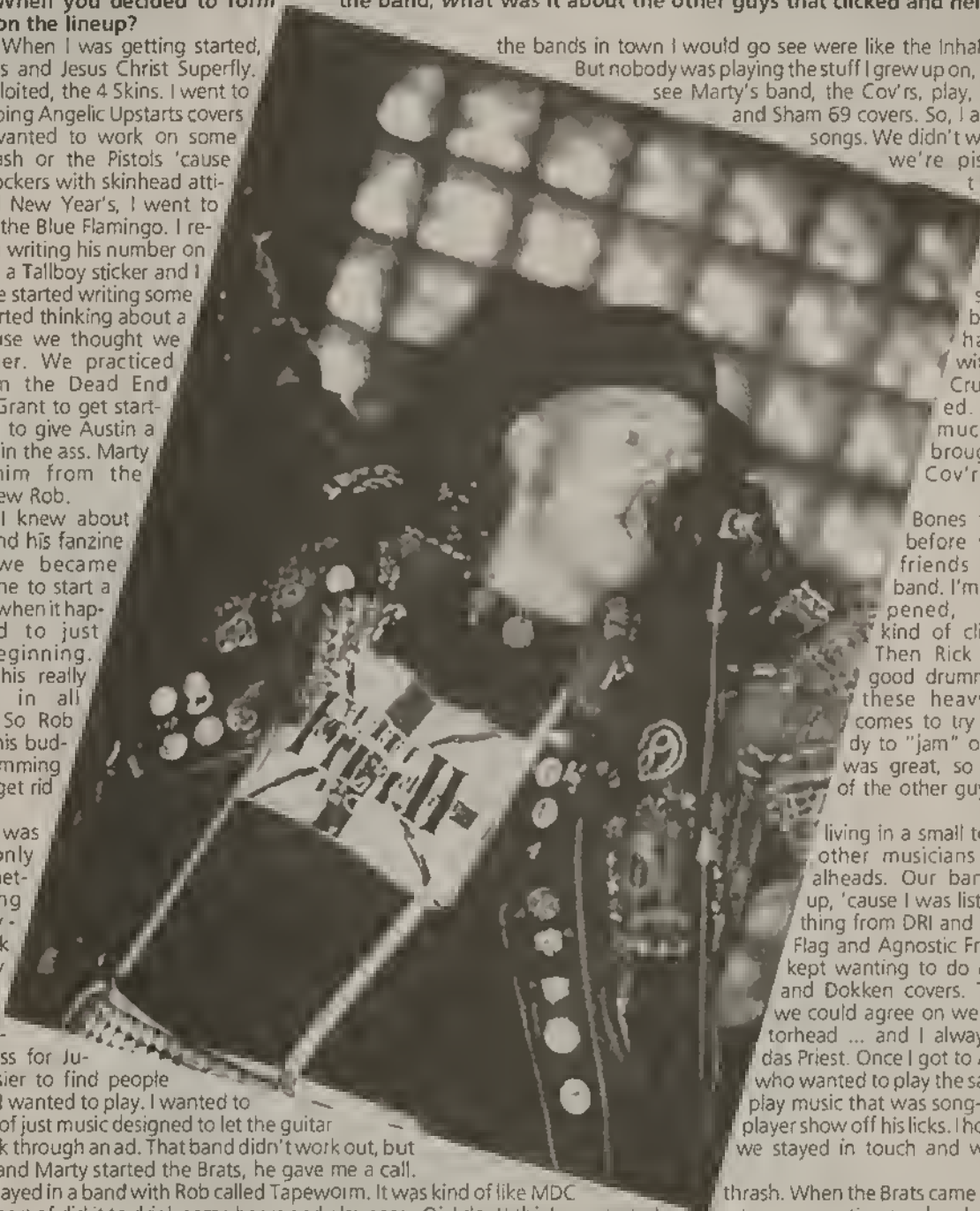
brought Rick

Cov'rs, and

Bones: from his before we met. friends and he band. I'm not sure pened, but it kind of click from Then Rick said he good drummer who these heavy metal comes to try out and dy to "jam" on guitar. was great, so we told of the other guy and he

living in a small town and other musicians I knew aheads. Our bands kept up, 'cause I was listening to thing from DRI and Slayer to Flag and Agnostic Front, and kept wanting to do Def Lep-and Dokken covers. The only we could agree on were bands torhead ... and I always had a das Priest. Once I got to Austin, it who wanted to play the same kind play music that was song-oriented player show off his licks. I hooked up we stayed in touch and when he,

thrash. When the Brats came together out ever expecting to play shows.



SF came out right after that. And then our third release was "A Wrench In the Gear," also on Helen Of Oi.

MRR: How did you get picked up by an English label, being a fledgling band? That was pretty good.

Bones: I consider us lucky. I think Helen Of Oi was the strongest Oi label in the world at that point. Everyone wanted on them, and I think it was just a stroke of luck that we just sent in a demo tape. We sent out three demo tapes and one of them was to Helen Of Oi. A week later I got a phone call on my answering machine and there was a message from Bob (Helen Of Oi) on the tape saying that he wanted to do a single. He named off "Riot in Hyde Park" and "Who Writes Your Rules" and I just shit my pants. I never thought it would happen. I mean, we just got together to have a good time. Obviously we weren't that serious. We only sent out three tapes.

MRR: OK—once the band's personnel has stabilized in late '95 or early '96, you're touring by this point?

Bones: No.

MRR: So, mostly Texas.

Bones: Yeah, mostly Texas. In early '95 we really weren't doing much. We were playing small clubs the size of the Purple Onion and we still do in Austin. I mean that's just it. You know, we come out to California and play for a sold out house at the Cocodrie, or go out to the oi fest in Atlanta and play for six hundred people. Then we go home to Austin and play for twenty-five. It makes me feel like I wanna leave. I wanna get the fuck out of Austin. It's kinda like preaching to the converted. But at the same time, we're a band and we play and that's what we do, and we're not gonna stop. If no one showed up and we were playing to the bartender, then we'd still do it.

MRR: Are you in a position where you could take off and play Europe if a label over there could put some money up?

Bones: Well, we've had offers to go over. Capsul from Charge 69, Combat Rock in France. He had offered to fly us over there, to get us out there. To go do France and Germany. I guess he's over on the eastern side of France, close to Germany. So, he offered to help us do a tour. But you know, that was right when the Helen Of Oi single came out and we'd only been around six months, we'd just recorded our tape.

MRR: You just weren't prepared then.

Bones: No man.

MRR: Learn a couple more songs, maybe?

Bones: Exactly! I mean we only know these four songs, you know, we could play 'em three times. But we've heard talk that there's people in Germany who want us to come over, and there's people in England, but nothing's really solidified to the point where I would get out of my obligations to go do it.

MRR: As far as the money part goes, are you still quite far from quitting your day job and living off of your music?

Bones: Oh definitely. I'm never planning on this band making any fucking money.

MRR: Could you see yourself on Epitaph? Could you clean up your image enough for that?

Bones: I don't know if I could. If someone gets in my face, I always play devil's advocate.

MRR: What if they say: "We don't like the cover art."

Bones: If they say they don't like the cover then we go "fuck you" and we go to a different label and then we beef up the cover art even worse. And it's not just that, I see this band as being what I like to do. I love music. I love punk rock—it's ninety percent

of my fucking life. I eat, sleep breath music, and then I go to work. And what I do at work, is I pay for me to do this. And if I was doing this for work; well, I hate work and I don't want to hate this. You know what I mean? If you have to get up and write a song, I don't think I'd like it any more. It would start bringing me down being in a band. And if I had any doubt about being in this band I'd quit in a split second. I don't want to bring it to that point. I'd rather just have a job and do this for fun and have a good time doing it. If the chance comes and TKO Records wants to fly us out here to play some shows, then fine, it's a vacation. We play and have a good time, and then I go back to work.

MRR: That gives you some credibility when you write a song about the working class, doesn't it?

Bones: Yeah, I guess so.

MRR: From your perspective, are the skins and the punks unified—do they both come to your shows?

Bones: Yeah, it's pretty cool. I mean, there's bone-heads out there, just like there are anywhere. When they come to the shows, though, they usually stand in back. Ignore them, they'll go away. That works. Leave 'em alone. If they start a fight, kick their ass and throw 'em out of the club. But generally, the skins out there are pretty cool and they get along pretty well with the punks.

MRR: Do you have any problems with Nazi skins in Texas?

Bones: Well, in Texas there's Confederate Hammer Skins, and they've shown up at a few of our shows. But not anything to make themselves known. They weren't at the front of the stage sig heiling or anything. We wouldn't put up with that.



MRR: Would you stop the show if they started doing that?

Bones: I don't know if we'd stop the show, but we'd humiliate them enough that they'd walk off. I would not stop the show and start crying and stomp off stage. I mean, you gotta think ninety percent of the people came there to see you play, and we're gonna put on a show for them, not standing up there.

MRR: Do you write most

Bones: I write most of the

MRR: And the music?

Bones: The music is written roadie, he plays drums.

MRR: He fulfills all the

Bones: Yeah.

MRR: On that Helen Of about "giving them the punks begging on the

Bones: Yeah crusty punks dogs. I don't like crusty has nothing to do with my against what I stand for. worked on the main drag in be there every day. I and they all knew who I was thought "Oh, that's the be a Nazi." They'd draw of my work. It was really around with full facial tat-about Amebix. And I'm Amebix in '83. You're a know what you're talking fuck out of my face. All that

MRR: How do you feel violence that seems to punk scene?

Bones: Well, it's not a glorification of violence. It's punk rock and if you're thinking you should go listen to thing. Punk rock was violence. Safety pins are back in fashion. Think that's the way it is. U.S. Bombs, the Stitches, goes on. I think punk is violence. Getting your word out to be in that way.

It stopped for a long time like Samiam, Jawbreaker,

the late eighties and early nineties. I was just like, what the fuck happened to punk? This isn't punk. What happened to the leather and the spikes, what happened to the "fuck you" to society? Not the fucking pop-love songs. I think it's great that punk's back.

I know what you're saying, the whole glorification of violence in the street punk scene. But I see us as more of a punk band than a street punk band or an oi band. I'm not a skinhead—I've never been a skinhead. I've been a punk my whole life. I grew up on Cockney Rejects, GBH, Angelic Upstarts, fuckin' English Dogs. That's how I think. Those bands brought me up. They weaned me.

To me that's what punk rock is. I know it has a different meaning to other people, but to me that's what it is. It's like, if you can't handle the violence in front of the stage, don't go up to the front of the stage. I'm not glorifying "Yeah give 'em the boot, kick 'em in the head, rip their fucking ears off, kill 'em". No, but to get a point across, you know you've got to push the point.

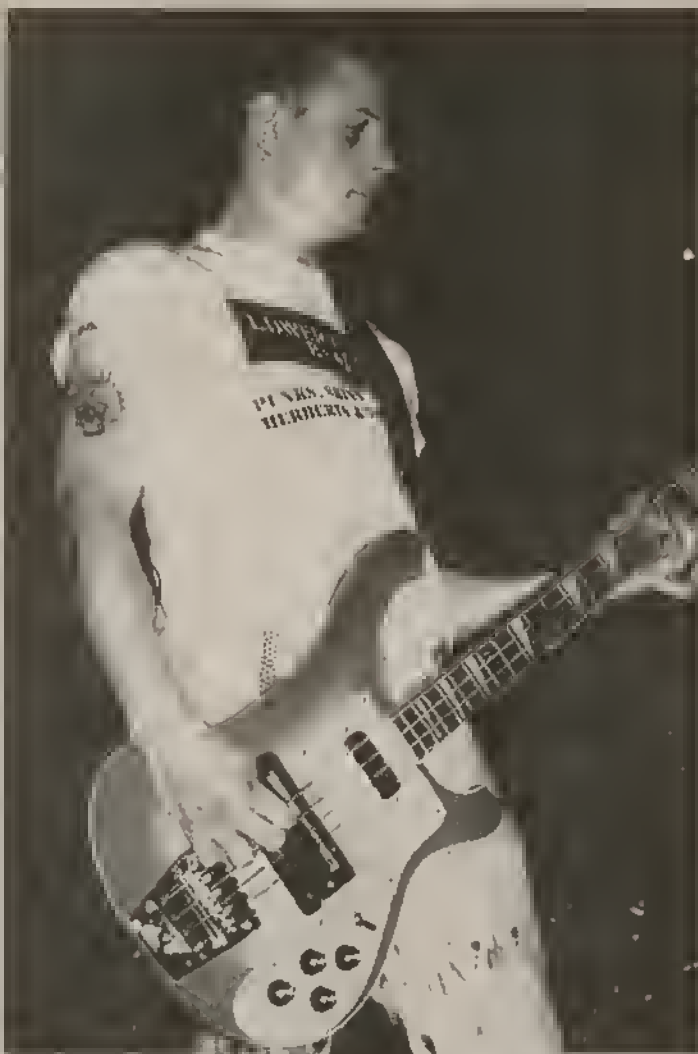
MRR: So that's what you're saying with your lyrics? You're using the violent imagery to make a point?

Bones: Yeah, exactly. Give 'em the proverbial boot, basically. I've never walked up to some kid when he's asked me for money and kicked him in the face, no, of course not. I give 'em the finger and tell him, "no, fuck you." I'd like to kick him, but I can't get away with that.

That's the one thing I thought when I got into punk shows. I didn't know what was going to happen to me. I used to come home with three knots in my head. I grew up in San Diego in the early eighties and I'd come home from shows and just be battered, it was complete chaos. I'd go out and pay five bucks for a night of complete chaos. Then I'd come home fifteen years old fucked up on coke and drunk and that was it. No rules, no holds barred and I think that's punk rock. That's what it is bottom line, at least to me.

When I sing songs about violence, I think I'm singing like Glenn Danzig was singing about eating people brains. I believe in everything I write, but you have to use your imagination when you write. I'm an artist, I write lyrics, I write poems. I'm pushing the envelope a little bit. The Brats aren't walking around Austin with baseball bats in their hands ready to go and pounce everybody. I mean, look at me, I weigh 110 pounds. I'm not gonna pounce on anybody. I wouldn't try and incite someone to go out and rape some sorority girl or something. Violence like street violence is obviously bad. I don't start fights and most of the people I know don't start fights with people. I know some people that do, just like I'm sure that you know people that start fights. But we don't advocate violence. There's certain people I don't like and I don't want around me, so I write violent lyrics about them or about things I don't like. I see it in the same way the Sex Pistols said "Never trust a hippie." When I wrote "Who Writes Your Rules", I see the crusty punks as the hippies of now. Some bands advocate violence—I don't agree with what they have to say. I'd rather write a song about safety pins. I have written a few songs about kick 'em in the head or whatever, but those are few and far between. Out of the ten records we've realized so far, I'd say two of those songs have been about violence: "Who Writes Your Rules", and "Ultraviolence", but we've got thirty or forty songs out there now.

I disagree with a lot of it. I disagree with violence against people when you just want to get drunk and get in a fight, I think



of the lyrics?

lyrics, yeah.

by Rick and Marty. Rob is our

functions.

Oi single where you sing boot", Is that about crusty side of the road?

are proof that hippies fuck punks—I never really have. It life style, and it's completely When I wrote that song, I Austin and the crusties would worked there for four years and they didn't like me. The guy in that Oi band—he must fucking swastikas on the side bad. There were guys walking toos trying to talk to me like, man, I was listening to fucking asshole, you don't about, you're fifteen. Get the really bent me out of shape.

about the glorification of be present in the street

fication of violence. It's punk punk rock isn't violent then Samiam. That's the whole lent to begin with, I think ion. Punk's back in town. I There's bands like the the Dimstore Haloes—it just lent. Aggression is a way of other people, and it's always

time, especially with bands Monsula—bands like that in

the late eighties and early nineties. I was just like, what the fuck happened to punk? This isn't punk. What happened to the leather and the spikes, what happened to the "fuck you" to society? Not the fucking pop-love songs. I think it's great that punk's back.

I know what you're saying, the whole glorification of violence in the street punk scene. But I see us as more of a punk band than a street punk band or an oi band. I'm not a skinhead—I've never been a skinhead. I've been a punk my whole life. I grew up on Cockney Rejects, GBH, Angelic Upstarts, fuckin' English Dogs. That's how I think. Those bands brought me up. They weaned me.

To me that's what punk rock is. I know it has a different meaning to other people, but to me that's what it is. It's like, if you can't handle the violence in front of the stage, don't go up to the front of the stage. I'm not glorifying "Yeah give 'em the boot, kick 'em in the head, rip their fucking ears off, kill 'em". No, but to get a point across, you know you've got to push the point.

MRR: So that's what you're saying with your lyrics? You're using the violent imagery to make a point?

Bones: Yeah, exactly. Give 'em the proverbial boot, basically. I've never walked up to some kid when he's asked me for money and kicked him in the face, no, of course not. I give 'em the finger and tell him, "no, fuck you." I'd like to kick him, but I can't get away with that.

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I disagree with a lot of it. I disagree with violence against people when you just want to get drunk and get in a fight, I think

you're a fucking idiot.

MRR: Could you talk about Punk Core Records for a moment?

Bones: I got a letter from Punk Core—when I wrote Dave back, I told him I was in this band Lower Class Brats and he asked us about putting some stuff out. By that point, we'd just put out our third single with Helen Of Oi: "Wrench in The Gear" and we really didn't have any songs left, just some demo songs that Helen of Oi didn't want and we didn't want to put out on Pair O Docs. We just gave him those songs and we just put out the five song twelve inch EP "Punks, Skins, Herberts, and Hooligans."

MRR: What kind of relationship do you have with TKO Records?

Bones: Yeah, I think we have a great relationship going with TKO right now. Not just as a band and a label, but as friends, and we're all fans of the other music Mark puts out too. As far as the next CD goes, things are in progress with GMM Records.

MRR: Mark Noah from the Anti-Heros and GMM invited you guys out to play the weekend-long Oi! fest in Atlanta last August. What was that all about?

Bones: It was called the Beer Olympics. The highlight for me was seeing Patriot play. They surprised the fuck out me. They had a new guitarist and they were just fucking amazing. They're up there with, like, Cocksparrer. They've got amazing harmonies. I also liked the Trouble. They had this singer up there dancing around like Robert Smith from the Cure. He's doing this in a place full of skinhead guys named Meat and I'm thinking, "man you're gonna get the shit knocked out you in about two seconds." He was fucking great, just a maniac full of attitude. He's a total freak.

Rick: The coolest thing for me was meeting all these hundreds of kids from all over.

America. It was kind of strange that it was such a positive experience, when you consider that there's all these hundreds of punks and skins and not one fight.

Rob: Yeah, that was weird having all these punks and skins in the same room and almost no fights. Band-wise, the Trouble and Last Year's Youth rocked like fuck. As for us, thought it was cool being recognized on the street 1,500 miles from home. It was also cool puking during "Who Writes Your Rules" and not missing a beat.

Marty: We pretty much stayed piss-drunk from the minute we walked on the plane. All the bands ripped and we played to one of our biggest and most receptive crowds yet.

MRR: The front rows at your shows are crazed. What's the connection between the Lower Class Brats and the audience?

Bones: I attribute it to catchy melodies that everyone can understand. That, and extremely simple chorus lyrics. We're not trying to be simpletons, but when I write lyrics to a song, I think of bands like the Cockney Rejects or Angelic Upstarts or Cock Sparrer, the Business—something anthemic everyone can relate to. If I write lyrics about getting a letter in the mail today from my baby who moved away, 15 in 100 people are going to relate to that. But everyone's going to relate to: "My boss is a fucking asshole."

MRR: You guys also get decked out for shows with the eyeliner and charged hair. How did your visual presentation come about?

Marty: There are so many bands that are technically good, but you see them perform and you might as well go listen to a record. I think you should put on a performance and actually entertain the crowd. Just playing good music is not entertaining. There's a lot of good '90s, it seems like putting on a crowd. There's a lot of good '90s, it seems like putting on a crowd. Obviously, we're not fucking pyrotechnics. I wish we

able to project that energy. If you

play, you look like you're bored.

with your music...

bands I listened to when I was a '79 were KISS and AC/DC. They

on a fucking show. They weren't

ple used to go see AC/DC just to

would pass out. That's a fucking

put on a show!

mark of a great band is the

scend traditional boundaries

could bring someone to one

is not even remotely associat-

or your scene and he would

about it the next day.

limit your music and say, "I play

rockers." But why not play punk

across the board can get into, as

or watered down?

ly, I'm making music for punk

heads. The other members might

I'm going to get out there and be

piss people off, say some sexist

wheels on the stage, you know?

there to piss people off. We're a

what it's about. Like you said, I

away going, "Oh my God, I don't

fucking saw."

the merrier." I hate playing to

long as you're there to watch the

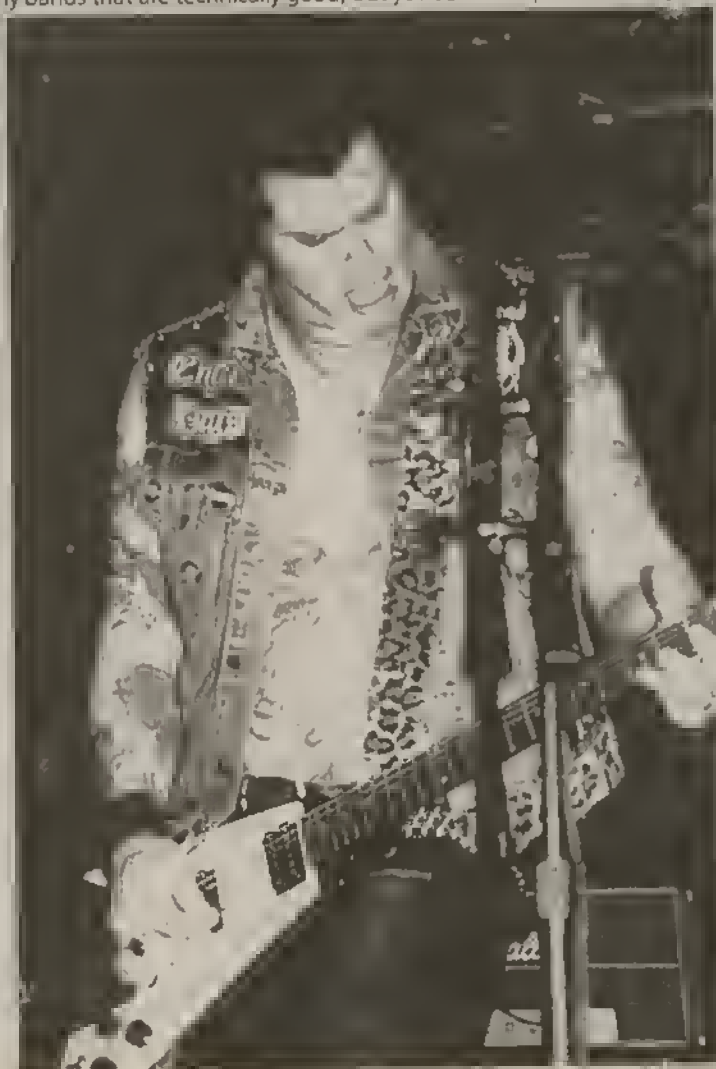
good time, come on out. If you're

ble, then fuck off.

to play in front of a crowd that's

mixed instead of a crowd of

stand at the edge of the stage



with their arms aspect of oi think America in England, you the mods, the herberts...it's music than the **MRR: There bands out have main-tain level of while manag-living. Whose you like to Bones: The Ra-nitely. I think credibility more fucking else. greatest fuck-band ever.**

Marty: I agree mones thing. I head is cool. probably rock they seem like pretty much and still playing of music.

Rick: I'd say the Business or They've all wanted to do, sic they wanted wrote the wanted to R a m o n e s . got a handful sider crappy that's out of Cock Sparrer around since just enough the band going worth their **Rob: The Sex**

Ramones were both on major labels and if you think they weren't punk, you're a fucking moron.

MRR: Are you moving in a different musical direction, or is the new stuff continuing what you started?

Bones: I think we've grown into more of a straight punk sound.

MRR: Well, your live set really reflects that.

Bones: With our live shows that punk attitude is what I try to express. That's what it was like when I first started seeing bands down in San Diego, when it was the Circle Jerks, Aggression, Adolescents, Stalag 13—straight hardcore with these fucking maniac singers!

Marty's always trying to get me to play a little rhythm guitar, but I couldn't do that with this band. When I see a band, I want to see a front man up there in my face. And if the crowd isn't moving I want him get them moving—barrel through the crowd, and jump back up on stage and say "Fuck You." Spit on people or whatever.

So many times when I'm on stage and I'm covered in spit I think of when I saw the UK Subs and Charlie Harper was covered in spit and I think "Oh—that's me now!"

I think our newer shit is leaning more towards punk. I think our lyrics and the way we push our ideal is the same as when we started the band. I don't think any of that changed. But our music is definitely leaning more towards punk. And its getting better all the time. Especially Marty, our guitarist, is really growing I think we're all growing into ourselves real well.

MRR: How many songs are we recording for TKO this time?

Bones: We're doing two. One's called "Glam Bastard" about the whole uprising of the glam revival thing, and accordingly, on the other side we're doing a Sweet cover called "Live For Today" which is an anti-politics song.

MRR: Are you a big fan of that band? **Bones:** Oh yeah, they're great. They're a really good band. I'm really into glam rock. I love it. I hate the resurgence of it, though it is sad to say that I got into it at the same time. I just wish everyone else wouldn't have.

MRR: What are glam bands that are worth investigating?

Bones: I really like the basics: Slade, Sweet, Mott the Hoople, Gary Glitter, you know, shit like that.

MRR: What about future touring plans?

Bones: Well, we talked to Dave from Punk Core, about him flying us out there to New York. It'd be Jersey, New York, and who knows what else. There's the new TKO single we're recording while we're here, then there's the new "Psycho" single that's coming out on Combat Rock in France. That should be out by the time we get back. There should be a box of them when we get back.

MRR: Thanks a lot for the interview, and we'll see you soon.



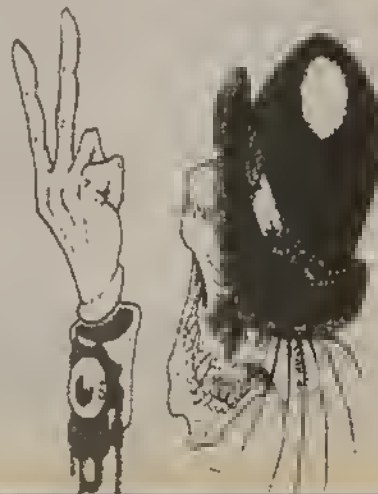
crossed. One that I don't realizes is that get the rockers, teds, the more about the way you dress. are some there that tained a cer-credibility ing to make a career would emulate?

mones, defi-they kept their than anyone They're the ing rock-n-roll

with the Ra-think Motor-I'm sure they're stars now, but they're still down-to-earth the same kind

Cock Sparrer, the Ramones. done what they played the mu-to play and songs they write. Take the They've only of what I con-songs, and hundreds. has been '75. They make money to keep and to make it while.

Pistols and the



MRR: Since this is for **MRR**, I just have to start out with a punk-related question. It's an involuntary action. How relevant do you think punk rock is now, 25 years or so after the initial explosion, to the dominant culture? And do you think its participants are missing the big picture and dwelling on non-issues, or do you see them working for positive change? Or a little of both?

Rion: I don't think punk has ever meant shit to the dominant culture. Punk, for me, is about exposure to ideas. Some you take on for your own, some you don't. We take the ideas we get and we try to spin them and twist them and mangle them and fuck them up until they won't work for anyone but us. For a while it was of paramount fucking importance to punks that we make everything we hold dear totally inaccessible to anyone else. That's bullshit as far as I'm concerned. Why be in a band with a message if you don't want it to get to as many people as possible? Was any of that the least bit coherent? I'm a little drunk.

Ernst: I think that the world would be a completely different place without punk. It may be a stretch, but I think that graphic design, art and especially advertising have all been changed by the aesthetic of punk. It's pretty ironic, the work of Satan (advertising) being able to suck up a rebellion and spit out little non-threatening bits in order to get you to conform and consume. Where does cynicism in advertising come from? I know that's not really your question, but it is something that's on my mind. To answer yours, I think that the world of punk rock music embraces a continuum of people from the religious right (straight edge and Christian music) to the extreme left (dogmatic political bands) to the completely withdrawn from society (crust bands). The music scene is a reflection of the society at large in my opinion. The punk scene, as separated from the punk rock scene, is a different thing. I agree with Rion, I think that it is a fertile place for the exchange of ideas. Punk in this sense is not the type of music you play, but the way you deal with your life. I think the same people who are doing dynamic things, creating interesting art, new ideas, etc., would have been the people who were hippies in the '60s or beats in the '50s or whatever. There is always a vibrant counterculture. The difficulty is identification. Since punk rock is on the radio now, I sometimes hesitate to call myself a punk. Until there's a more accurate term, however, I'm content with that word. And I think that the people who fall loosely

of new wave bands that were popular on MTV. It also provides sitcoms et. al. with a fresh, hip manifestation of the archetypal "rebel" stereotype—the "punk rocker."

Doug: I am going to try and keep this short. Punk is something that I have always been into without ever really knowing it. For me, it is more about personal expression and doing things your own way as opposed to doing things the "punk" way. To be honest, I am not familiar enough with the history of punk and such to give a good answer to this question. I have always liked punk music, but only recently realized a lot of the ideals involved with it are things that I have believed my whole life: d.i.y., acceptance of people, educating, etc. I don't like the rules that seem to accompany punk these days. It would be nice if these were taken down and people would start making their own decisions. Like the bands that make the music you like, support the companies you feel comfortable supporting, and do the things you want to do.

Mike: I don't think punk rock has ever been more than a novelty to the dominant culture, and I do think that often, what the dominant culture calls "punk" is so far from the original idea that it becomes nothing more than insipid pop crap. I only care about any of this inasmuch as what people choose to listen to is so heavily influenced by a handful of extremely wealthy corporations, like Seagram, which recently completed a \$10.2 billion buyout of Polygram Records, meaning that the world's largest record company is controlled by a liquor manufacturer. What bothers me, as someone who has a record label and is trying to promote music based on what I like and not necessarily on what sells the most, is that these giants have a lock on the big music magazines, commercial radio, and the network of distribution in this country. It's just fucking sickening, given the great spirit and ideas that pervade underground culture. It always baffles me that music writers, rather than doing their jobs and going out in search of interesting new stuff for their readers, will sit on their asses and wait for the fax machine to churn out the latest press release from Capitol or Arista or Virgin and their public relations machines about the latest mediocre crap, which the reviewers seem to laud in a way that is absolutely unconscionable (Hole's new album is a perfect example). These ideas are what the first song on our CD is about. As for "participants" of punk, well, I think "punk" is a stupid expression, especially

the public arena without having to deal with all the capitalistic, corporate crap that they'd have to otherwise?

Ernst: I think that a huge facet of the Internet that is always missed in discussions like this is that it takes a computer. Lots of people can't afford a computer, and the Internet means nothing to them. In a lot of ways, the Internet is a good way to increase the spread of privilege between the rich and the poor. I am amazed by the number of newspaper articles I see that rely on the Internet for opinion and information. The Internet does not reflect society. It reflects middle class and above men. For middle class suburban punk rockers, it is a lot of fun as a broadcast medium, but I give it less credit as a broadcast medium than I do music and zines. **Mike:** I think the question of access to technology is a serious one, but sometime in the fairly near future, computers in the home will be as common as TVs and Net access will be so cheap that I think it's essentially a moot point. The Internet is a fantastic thing. It's the antithesis of TV precisely because it's not limited to the rich. Sure, the big corporations are going to dominate, because they have the money to advertise on billboards and TV and draw people to their sites, but to condemn the Internet is like condemning the printing press. It's a medium in which ideas can be exchanged and commerce can take place on a subcorporate level, just as zines exist for the most part on a subcorporate level. Homeless people can have Web pages, so can I. So can Coca-Cola. I could care less if Coke gets more hits than Bad Monkey Records. The fact that I can be just as legitimate a presence, indeed more legitimate, than a billion-dollar company, is something to be applauded. It has also revolutionized communication. I can keep in touch with people I never would if I had to pay for long distance. I can send pictures and sound and all that shit. It's an amazing resource for researching all kinds of stuff, booking tours and all that shit. In short, it's radical, dude!

MRR: Okay new question: This morning I read in the newspaper about a woman named Mayola Williams who won an \$81 million settlement from Philip Morris (cigarette manufacturers) as damages, because her husband died of lung cancer after smoking

The Gods Hate Kansas have a CD called "Mischief Is Its Own Reward" on New Disorder and Bad Monkey Records, a track on the "This Ain't Rocket Science" comp from Cheatah Records, and an upcoming multimedia CDEP on New Disorder and Bad Monkey Records. The Gods Hate Kansas are: Rion, guitar and vocals; Ernst, guitar and vocals; Mike, drums; and Doug, bass. New Disorder's web site is www.newdisorder.com, and Bad Monkey's is www.badmonkey.com. Interview by Anna, who has a web page at <http://world.conk.com/world/vreject>.

under my definition of punk as opposed to punk rock are doing things that are just as relevant and important. That was cheesy, too. Rion is so much more succinct, and he's drunk. Oh well.

MRR: I think the dominant culture has totally latched onto punk—at least the aspects of it that suits its purposes, that's convenient. So of course that means it sucks the life out of punk and presents it to the mainstream as something totally hollow. To elaborate, the dominant culture borrows the surface things, the ultimately meaningless things, such as the fashion. You cannot tell me that fashion has not been influenced by punk. I even think early '80s pop music was influenced by punk in a lot of ways, but the lyrics went from anarchistic and nihilistic to trite, lame love poetry. Punk helped give rise to lots

when it's used to label and divide. Personally, I do what I do because I want to help build a subcorporate creative community that isn't polluted by greed and meaningless hype. It's all about d.i.y., about having the guts and motivation to create a zine, or a new kind of performance, a street play, a record label that sells interesting stuff at reasonable prices. It's not about bearing a punk uniform and a bunch of stupid patches, or rejecting music that doesn't fall into some little sub-genre of "punk" we identify with. I'll only respect a crowd that can appreciate the oh-so-subtle juxtaposition of Excruciating Terror with Atom and His Package.

MRR: Regarding the "media monopoly," What do you think about the Internet, as a means for creative people to get their art/writing/music/ideas out into



for 40 years. I'm wondering what other people think about this.

Rion: Okay. Here it is. Of course I hate the tobacco companies. I've been smoking for 35 years but I hardly blame Joe Camel. I don't blame anyone or any thing except the stupidity of a 15 year old kid. I think that is actually just part of my general view of the world. This culture has an amazing ability to deny responsibility for anything. When we're too fat, we take pills. Too hyper, too tired, too lazy, too stupid, too ugly, too depressed, we take pills. It's total bullshit. The Philip Morris thing is just another ugly extension of this same crap. For me it extends way beyond that into welfare and religion and half a dozen other topics about which I'm particularly furious. People just don't understand the idea of accountability. We wander about in this state of semiconsciousness, not even close to comprehending the consequences of our actions. It really bugs the shit out of me. The government's baby-sitter attitude certainly doesn't help either. I mean the idea of drugs or suicide or any of that shit being illegal is ridiculous. It just perpetuates that attitude even further into our lives. Argh.

Mike: Actually, if you read the fine print on that case, the smokers and the company were found equally responsible for this death. I agree with Rion that people need to be accountable for their actions, and society is ridiculously litigious. On the other hand, tobacco companies have manipulated the system to get people hooked, have routinely lied about the dangers of smoking, and they are marketing so

explosions). They should be shut down for price fixing and environmental destruction. Safeway and Crystal Geyser and other bottled waterers have been found to contain more arsenic and bacteria than is allowed in tap water. The companies should be fined and their water production shut down. Falcon Arms makes handguns that are super cheap, designed only to kill people, and are made so poorly that they go off when dropped. They should be shut down. I agree with Rion that personal responsibility should be the guiding rule. We should never legislate behavior the way we do now. What we should do is regulate and punish companies that are out to harm us. When I'm elected president in 2008, that's what I'll do.

Mike: The point you're missing is that advertising works, and the tobacco companies know they're targeting the people most vulnerable to it, which is not only fucked, it's illegal! Some kids smoke because they know it's stupid or think it's rebellious, but where do you think they got the idea? It's rebellious? Advertising, little buddy! However, like I said, I agree that people should take responsibility for their own actions. The trouble is that kids haven't really thought things through carefully, or are too immature to appreciate the consequences of their actions, which is why they are treated more leniently by the courts when they commit a crime. Ernst: You're weird dad, whatever. Ha.

Mike: You're grounded, poodle!

MRR: How do you individually (or as a band) identify politically? Or do you defy labels?

Rion: I guess I believe in the Party of Common Sense.

MRR: Eh... I figured as much...

Ernst: I find it disturbing that everyone wants to treat everyone else like a criminal. I hate having my bag taken when I go to the store, I hate being always on camera, I hate the barbed wire fence around the church next door. The first thing that goes through my mind when I see some elaborate system to prevent theft is that I want to steal. Actually, it's not so much that I want to steal, but that I want to put a dent in the hubris that motivates people to distrust and fortify themselves against others. My favorite story along these lines is the video camera that I have. I used to spray salt water in soda machines at school a lot, taking the soda and money that came out, and someone put a video camera up to find out who was doing it. So I took it. Realizing that security systems are flawed is very liberating. Being able to pick locks changes your view of the world. It's relatively easy, and suddenly doors are not the barriers that they were. You don't have to steal something for it to be nice, I've had it come in handy in legitimate ways a lot of times. I also empathize with hackers. I think that technology should always be pushed and stretched, because people need to realize that it is a tool, and no replacement for human common sense. The more people rely on technology, the more trouble they get in when it breaks. I currently have a fantasy about getting a lot of refrigerator magnets and going around town sticking them to the insides of the credit card satellite uplink dishes on gas stations, hopefully rendering them useless. Although most hackers seem to be bigots with few redeeming social skills.

1. cameras and fences and locks just really makes me want to do what they're designed to stop me from doing. Just because.'

Ernst: Indonesia and Vietnam, the world's poorest people are enamored with it. I'd put it there, that they pose a threat to public health in these countries. In Indonesia, more than 75 percent of the population are smokers. Think about the public health toll. And now Philip Morris et al. are starting to market cigarettes in these countries. I think our government could protect impressionable people, particularly kids, from some of these dangers. Kids in high school are so concerned with being cool they don't think about their health, and the tobacco companies take advantage of this. Dr. Joe Difranza at the University of Massachusetts Medical School did a study showing that the Joe Camel ad campaign drastically increased use of Camel cigarettes among high schoolers. If kids are impressionable enough to fall for that shit, then they need somebody to watch out for them. And fuck the death-peddling corporations. On the other hand, anybody who smokes for 20 years and then claims they didn't know it was dangerous is pretty much a liar.

Ernst: I think that putting the question as either/or is wrong. The tobacco companies are bad. They buy politicians, they own all the food in the country, and most of all, they pretend that cigarettes won't kill you. That is their cardinal sin. Even though people have known that smoking is bad for you for at least 600 years, the tobacco companies got this perverse idea that they would tell everyone that it wasn't. Because of this idiotic move, they're liable and should be sued out of existence. This is the sort of thing the government should be meddling in—the private lives of companies that kill and lie and extort, not the private lives of citizens who smoke tobacco or pot or crack. The oil companies are charging \$2 a gallon for gas right now, while their refineries blow up left and right and send thousands to the hospital (Richmond's Chevron and Tosco plant

Our entire platform is based on the idea of natural selection. Be dumb, die. Period. I don't identify with any political party. I prefer the Demos to the Repubs, but they are both corrupt as hell. I believe in some aspects of socialism: nationalized medicine, for instance, and I think the government should stay the hell out of people's individual medical decisions, homes, and personal lives. Free-market capitalism is wrong, mainly because the owners of property and capital tend to be greedy. Nor does capitalism have a mechanism to stop companies from fucking up the environment, hurting people, exploiting their workers, and so forth. If consumers had any sort of conscience, that'd put pressure on the companies to do the right thing, but too few people care about the world around them, so capitalism isn't kept in check. I don't know, I'm kind of a weird cross between socialist, capitalist and libertarian. I believe in elements of each, but none is good enough on its own. All I can say is that the two-party system has got to go. We are all enslaved by it.

Ernst: I'd be a Marxist, but only if there weren't so many people in the world. With the world full of people as it is, I identify with no political movement. I am running for president in 2008, though.

MRR: I notice that, for example, in your zine you have information on lock-picking, and your song "Penny Check" seems to encourage a subtle fucking with the system, if you will (it's way too late at night/early in the morning for me to be articulate here! blargh!). Would you characterize yourselves as pro-monkey-wrenching, pro-mischief-with-a-political/social-statement-to-go-with-it? To what extent have you yourselves participated in such subversive mischief?

Rion: Actually, all of us work 9-5 in government jobs that we love. All that "fuck the system" stuff is just the same old punk rock rhetoric that every other band says, so we thought we'd try it, too.

demonizing them is a reflection of the fact that people already treat technology as magic. What a hacker does often can be put into criminal terms this way: You see a house with the door open, and a sign that says "If you have a key, come on in." You think, "I don't have a key, but the door is open, I'll just look around." Technically illegal, but not worth holding someone in jail for three years without a trial, as some hackers have been. This has been too long, but it's one of my favorite subjects. I like to learn how things work, and too much of the time learning and explaining that knowledge is illegal.

Rion: Actually, I just really enjoy that stuff for the same reasons as Ernst, who has too many consonants in his name. Seeing cameras and fences and locks just really makes me want to do what they're designed to stop me from doing just because. It's not like the yield on a soda machine is actually enough to warrant us all stopping the van and risking imprisonment, it's just the act that's appealing. Lockpicking is the same way for me. I use it as a tool, but I also love using it for fun. It's a hard thing to explain. Either you understand that thrill or you don't. The other thing is, I'm extremely selective about who I feel deserves what I may dish out. Individuals are right out. I think from stealing from and fucking over people is just wrong. Corporations, government, and big business however are in a permanent state of open season. Basically, I don't like getting fucked or ripped off so I try to even the score a little. I think it's only fair.

MRR: So is it more of a psychological reaction than the desire to make a subversive sociopolitical statement? Or perhaps a little bit of both? Just to play the devil's advocate here, what do you say to people who say that things like shoplifting ultimately hurts the consumer, because these business losses are absorbed by an increase in retail prices?

Rion: It only hurts the consumer that's willing to

sufferer.

MRR: You guys toured last January. Do you find a significant difference between the respective scenes in different cities/areas? That is, are people in certain areas more jaded, other areas more elitist, others more creative and expressive, others less stuck-up... etc?

Doug: I think that the different scenes around the country are very similar. I think that the smaller towns are the most receptive to us, particularly in the Midwest. San Francisco has a terrible scene right now due to a couple of reasons. One is that there is nowhere to play, two is that the scenes here are so distinctly separated. It is very frustrating. Smaller touring bands that come here usually get little to no support. I loved what I saw happening in towns like Laramie, WY or Joplin, MO or Boise, ID. Everyone was just super nice and actually listened to us and what we were doing. I love those shows where everyone involved is excited and everyone that comes is actually interested in hearing music.

Everyone was really friendly, too.

Ernst: I think we should wrap this up now. It's been pretty good. Perhaps one more closing question?

MRR: In your expert opinions, do you think the proverbial pendulum is swinging towards or away from fundamentalist (Christian) religion? I ask this because a couple of days ago I read an article about George Bush Junior, and how his platform in Texas was heavily based on a return to morals and God and all that, and he plans to use this very platform when running for president. Political analysts interviewed for the article were speculating as to whether or not this would fly with the rest of the nation as it had in Texas, and I was thinking to myself, "Damn, if the rest of the country accepts this rubbish, I'm moving out of Ill! Oh no wait, actually my last question is why do the gods hate Kansas?"

Ernst: There's one answer to both your questions. The band is named the gods hate Kansas not because the gods do necessarily hate Kansas, but as a sociological experiment to see if people can handle the

on the national response to the Lewinsky thing, that most Americans could care less about the "morals" of their leaders and while there are a lot of Christians out there, very few of them are fundamentalists. I don't have a problem with Christians. I have a problem with people who call themselves Christians, but use their religion to divide and attack others. Hell, Christ seemed like a pretty good guy, but too many of his followers are filled with hate and lack compassion for those less fortunate. And they can go to hell, for all I care.

MRR: Oh my god! Are you serious? I think I would chalk it up to poor education and/or illiteracy, though. I mean no one in this stupid punk scene (let alone country) knows the difference between "their" and "there," "your" and "you're," etc



the gods hate Kansas

Mike: It's funny, because I kind of expected to run into a lot of cliquishness and bigotry on the road, and, apart from Los Angeles and Colorado maybe, we found people to be really open and accepting. People were thrilled to have out-of-town bands coming through and seemed to me far less jaded than in the Bay Area. Some kid from Nebraska actually wrote us to tell us that reading our lyrics significantly changed his outlook on life for the better. That was amazing. I strongly recommend getting the hell out of California.

Rion: The answer to that is hugely. Yes. There is an enormous difference from town to town. It wasn't on this tour, but on our last tour, in Boise, Idaho, we played in this kid's basement for like, 30 people. We were all jammed in this tiny little room. Everyone came inside to watch and it was a lot of fun.

idea of more than one god. As we've seen from flyers, conversations and reviews, people can't handle it, and always call us "godhateskansas." I suspect that this is because the Christian religion is so powerful in this country that even the supposedly enlightened people who put on punk shows (ha ha ha ha) are nervous about blasphemy when mentioning more than one god. Or that people in general aren't terribly well educated, which is identical in its symptoms to being a fundamentalist Christian. May the gods bless the fruit of your loins.

Mike: This happens in every primary election. On the GOP side, these guys have to woo the ultraconservative, powerful fringe of their party and Democrats have to go after the very liberal positions to get support from activist constituencies and trade more moderate, until he or she is elected, that is. I think, based

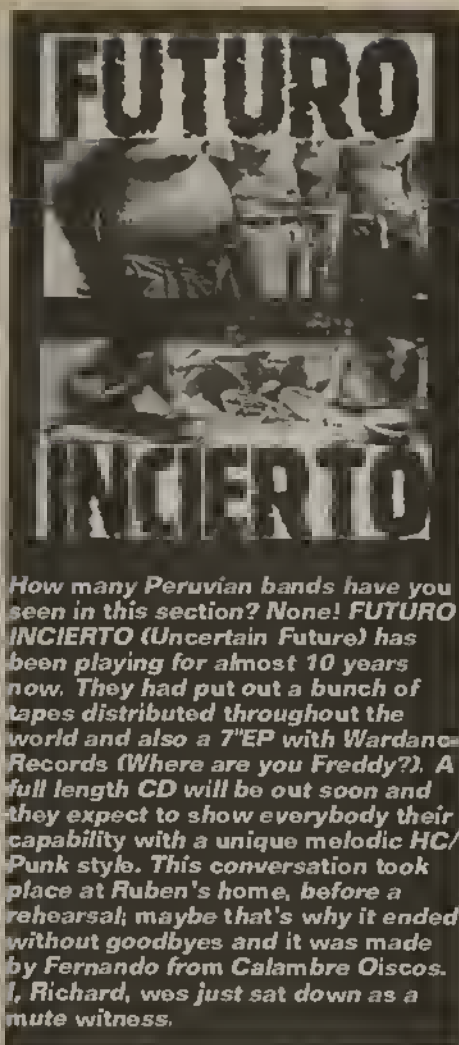
Mike: Yes, Anna, I'd have to agree on the grammar. I often read things that have a good message, but the writer shoots himself in the foot with poor spelling, shitty grammar, and an inability to form a sentence. It kind of detracts from your credibility. Operation Cliff Clavin did this great d.i.y. CD thing that would have been a lot stronger if somebody had proofread it.

Rion: Oh yeah, totally. We wouldn't know anything about that though! 'cuz we're all very smart.

Ernst: Yes, my name is spelled "du ihong" and pronounced "pooong."

Rion: You realize this means I'm going to have to start calling you "poooons," right? You've really gotta watch those off-handed comments.

MRR: Jeez, if I knew you guys were this weird, I never would have agreed to interview you. Ha ha.



How many Peruvian bands have you seen in this section? None! **FUTURO INCIERTO** (Uncertain Future) has been playing for almost 10 years now. They had put out a bunch of tapes distributed throughout the world and also a 7"EP with Wardance Records (Where are you Freddy?). A full length CD will be out soon and they expect to show everybody their capability with a unique melodic HC/Punk style. This conversation took place at Ruben's home, before a rehearsal, maybe that's why it ended without goodbyes and it was made by Fernando from Calambre Oiscos. I, Richard, was just sat down as a mute witness.

MRR: I understand you guys are together for about 10 years now?

J: Hell no! I joined the band in 1993.

MRR: Pedro, you're from the original line-up, how do you compare those days with the present time?

P: Those days (1991) was kind of spontaneous, we started to take things seriously the following year.

MRR: And line-up changes were conditioned by differences of opinion? musical taste?

P: I guess by musical taste...

(Suddenly a blackout caught us! I thought those days were over!)

MRR: O.K. Pedro, you were saying...

P: Yeah! Basically musical taste was the reason for changes.

MRR: I see a consolidated group.

P: Now we get along much better! (laughter)

J: Yes, I'm trying my best to make a change (laughter) Really, we understand each other more. Maybe in the early years music styles set the differences. If you step aside from your roots, you were sort of a traitor. You know, Punks with Punks. If you went like metal for instance, you were screwed.

MRR: Yeah, that always happened everywhere. But if you want a band that gives a 100%, do you have to be friends necessarily?

J: Of course! First you gotta like it, the mutual comprehension comes afterwards. But definitely there's gotta be chemistry.

MRR: Then, how do you explain little gig activity during 1997 - 98?

P: Well, Jorge already told you, it was due to a lack of tolerance. Now everything is fine.

J: But that's not the question! (laughter)

G: What happens is that we've been spending a lot of time in the studio working on new songs, polishing our style and finding each other as persons. It's been a time in which we've learned to show respect for ourselves.

MRR: Tell me about the lyrics.

J: Definitely no politics! They deal more personal topics.

MRR: Even though the name FUTURO INCIERTO sounds kind of concerned about something...

J: Not talking about politics doesn't mean you're not serious. If you take our name on a personal way, you'll never know actually what's gonna happen to us tomorrow. In fact, our lyrics are renegade and double meaning. Our manager says they feel Intimistic.

MRR: Manager?

P: We needed one.

G: Someone that could see the band from the outside. A voice that tells us what is right or wrong. If you're in, that's difficult to tell.

MRR: Not very common having a manager in this type of band...

J: You can stay independent even with a manager. Pick up the punk bands from the 70's, they had a manager and usually it was a close friend, like us.

G: Actually we focus on our needs. We don't care about the previous facts. Manager, director... call it whatever you like, we needed a second opinion.

MRR: Right, how do you feel about the current scene?

J: There's no Rock & Roll culture here, it's not popular either. Inclusively the law doesn't recognize rock music and independent foreign films as cultural manifestations, secondly, if you have no rock culture, it really gets tough for the people who're trying to do something for the movement. Some bands say: "We've sold 5,000 copies, therefore we're massive". That's bullshit if you're aware that your record could reach 4 million people. Here you rock because you just like it.

MRR: O.K., but now it's the right time because the alterno shit is stuffed with punk sounds and that's massive. You guys could get in that vein.

J: That's kind of a virtue, but at the same time it doesn't exist. Radio doesn't airplay local bands and record stores hide the material arguing that it is not economically viable.

P: Yeah! And the worst thing about it is that now we have negative vibes towards Peruvian bands. Blame it on the media, the people just follow.

J: Reality has a lot to do with it.

P: That's right. Having no money really sucks and if you buy some music, generally it's foreign bands.

J: You gotta survive in this economy. Your first concern is to get a job, to have a decent meal. Culture is pushed aside.

MRR: Now you sound political to me!

J: We're grown up and we realize it.

MRR: Musical quality and production are the key for FUTURO INCIERTO's releases, right?

J: Yes, unfortunately there's no response, though. Seems that the people here like mediocrity.

J: ...And punk music should be necessarily messy? Come on! We bust our asses searching for a good sound! You know... Some of those bands are really cool, but they record in such lousy conditions and I bet they love it! (laughter)

MRR: Sure! That could be a personal stand...

J: It's a shitty stand, though. If you are a mediocre and you do nothing about it...

That's pathetic! It's contagious man!!

MRR: Therefore, music or lyrics?

J: For me, the music is very important.

R: If you listen to a song in another language and you don't understand what they're saying, but you like the song; at the end of it, the music is what really caught you.

J: ...And you won't sing stuff like "I love my mom" or "Baby, I miss you". I mean, you can do it but in a more elaborated way, at least.

MRR: How do you take criticism?

J: Everyone is a critic out there. We've had 'em both ways, specially since "English Lessons". Some said: "Why in English?".

G: I feel that every comment is partialized, for good or bad. If you notice that, then you realize that is not easy being completely independent.

J: Frankly, I don't know what the hell is wrong about singing in other language.

R: There's no alienation here. Since you start doing things from a different culture, you could feel automatically alienated.

J: You know... I could never act as a critic just for the sake of it. I could voice an opinion, period.

R: People are more guided by self-thoughts. They just work based on gossip and stuff!

J: If you consider yourself a critic, you could deal with different music styles. There's no research! They go like: "I don't like this band, they suck!".

MRR: Yeah, a critic must be someone experienced. Do you have to be like that to form a band?

R: You have to be prepared for that. The experience doesn't matter. The point is you gotta know how to do it.

J: That's right! A band does not start from nothing. You do it because you like it, based on your musical taste.

MRR: You know... I had this question because I feel that a lot of 90's bands don't mean nothing to me...

P: I believe that this still goes hand in hand with attitude. Take a look at the past, confront it with the current days and see where actually you want to go.

GET IN TOUCH:

FUTURO INCIERTO

c/o Pedro Allemand, Jr. Tacna 428 - B

Lima 4 PERU

http://www.rockeros.com/futuro/futuroOsubte.coml



They're working hard for your favorite band it's the

Label Spotlight

Sned insisted on taking his shoes off for the interview. His feet stink. Bad. Washing them didn't help either. But, I wasn't going to let my stinging throat and teary eyes stop me from getting this interview done. Anyone who has listened to any of the punishment Flat Earth has sent forth will understand my reason for persevering. This interview took place in Frisco at the tail end of Sned's vacation on the West Coast. Tom H.

MRR: What's your name and how old are you?

FER: It's Sned, and thirties.

MRR: Thirties?

FER: Been around, still around. Is that good enough? I was there. Back in the day.

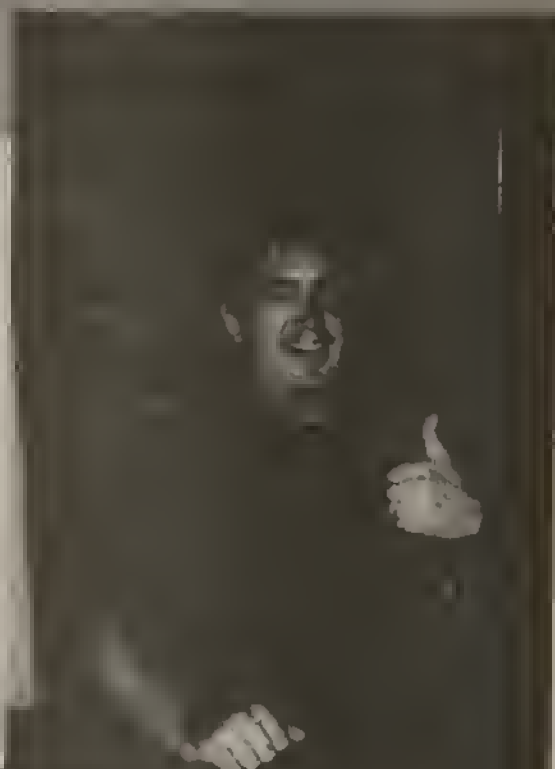
MRR: Does anyone else run Flat

won't sell, and it kind of balances out. I think the bands respect that, and we go along with what bands want to do, pretty much. It's informal.

MRR: Is there a record that you think people most associate with Flat Earth?

FER: LOSCRUDOS, I guess people know about that because they sold four and a half thousand records from just my side of things. DOOM sold quite a lot of their LP, like four to five thousand because they're quite well-known.

MRR: Is there a record that you put out that has been the least appreciated, that you were surprised people weren't excited about or interested in?



FLAT EARTH RECORDS

Earth with you?

FER: It started off as a kind of short-lived collective in about 1985 with some friends I lived with in Newcastle, called Flat Earth Collective. We did other stuff beyond music. It disbanded pretty quickly, and it soon just became me, and it plodded on very slowly until about '91 I decided I wanted to make something of this. My friend Alec helped, was doing it as well while I was away, and so we got together to be a force. He's moved on and it's back down to me. He's got bigger fish to fry. He's a dad.

MRR: Were there decisions that you made that you can point to that made it so your label was more than one record every year?

FER: It went very slowly because I didn't really want to get in debt too much. It took five years from starting it to getting to the point where I was able to help my friends by having enough money, because the money just goes back in from each release. I'm not making money out of it to buy yachts, cocaine, or anything. For every record that sells a lot, there's like a record that

FER: We just put out the KITO LP and that's probably one of my favorite records musically. I guess because it's between different genres, people can't just put it in a box or whatever.

MRR: What record have you put out that has been the least appreciated, that you pretty much expected people to not run screaming out in the street to buy?

FER: The WITCHKNOT stuff. Up to that point we'd been putting out a lot of screaming stuff with electric guitars at a very fast pace. WITCHKNOT were a bit slower and used different instruments and it's an all female band. That threw people, but it was also giving people an idea that, yeah, you shouldn't expect thrash. It's not a fucking thrash label. I consider WITCHKNOT as punk as anybody else.

MRR: Now the LOSCRUDOS European pressing that you did, how did that come together as an idea and as the nuts and bolts of getting it out?

FER: LOS CRUDOS were coming over to tour Europe, and I was helping arrange

the UK-Ireland part of the tour, which I was glad to do. It was something I had promised. They wanted their album out in time for the tour you know, rock and roll. Album, tour. That was a real rush job, you know. Actually the test pressing was approved over the telephone, because I was on another tour, and my friend was just playing it in the back. I should never have told you that. It wasn't just Flat Earth, it was Flat Earth and Nabate of Belgium, and distributed through Active. It was a collaboration.

MRR: So they sent just their tape, and you did everything like one of your releases?

FER: They zoomed over a DAT tape and they zoomed over some artwork real quick.

MRR: And then you paid for everything?

FER: Yeah, I just put it all out and gave them a bunch of records. It was really simple.

MRR: I know that licensing happens not irregularly, but not so often. Do you think that this would be something that would

be viable for smaller labels to do with each other, instead of shipping boxes over to country to country?

FER: I don't know. If somebody likes something enough, I guess. It's just economics of sending stuff and making it worth it. If it's worth doing, then it's worth doing.

MRR: DOOM to me seems like a huge band.

FER: Big patch band and they're on lots of bootleg T-shirts in Hollywood, in next to SKREWDRIVER T-shirts in these fucking boutique places. People selling the SKREWDRIVER shirts should be attacked. And Tang Records on Melrose in Hollywood sells Screwdriver stuff and you (MRR) shouldn't take their ads, and I think anyone passing by should go and fuck them. I don't know, not buy stuff from them at the least. I think the selling of SKREWDRIVER and other white power music would not be tolerated in the UK where I'm from, so it's quite a shock to see it out here because it would be closed down without a doubt. But it's one thing that's really made me crazy since I've been here, just seeing that shit, you know, it's just really offensive.

MRR: Do you have to work extra hard to make sure that there's enough records when you press a DOOM record? Is it at all more difficult to do stuff for DDDM than for anyone else?

FER: The LP and CD *Rush Hour of the Gods* I did with DOOM was very much just keeping it DIY, which they're very much into. I actually went through Cargo UK to distribute the CD and the vinyl, which we felt important to put out for the same price, with the same artwork and everything. All that stuff was coming out through the shops. None of the other stuff on the label really goes through any shops in that way. But I felt it was important to be in the shops, and, even if it's expensive in a shop it's got the price postpaid on the back of the record. There's a kind of myth about DOOM. I don't buy it. They're not rich people, and they're not rock stars.

MRR: They were on a profit-driven label, the Peaceville label before. Does that make them expect anything from you that other bands don't expect?

FER: No. They weren't particularly pleased with the Peaceville deal that they had, hence the album *Fuck Peaceville* on Profane Existence. When Peaceville started, it was just a guy making a tape label and then it moved to a DIY label. It's a shame on them that they get the shit because Peaceville turned into such a pile of shit. They were assured by Peaceville that the stuff would never get sold onto any kind of major label, and Peaceville sold out to Music For Nations. They sent DOOM this letter and so that's where all that *Fuck*

Peaceville story is from. So DOOM=DIY band.

MRR: Have you ever felt that you've been put on the spot by the actions of a Flat Earth band that looks badly on the label, that doesn't reflect your beliefs?

FER: Yeah, because we're not all perfect, and people in bands have done fucked up things like most people have. There's not really any specific incidents, though.

"It took five years from starting it to getting to the point where I was able to help my friends by having enough money, because the money just goes back in from each release. I'm not making money out of it to buy yachts, cocaine or anything. For every record that sells a lot, there's a record that won't sell at all."

I've never put stuff out by a band that I've not known well enough and that's turned out to be assholes. It's always kind of worked out okay, because the label's based more around ideas than the music style. I guess I'm lucky. We're all just one big happy family. It's true, I can't help it.

MRR: What do you do for the bands? Do you pay for the recording time?

FER: There isn't a set of rules. It's just per each release with each band. Generally I pay the recording up-front, and the pressing and everything. I try to pay bands in records rather than money because I've got a lot more records than I've got money...shitloads.

MRR: So do you still send out records without getting paid?

FER: I try not to anymore. I'm just offering a wholesale price because I can't be bothered to keep up the whole debt system. I think a lot of people who owe me money probably aren't maliciously trying to rip me off. I remember when I started a long time ago, and I wanted to take stuff from Alternative Tentacles to sell amongst my friends because it was cheaper than going to the record shop. They wanted money up-front, and I was like 'Damn, that's not fair! Twelve years has come around full circle where I'm not letting people have stuff.'

MRR: Maybe that's an experiment that's failed in punk

rock. Sending out boxes of records to people you barely know. People mean the best, but that just seems like a recipe for disaster.

FER: You just go by your instinct, don't you? My stuff's going to go through Bottleneck, or they can mail order it from me, or they can get it from Active. That's just how it has to be.

MRR: Have you settled on Bottleneck as your main

distributor?

FER: In the U.S. Generally it's Active who takes it, Active is lord. Bottleneck's seemed pretty cool. I've been there, and I liked them. The thing is people are so hung up about record prices. But people buy shit in supermarkets. People buy prepackaged whatever. It's a consumer society, and people should get perspectives sorted out on it. Now, that's the kind of argument some horrible sell-out would use, but there you go. But how important is it really? People can order the records. I don't want to talk about record prices.

MRR: I didn't ask you about record prices. I asked you if you were just going to go through Bottleneck?

FER: Oh, can I start again with that one then?

MRR: Sure.

FER: Bottleneck are pretty cool. I like their style.

MRR: They do have good style. Those guys dress very well.

FER: There's a little bit of gothic tendencies going on there, which is slightly worrying.

MRR: But it's all English bands, like the CURE and JOYDIVISION.

FER: Well, I love JOYDIVISION, but youth cultures of the 80s vary slightly. You Americans got some of it right, but not all of it.

MRR: Your address?

FER: I've been away for a long time.

c/o Bradford Music? PO Box 169 Bradford BD1 2UJ

Photo Flashback - circa 1991



Photo Flashback -



by G. MAXXAM

WAIFFLE

"Hell, Fire, and the Eyestones."

Interview by Shaun Fontana.

The first time I saw Waifle was at a house show in Richmond when they opened up for His Hero Is Gone. I didn't know what to think at the time other than they seemed serious half of the time, silly the other half, yet sincere the whole time. This weird combination had me intrigued, so I picked up one of their demos and kept in touch up until last winter when they returned to Richmond at the end of their tour. I was amazed by what they had in store this time around: the silliness was gone, the sincerity was pushed to the forefront and I would have to say that intensity had become the best way to describe the band because not one person at that show said a word or moved an inch while they played. It was if we had all become hypnotized. What follows is a conversation with Waifle's guitarist/singer Brent Eyestone. He, along with brother/singer Mark Eyestone, drummer Mike Presta (and whoever is playing bass for them this month) make up this Norfolk Virginia political screamo grind punk powerhouse. Enjoy!



photo: Lindsay - Myrtle Beach, SC.

Q: Given how much you guys have spoken out about high school shootings in the past, it seems only fit to start this interview by getting your feelings on what just happened in Littleton, Colorado. That is, if you have any...

A: Actually, I'm a lot more upset over this one because even after such a brutal massacre on such a grand scale, the media and the clueless still have the nerve to question "why." Well, we've always maintained that because of the socialization that starts in the teen years - the multilevel hierarchy that lasts until our final days - there are always going to be people who will feel beaten down, isolated, and alienated. High school is easily the cruelest setting you could ever put someone in. And when you're dealing with young adults going through sudden changes emotionally, physically, and mentally, drastic measures prevail and many more people are going to suffer as a result.

Q: That's sort of the message you're trying to convey with "Voted Most Likely to Start World War Three," right?

A: Well yeah, that... but the song is also a protest to the coverage of these events. The media are a huge part of the problem because they perpetuate things rather than help anyone or anything. In fact, the title for that song came from a newspaper report stating that some kid from some other state who shot a classmate was "Voted Most

Likely to Start World War Three" by his peers and teachers before the event occurred. You see these sorts of labels in every instance of a media outlet reporting the incident which in turn implies that your everyday kid-next-door is incapable of such things. It's like putting all of the blame for this societal problem onto some confused kid. Instead of beginning to examine what drove the kid to act out like that. It's like people just shut off their minds from what those four years of their life were like. Whether you were the one being put down, the one doing the putting down, or just someone on the sideline, you know deep down why somebody would do this sort of thing. And before I forget, I need to make it clear that Waifle by no means condones these actions...

Q: Why, are people like saying that you support shooting people?

A: Well, not that we tell kids to do it or anything! But yes, there has been confusion as to our message and we have been misrepresented by people on a few occasions. I think that the latest is this article on what "violent" kids listen to featuring this young man from South Carolina who was caught calling in a bomb threat to his school and citing us as one of his favorite bands.

Q: How does that make you feel?

A: To be honest, I don't know. I know that it's very awkward. I've never met the kid... I'm tempted to say

that I disapprove because I don't think that violence in the real world ever fixed anything permanently. I was an extremely violent child and I think all that accomplished was making everyone I knew deathly afraid of me. In hindsight, that's not a good feeling.

Q: But didn't the band used to be "breakfast violence" or something like that? (laughs). Actually, give me a brief history of Waifle.

A: Breakfast violence was something our friends in Manake started to lighten people up in the underground. We were bored that summer, so we (Mark & I) conceptualized the story of Waifle and hooked up with two of his high school friends to play drums and bass. We played a lot that summer...uh, I think it was like June 1997 when we started the band and we played that summer until mid-August with that lineup, recorded four songs, and then I thought we were dead because there was so much tension amongst everyone, growing pains I guess. There was definitely a lot of self-hatred, immaturity, and the Waifle-patented bassist-who's-really-a-guitar-player factor.

So I went back to school at Penn State and started doing work on getting 3 of those songs onto a 7" which ended up on my label. Both Mark and I started missing playing, so one night I asked Dave, the old bassist for Violent Society, to play drums and this kid Chris (another guitarist) to play bass. We did a weekend jaunt with His Hero Is Gone shortly after that. I think the only evidence of this lineup is a bunch of pictures and various video comps.

Anyway, the 7" came out on Valentine's Day of 1998. Dave couldn't play anymore, so we got another guitarist named Brian to play drums.

We played some shows that spring, practiced a lot, and went on a thirty day tour from mid May to mid June. We recorded fourteen songs in there somewhere and never played with that lineup again. Twelve of those songs came out as "The Music Stops, The Man Dies" - CD on the Magic Bullet/LP on Magister Ludi, one is coming out on a Lovitt Records tribute to Ric Flair, and the other will be a split 7" on Pensive with Stephen Brodsky from Cave In. A bunch of songs from the album also appear on numerous comps.

Then in the fall, I asked Chris and Brian to tour again and they were all for it, but flaked... so Waifle officially moved to Norfolk -

Q: Where you are now, right?

A: Yeah, we're still in Norfolk. But going back to the history part, we got two more guitarists to play - Leon and Mike. We did a winter tour and then Leon went through tough times shortly thereafter, so it's just been me, Mark, and Mike with no permanent bassist ever since.

Q: Wow, that's pretty crazy. How about

talking about the pricing of your records - how cheap they are. Is it because you just want to sell a bunch or is there more to it?

A: Yes on both counts! (laughs). Hell yes, we want as many people to have our music as possible. That's why we do stuff like having different versions of the CD's like without the jewel case and in polybags instead - so that if people only had pocket change at shows, we'll hook them up with the raw materials - CD, booklet, traycard, bag. They can assemble it in a jewel case themselves and save some money. The fully packaged versions with all the fancy odds and ends we sell for \$5 because I feel it's a fair, ethical price to charge. It covers our costs, gives us a little to support the tours we do and new projects, and also shows a little appreciation toward the listener because they don't have to go to the ATM or anything just to check us out and if they aren't into us, they won't be bitter because hey, it's only five bucks! I've always said that this is punk rock, not the goddamned mall, you know? So fuck all the bands and labels who feel that they are forced to charge what they do. We've always sold our CD's for \$5 and our 7"s for \$2-\$3. We have toured the country and haven't starved on a single tour because of our low prices, so why would any other half-decent band? I mean honestly, the only other band we played with who

speaks out against record prices is Operation: Cliff Clavin. If people want a fucking revolution out of all of this punk/hardcore experience, you can start by refusing to buy into (literally) inflated record prices and money grubbing bands and labels.

Q: Well, I would think that the hype factor surrounding you guys doesn't hurt things either!

p: Melanie - State College, PA

A: Are you talking about that fucking HeartattaCk best band thing?

Q: No, not just that - it seems like there's a bunch of hype on Waifle in other zines and just talking to people.

A: I don't know if hype is the right word, but yes, the fact that people write and talk about the band certainly contributes to the longevity and popularity of the band. I don't think it's hype because for me that implies selling an inferior product or something. In truth, we work very hard at what we do and we spend a lot of time making the extra effort you need to really connect with people. I guess that just shows a little better with us than the standard cookie-cutter band deal.

Q: I'm going to try to avoid sounding lame, but Waifle has kind of mainly been a HeartattaCk sort of band, so do you think people might find it strange to see



a waifle interview in Maximum Rock N' Roll?

A: Oh god, what the hell does that mean?!?! (laughs). Well, I'll say this. I'm pretty sick of all the I guess inter-zine bashing going on these days and all of the segregation it's caused. I can tell just by the question you asked... it's like there's an MRR-type and a HaC-type of band. What is that all about? Let's face facts, MRR has been around forever and it's from these roots that zines



p: Brent - Gainesville, FL

like HaC and even all of those generic, faceless, slick indie rock zines that only interview the same live bands sprung from. All of today's sub-genres and cliques in the underground are based in the hardcore punk ethic of the early 80's and it seems like there's a desire to resent that...

Q: What do you mean by that?

A: What I mean is that you've got stuff like indie rock bands who refuse to play with crust bands and that sort of thing. You hear all sorts of bands speak of "getting on the right bills," meaning that if you're an emo-rock band, you only want to play with other emo-rock bands who you're trying to emulate. If you're a grindcore band, you only want to play with other grind bands...

Q: So let's pretend that Waifle had that attitude - who would you guys play with all the time; what clique would you assimilate into?

A: I guess if you went by the fact that we predominantly play screamo or heartcore (or whatever they call it), I could see us pigeonholed in a coop with bands like You & I, a great band from New Jersey who recently laid it to rest. I've heard a lot of mention of this band Sactia, but I haven't heard them yet, so I don't know if it's a compliment or an insult. Maybe Zegota, who we've played with a couple of times and get along great with...

Q: Okay, so -

A: Wait, can I go back and finish a thought?

Q: Yeah, sure!

A: Well, I wanted to make it clear that the whole attitude

and approach of only playing with like-bands is the worst thing a band can do. One of the first shows Waifle ever played was with five more traditional/crusty punk bands - I think it was U.S. Expulsion, Defiance, the Insignificant... Anyway, we showed up with our short hair, jeans, t-shirts, snft shoes, I may have even been wearing a sweater... Anyway, we walk in and every spiked head turned our way. It would have been really easy for a band that looked like us to interpret these stares as a negative thing... as an omen. I'm sure every fucking "emo" band I've seen in the past year would have high-tailed it out of there. But we stayed, started talking to people, set up, played, and ended up having some of the greatest conversations and most honest discussions of our lives. It's unfortunate because I know that crusties over here get slagged a lot for being too drunk to be into a lot of the politics, but I can tell you that at every crust show we've played, the punks have been way more into it than the traditional PC hardcore political shows we play a lot. I guess the PC shows tend to be more about spewing rhetoric whereas the crust shows are usually about individual opinions, some of which can be eye-opening. I'm not trying to perpetuate separation by saying this. I just wish people in the underground would blur the lines a bit more between the different sub-groups.

Q: So you'll play with anyone I take it?

A: Pretty much. on our last summer tour, we broke it up by doing the first few shows with a lot of poppy punk bands before meeting up with the Flesh Eating Creeps for a few days in the Carolinas. They're straight up old school hardcore punk. Then we joined up with the Encyclopedia of American Traitors, total political hardcore/metal. A few days later we were in Florida playing a few with Scald and their emotional rock. That whole mishmash really made for the best time. To be honest, we try to stay away from "music store" bands, bar bands, bands that wear sunglasses, and any band that covers Rage or Korn or stuff like that. Those types of bands always tend to do things



p: Julia Boyett - Valdosta, GA

that infuriate me and I end up almost fighting them and screaming at them while they play (laughs).

Q: I've noticed that the new lineup is a little less outspoken with the political agenda. Is this a conscious effort?

A: I wouldn't say that we ever had any sort of agenda. I realize that bands who play a similar style to us usually

only sing about angels, stars, bleeding hands, and stinging and burning eyes, but we just haven't been drawn to that as much. The expression of politics in song and in words came about because that's what we needed to get out in those cases.

Q: But do you kind of understand what I'm getting at?

A: Sort of... you think we talk less or something?

Q: Not just that, you guys just seem a little... happier (?) now when you play. I don't know if that's the right phrasing.

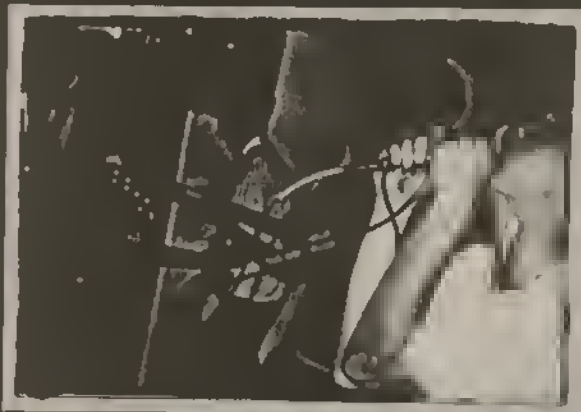
A: Actually, I think I understand, so I'll tell you this... through my experience with Waifle, I've come to understand that to expect much more from hardcore and punk than just communication and holding onto the beautiful thing known as youth is pointless. The answer to the world's problems isn't sitting in my record collection or the VFW down the street. I haven't seen the punk community as a whole get organized and take on some huge corporate or government entity. Hell, most of us don't even respect people and things outside of our narrow tastes. I still have my punk ideals. But instead of talking so much between songs, I focus more now on how I personally live my life and hope that if my ideals are truly golden, then they will rub off onto the people around me who will in turn rub off onto others. It's the domino effect and it starts with me being happy about myself.

Q: Is it working? (laughs).

A: I guess. My problem is that so many people don't get things like sarcasm, humor, and irony. It's sad. I find myself often laughing at things all by myself these days. You really have to watch what you say around certain people. How everyone got so uptight in the world is beyond me. It's like you're a human, you know what's going to happen to you in the end, why waste a second being so miserable?

Q: Well, the tape is running out. What does the future hold in store for Waifle?

A: The CD is coming out in vinyl format on Magister



p: Mike Vanderhoof - Norfolk, VA



p: Paige Foster - Lancaster, PA

Ludi Records with a huge 20 page booklet. We're also collaborating with Steve from Cave In on a 10" project for that label. We've got a split 5" picture disc with us, Mancake, Jeony Piccolo, Blower, and Force Fed Glass us, Pensive, a split 7" with Stepheo Brodsky, a picture disc LP/CD tribute to Ric Flair on Lovitt, and just far too many records to get into now. I'd like to add a permanent bassist soon. We've decided that it will be me, Mark, and Mike forever, so it would be nice to find a bassist who we could lump in that category. Other than that, we'll probably play more shows this summer. We've already accomplished way more than we ever set out to do as a band, so at this point we're just enjoying everything and not stressing over anything music-related.

Q: Any final thoughts or closing comments?

A: Thanks a ton to you and MRR for doing this interview. And anyone who reads the whole thing - I imagine this is going to be a long one. I guess all I have to say is that we'd really appreciate people getting in touch just for the hell of it. It's summer, so enjoy the weather, make some new friends, write some letters, and try something new.

DISCOGRAPHY:

- * "August of 1997" - 4 song demo
- * Food Not Bombs benefit compilation (St. Louis)
- * "Breakfast Violence" 3 song 7" (the Magic Bullet)
- * "Seize Control" - benefit compilation (False Sense)
- * "Se Cauto, No Casto" - benefit compilation (Deifer Records)
- * "The Music Stops, the Man Dies." 12-song CD (the Magic Bullet)
- * "Can't Stop This Train" compilation (Jolo the Team Player)
- * Nothlog Left # 9 compilation (Nothing Left)
- * "The Music Stops, the Man Dies." 12-song LP (Magister Ludi)

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HOLIDAYS IN THE

the
fourth
annual

SUN

TEXT BY TIGER LILY, WITH HELP FROM JESSICA WAY

PHOTOS BY TIGER LILY (MY LETTER TO THE WORLD 'ZINE)

MORECAMBE, ENGLAND On June 4, 1999, the fourth-annual Holidays In the Sun punk extravaganza seized The Empire and proceeded to rock the mudflats of England's northwest until the tide swept in on June 6. The 38,500 residents who witnessed last year's bolsterous bacchanal apparently didn't mind a repeat performance: they greeted the 2,000 punks and skins (mainly from England and Europe, with a sprinkling of Americans) who swarmed into the seaside town once again to distribute their wealth (or lack of) among the bounty of B&Bs, pubs, burger/hot dog/fish'n'chips stands, and bingo parlors. One can only guess what thoughts ran through the minds of Morecambe visitors as they sidestepped folks with gravity-defying hairdos and glinting body armor.

Thanks to Darren Russell-Smith, Jessica and I returned, looking not to wax nostalgic about punk past (hell, I was barely out of diapers when the Damned released "New Rose" in 1976, and Jessica was barely a twinkle in her parents' eyes when punk gobbled on the face of 1977) but to celebrate its endurance with like-minded revelers. And maybe, over the course of three days, see whether or not punks grow old gracefully.

This year's shindig welcomed a new venue, The Empire. Double the capacity of last year's Dome, The Empire featured myriad levels that offered a bevy of vantage points for short and tall alike; its four bars and countless restrooms were undoubtedly lavished with as much attention as the record/video/t-shirt vending room. Also new was the boom in American bands. Though it was odd seeing them on this side of the Atlantic (us being two Yanks), the U.S. representatives were a treat for the Europeans and by all accounts well-received.

Once the travel dust lifted, everyone appeared fresh and vibrant on the first day, raring for the aural onslaught — nine bands in nine hours (if you were hardy enough!). All hail the stage managers who kept the performances running as scheduled! (After going to the Social Chaos Tour in the U.S. this summer — the San Francisco gig in particular, where TSOL pretty much stole the show — we now truly appreciate the importance of their job; on the same note, we're also deeply grateful for the friendly Holidays In the Sun security and staff.)

Saturday's endurance test crammed 14 bands in 13 hours, and scads of attendees who hadn't quit drinking from the night before were already nodding off by noontime on benches and patches of grass lining the waterfront promenade. A number had managed to crawl into the venue and pass out inconspicuously in dark corners, while others created minor traffic jams in the middle of walkways and staircases. As the day wore on, more people followed suit; I imagine some actually made it into a bed since The Empire never looked quite like a third-world hospital ward. Even the spunkiest of punks found their eyelids straining to stay open long before Sham 69 hit the stage at around 1 a.m.

On Sunday, a rousing rendition of "Drinkin' and Drivin'" closed another chapter of this trouble-free, punk- and alcohol-fueled bash, which honestly felt more like a huge party than a concert. Back to reality...until the next Holidays in the Sun, which will take place May 5-7, 2000, in Ostend, Belgium; confirmed acts include Cock Sparrer, the Angelic Upstarts, and Stiff Little Fingers. Though it was originally slated for September 1999, we're not too upset: this delay only gives us more time to save our pennies. And save we better, since yet another Holidays in Morecambe is on the board for July 2000.

Try as we might, we didn't see every band, even though we were in the venue about 80% of the time each day. (Amazingly, The Empire is large enough that it was possible to be inside but miss a band while in the throes of gossip-monging, friend-making, and thirst-quenching.)

We did manage to take in the following acts, however:

DAY ONE

THE DAMNED
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
UK SUBS
THE WERNT
THE VARUKERS
SICK ON THE BUS
RED FLAG 77

DAY TWO

SHAM 69
THE DICKIES
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
ONE WAY SYSTEM
VICE SQUAD
999
SLOPPY SECONDS
CONDEMNED 84
US BOMBS
SPLODGENESSABOUTS
FUNERAL DRESS
THE STAINS
SIC BOY FEDERATION
BEERZONE

DAY THREE

THE BUSINESS
DROPKICK MURPHYS
PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES
MURPHYS LAW
SPECIAL DUTIES
ANTI-HEROS
OXYMORON
SNAP-HER
THE WARRIORS
SENSA YUMA



SHAM 69

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

LILY'S COMMENTS: If I broke into Animal's wardrobe, would I find only leather trousers, tight black T-shirts, and sunglasses? I wondered, as the crowd's fervent singing eventually drowned out Animal's vocals.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: They play the same songs everytime I see them but I still love them live. One question though: Are they bikers or are they leather fags?
SONGS PLAYED: "For You," "Let's Break the Law," "Woman," "So What," "Streets of London"

THE BUSINESS

LILY'S COMMENTS: Micky Fitz hugged the barriers practically the entire time, feeding his microphone to the ravenous bunch. During the finale, about 100 audience members vaulted on stage to join the band in an extended version of "Drinkin' and Drivin'."

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: I've seen them many times in California, but apparently they don't play England very often so the crowd's enthusiasm was very high.

SONGS PLAYED: "Harry May," "Saturday's Heroes," "Out in the Cold"

CONDEMNED 84

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: A real highlight for me at the festival. Strong performance by one of the most legendary skinhead bands of all time. Every single skinhead present had gravitated to the front of the stage before the band had even started playing; it was possibly the largest concentration of skins I'd ever seen in my life.

SONGS PLAYED: "Teenage Slag," "Skinhead," "We Will Never Die," "Oi's Not Dead," "The Boots Come Marching In"

SONGS PLAYED: "Gigantor," "You Drive Me Ape (You Big Gorilla)," "I've Got a Splittin' Headache," "Solitary Confinement"

DROPKICK MURPHYS

LILY'S COMMENTS: Their songs sound more and more like sea chanties with new singer Al Barr (ex-Bruisers) at the helm.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: Al Barr still doesn't do it for me as the new lead singer, but the Europeans seemed to enjoy it.
SONGS PLAYED: "Caught in a Jar," "Finnegan's Wake," "Never Alone," "Curse of a Fallen Soul"

MURPHY'S LAW

LILY'S COMMENTS: Having no idea what their popularity level in Europe (or the U.S., for that matter) is, I was impressed by the horde of people wrestling for mic time with Jimmy Gestapo.



CONDEMNED 84

SONGS PLAYED: "Sit Home and Rot"

999

LILY'S COMMENTS: I like them more than I realized and was glad that I stayed for (and paid attention to) much of their crowd-pleasing set. Singer/guitarist Nick Cash, I guess, is always emblazoned with the 999 logo. Arturo Bassick (ex-Lurkers) handled the bass lines.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: Excellent, as always.

SONGS PLAYED: "Feeling Alright with the Crew," "Homicide," "Nasty Nasty," "Little Red Riding Hood"

OXYMORON

LILY'S COMMENTS: I don't remember where I was during their set, but I recall them being quite catchy and fairly young. Lead singer Sucker no longer has a mohawk.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: The best new band to perform at the festival. Lily said the singer was looking at my butt.

SONGS PLAYED: "Beware," "The Factory"

PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES

LILY'S COMMENTS: Perhaps the funniest band of the festival, which may or may not have been due to guitarist Del's slippery fingers and sloshed state.

They induced more crowd-surfing than any other band this weekend, with loads of well-timed surfers narrowly missing each other as they went head over heels over the barriers into the waiting arms of security.

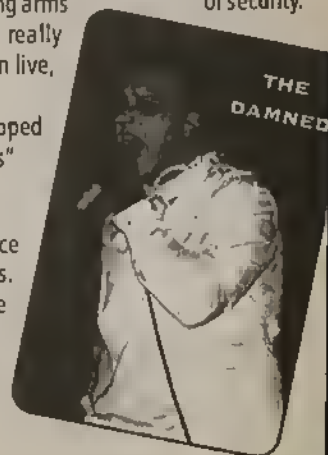
JESSICA'S COMMENTS: Peter's really sweaty and really disgusting. They're fun live, though.

SONGS PLAYED: "Up Yer Bum," "Moped Lads," "The Jinx," "Banned from the Pubs"

SENSA YUMA

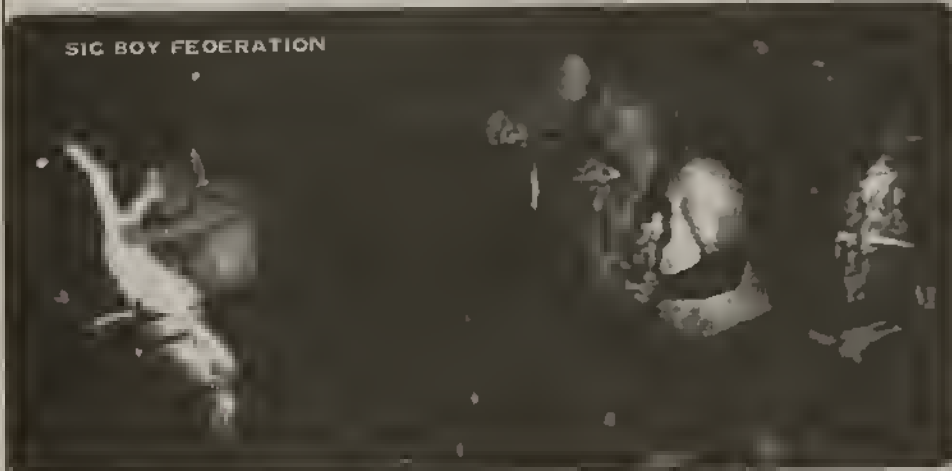
LILY'S COMMENTS: A five/six-piece improv (?) troupe with GBH's Jock and Ross. According to the singer, the average age of the band is 37.

SONGS PLAYED: I had no clue; not sure they did, either.



THE DAMNED

SIC BOY FEDERATION



THE DAMNED

LILY'S COMMENTS: Judging by his enduring good looks, Dave Vanian must've made a pact with the devil; Captain Sensible, who makes me cringe, just might be yuck incarnate. Patricia Morrison (ex-Bags, Gun Club, Sisters of Mercy), by the way, played bass. Their goth/dance phase seemed to have infused even their punkest numbers, most of which were not spared extended dance remix fever.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: Dave Vanian never ages. It's really eerie....

SONGS PLAYED: "Neat Neat Neat," "New Rose," "Looking at You," "Love Song," "Wait for the Blackout," "Smash It Up"

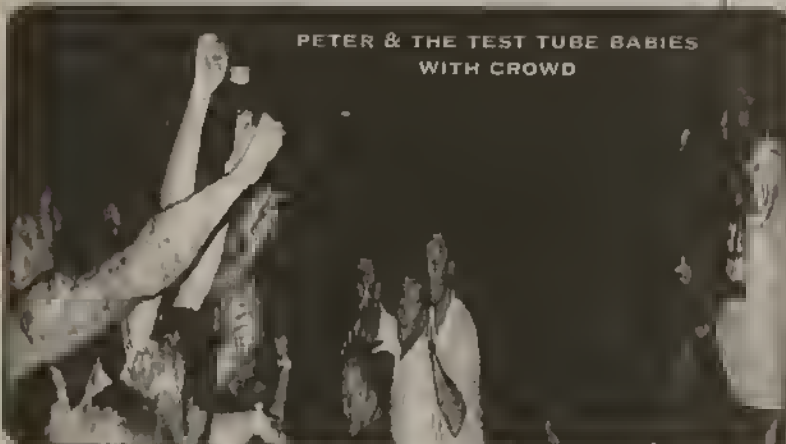
THE DICKIES

LILY'S COMMENTS: They were much more energetic than when I saw them open for Gwar about five years ago. I even enjoyed the testicle/sock puppet show.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: I hate the penis puppet — give it a rest!

SHAM 69

LILY'S COMMENTS: Wow, Jimmy Pursey sure has quite a set of teeth on him. One of the more anticipated bands this weekend; unfortunately, they didn't live up to my expectations. Jimmy and company showcased a legion of new songs before reviving some oldies, but the classics were so spread apart that it was difficult to drum up and maintain the right amount of enthusiasm for each. The second airing of "Borstal Breakout," however, seemed to renew flagging energy levels. One guy even scrambled over the balcony railing onto a suspended speaker, then jumped on stage. No fights broke out and no one threatened Jimmy (at least, not that I heard), which was a wonder considering Sham's troubled past. Hopefully this new leaf is more than just because everyone was ready to drop dead!



PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES
WITH CROWD

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: They were less washed up than I expected them to be. Jimmy let the audience sing a lot of the songs for him. At least I can say I saw them once.

SONGS PLAYED: "Hurry Up Harry," "Hersham Boys," "Angels with Dirty Faces," "Ulster," "Borstal Breakout" (did they *really* mean to play it twice?), plus what seemed like their entire new album

SIC BOY FEDERATION

LILY'S COMMENTS: A freak show (this one presented crucified gogo-twitchers and baseball with blow-up dolls) always draws a throng of gawkers. Basically a punk version of Gwar but with more tolerable tunes, less food coloring, and virtually no dismemberment.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: Music less tolerable than Gwar. The only reason I watched was because of the half-naked body builder they had running around on stage.

SONGS PLAYED: I don't know if their songs actually have names; the set sounded like one long soundtrack for batting around vinyl vamps.

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS

LILY'S COMMENTS: A truly enlivening performance by these veterans; singer Wayne Barrett has a dynamic stage presence. Though "Quick Joey Small" was the only cover they really needed to do (and did), I must admit that the Slade ditty was a prime singalong (which One Way System probably did as well).

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: I thought I'd died and gone to heaven! I can't believe I saw them play, even though I was disappointed they did two covers ("Cum on Feel the Noize," "Anarchy in the UK") when they could've played two originals.

SONGS PLAYED: "Boston Babies," "I'm Mad," "The Bitch," "Cranked Up Really High," "Where Have All the Boot Boys Gone?"

SPECIAL DUTIES

LILY'S COMMENTS: With English beer prices what they are, I don't know how anyone could afford to toss drinks at the stage. But apparently some people could and did. Singer Steve Arrogant exacted his revenge by emptying his own pints on the audience as the original line-up ducked and plowed through classic numbers and a few newer bits.

SONGS PLAYED: "Violent Society," "Colchester Council," "I Wish It Were '77," "'77 in '82," "Bullshit Crass"

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS

LILY'S COMMENTS: A surprising number of fists punched the air in time to the dozen or so songs. All 24 of them seemed to have enjoyed themselves enormously.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: After I saw Splodge this year, I didn't feel so bad about missing their set last year.

SONGS PLAYED: "Two Pints of Lager," "Two Little Boys"

UK SUBS

LILY'S COMMENTS: Ever since I saw *Punk on the Road*, the revolting image of Charlie Harper, hair absolutely glistening with gob, immediately springs to mind whenever I hear the Subs. It's this very reason I kept a safe distance from the stage while they played. Beer's one thing, but bodily fluids are another matter entirely.

JESSICA'S COMMENTS: I was told that Charlie Harper is the oldest living punk rocker. It's definitely not untrue.

SONGS PLAYED: "Stranglehold," "Live in a Car," "Warhead," "Tomorrow's Girls"

THE VARUKERS

LILY'S COMMENTS: Singer Rat is probably the only original member left (bassist Marv played for Chaos UK, guitarist Biff is in Sick on the Bus) but the Varukers still deliver the goods.

SONGS PLAYED: "Soldier Boy," "All Systems Fail," "Another Religion Another War," "Protest and Survive"

VICE SQUAD

LILY'S COMMENTS: I still think Beki Bondage, who now looks like a member of Vixen or maybe an updated Runaway, looks better than she did in the '80s. The music, however, has not aged well with me.

SONGS PLAYED: "Scarred for Life," "Stand Strong Stand Proud," "Upright Citizen"

THE WARRIORS

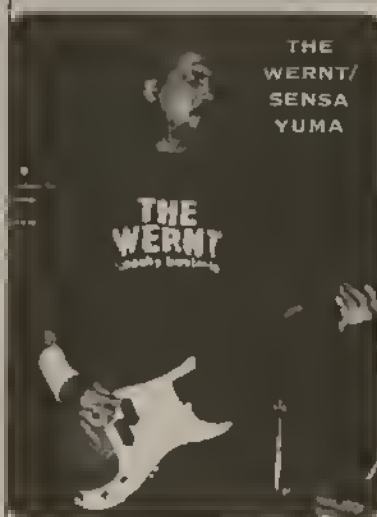
JESSICA'S COMMENTS: With ex-Last Resort members (singer Saxby and bassist Arthur) and James and Tarik from Gun Dog, these guys played a selection of Last Resort and Warriors songs with top-notch musicianship.

SONGS PLAYED: "Held Hostage," "Violence on our Minds"

THE WERNT

LILY'S COMMENTS: This supergroup (with the English Dogs' Wakey and Pinch and GBH's Ross and Jock) entertained with their brand of fast and furious punk.

SONGS PLAYED: "We are the Wernt," "Horror on the Line," "Pig Dog Killer," "Heads on Poles," "No Visible Shaft"



THE
WERNT/
SENSA
YUMA

THE
WERNT
sensa yuma

For more information about Holidays In the Sun, check out
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(PO Box 2650, Wells, BA5 1YL, UK).

Fantasies of the Master Race • Ward Churchill
 266 pages • \$16.95
 City Lights Books • 261 Columbus Avenue • San Francisco • CA • 94133



Ward Churchill is important. I mean Noam Chomsky, Emma Goldman important. Important in the sense that if you were to read a book by one author on Native Issues, repression against insurgent groups, or the implications of an Indigenous critique on Marxism it would be by Ward. If you were to choose one book to read by Ward it could very well be this one.

This is a reprint of a 1992 book of essays by Ward that had fallen out of print, so Ward revised it and City Lights printed it (In their usual high quality manner). Though I preferred the cover in the original printing (a woodcut of a cowboy using a dead Indian body as a shield) the new one (a television image of a native on horseback in a bull's-eye) is more relevant, as the theme of the book is the final stages of genocide: after the massacres, past the broken treaties, the stolen land, and the crassest race baiting. Even the imagery of Tonto and the Lone Ranger is seen as outdated in our time. The final stage of genocide is when the perpetrators of the act become the saviors of the last authentic people (victims). Kevin Costner's "sympathetic" treatment of Natives and the West is treated with contempt in a piece called "Lawrence of South Dakota". Carlos Castaneda is disdained for his spiritually bereft work in the Don Juan trilogy. Academia is generally treated with scorn for its fascination with White Folks acting like they're Red. Representation of Native America is called what it usually is: r-a-c-i-s-t.

The radical Native political scene shares many similarities with the modern punk-rock: the communities are geographically separated and very localized, the infighting is spectacular and very punishing, and the rhetoric is far larger than the issues or the personalities involved. Ward Churchill is an example. He has been "unanimously" expelled from the National American Indian Movement by their board of directors for manipulative and subversive activity. This sounds fairly serious until you learn that there are in fact two very separate AIM organizations. A "National" AIM that has moved in a more parliamentary and reformist direction and an AIM organization that is (allegedly) following in the spirit of the original AIM. With that said, the two AIMs have actually formed ideological camps based on authenticity and tactical approach to issues of Indian Sovereignty. The Bellecorris (a noted Indian family) appear to represent the National AIM, Ward and Russell Means are seen as the leaders of AIM. Accusations of non-Indianess, of being an apple (Red on the outside, White on the inside), and even physical attacks have been endemic.

This should increase the importance of this book and this figure in the context of MRR. Churchill is writing about an Issue that is of general interest and acceptance within punk circles. He does so with an acerbic wit and an acidic demeanor. His work is excruciatingly well-researched and written. Finally, the context of dissension and subjugation from which he speaks (if not de facto, de jure) should be of utmost importance to workers in similar pursuits, even if the answers he has are not seen as appropriate for all contexts. —Aragorn

Babylon Blue: An Illustrated History of Adult Cinema 1960-199B • David Flint
 1BB pages • \$22.95
 Creation Books • P.O. Box 13512 • Berkeley • CA • 94712



"Babylon Blue is not primarily concerned with censorship, morality or social attitudes towards adult movies. It would be impossible not to touch on these areas, of course, but this is primarily, a film history. As such, I've tried to write it in much the same way as I would any other genre history - concentrating on the important film-makers and individual movies, themes, and trends in the genre over the years and public reaction to it."

Hey, what a coincidence: another book about the history of Adult Cinema. Was there some big porn anniversary recently or is everyone just trying to cash in on the Boogie Nights porn-is-now-cool bandwagon? Porn is garnering lots of mainstream attention, not to mention acceptance these days, creating a windfall of new books covering every aspect of the industry. Instead of documenting the history behind the porn industry like the amazingly comprehensive and heavily researched *Pornocopia*, another recently released history of Adult Cinema, *Babylon Blue* is just a film history. But one that "includes a stunning eight-page, full-colour section."

Written by Britain's foremost sex historian David Flint, *Babylon Blue* is the newest addition to the Creation Cinema Collection, launched by Creation Books in 1994. Known for documenting the more extreme and experimental corners of film-making, the Creation Cinema Collection features in-depth, illustrated analyses of films, directors and genres that remain largely ignored yet are highly influential. Previous volumes include *Killing for Culture: An Illustrated History of Death Film from Mondo to Snuff*, *Desperate Visions: The Films of John Waters & the Kuchar Brothers*, and *Renegade Sisters: Girl Gangs on Film* and cover such areas as freak film, Beat cinema, cannibal culture, transgressive cinema, Japanese cinema, and pornography.

But first, an interesting tidbit of news surrounding the author. Early last year, Manchester's Obscene Publications police squad raided David Flint's home, seized 550 videos, his video recorders, bank documents, and computer, and told him that he was likely to be arrested for "possession with intent to gain" under Section II of the Obscene Publications Act, which carries a penalty of up to three years



imprisonment. A private collector of porn and editor of several UK magazines about the porn business, Flint is known for having the most comprehensive databank in the world on the history of sex films — from American “stag” movies of the forties, to British “nudies” of the sixties and nineties, to “couples” movies made by American feminists. He is also used as a source by the British and American Film Institutes. Flint was called several times by undercover police trying to set him up by getting him to sell them some tapes. He believes he was targeted because his work reflects the fact that consensual porn is being increasingly accepted by mainstream Britain. Months later, the police decided not to press charges and have promised to return everything that was taken, but as of yet, the police have returned only 10% of the videos.

It's amazing that Flint even had the energy or time to write *Babylon Blue*. But then again, maybe that's why there were so many omissions to the history. Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on the audience) the sizable graphics threatens to overshadow Flint's terse narrative, which amounts to only 183 pages (graphics and bibliography included). Despite the number of movies listed in *Babylon Blue*, the book offers only surface-level descriptions of mainly American heterosexual hard-core movies, hardly reflecting a complete history of the industry. As acknowledged by Flint in the introduction, “My own sexuality has precluded any detailed discussion of the gay porn scene. This is an important and vibrant part of the adult industry. Also missing is extended coverage of the remarkable sex industry of the Far East.” (In addition to any movie David Flint just didn't like.) But it's his book. Interspersed throughout the book are interviews with sexploitation producer David Friedman, screenwriter Antonio Passolini, director Lindsey Honey and porn actress/producer Jane Hamilton. Entertaining, insightful and humorous, these alone saved *Babylon Blue* from being tossed in the bathroom with all the other skin mags.

And calling *Babylon Blue* an illustrated history of Adult Cinema is a huge misnomer! Herstory is more like it. Last time I popped in a porno, chicks were sucking dicks, dicks were fucking chicks, dicks were fucking ass, and dicks were even fucking chicks with dicks. But not one dick to speak of in *Babylon Blue*. Undeniably women are the main draws in porn, but dicks are the real stars. Big, hulking, ever-ready, cum-on-demand, Paul Bunyan-sized dicks! To not show one picture or even so much as mention the biggest one of all, Mr. John Holmes, is a travesty! C'mon David, including one dick shot will not make you a fag, I promise. Flint included a still of Traci Lords who made porn when she was only a guppy, making all of her movies illegal to buy, sell or watch, but neglected to show even one of those infamous porno extra-long schlongs. Shame too, cuz there are a couple I've seen capable of turning anyone into an instant hard-core porn fan. —Catherine Cook

Those Damn Yankees: The Secret Life of America's Greatest Franchise • Dean Chadwin

264 pages • \$25.00

Verso • 180 Varick St. • New York, NY • 10014-4606



I never enjoyed watching sports on TV, mostly because I despise organized athletics. Baseball completely mystified me, appearing ponderous and boring whatever the screen size. I finally got an inkling of the game when someone took me to San Diego's Jack Murphy Stadium to see the Padres. Sitting in the stands on a sunny hot Saturday, drinking a couple of beers with friends, listening to the crowd and yakking with neighbors, watching the intermittent action on the field, baseball finally made sense to me as a pleasant social experience.

Reading Dean Chadwin's *Those Damn Yankees* is a lot like going to a baseball game. “Baseball, like soccer, is a game with long stretches of seeming inactivity between moments of high drama. Both games reward patience and sophistication in connoisseurs; however, for diehards, the challenge is to find ways of alleviating the restlessness between scores.” He's a baseball fan from the left who feels passionately that the national pastime has been thoroughly corrupted by monopoly capital. This basic indignation remains like a Brooklyn accent as Chadwin narrates the rise and reach of the Yankee dynasty; in the process slowly meandering through baseball's myth of moral uplift, the game's enduring racism, the obsession with statistics, stories and performances, and the callous disregard for anything except the bottom line by the thirty “special people who happen to own big league teams.”

Chadwin assembles a rapacious portrait of the New York Yankees as run by their petty, vindictive owner, George Steinbrenner, in the course of this book. With the payroll to purchase the best players and literally dismember rival teams, with tickets siphoned off to make friends and influence people in the media and city hall, with stadium and media revenues to make them “the wealthiest, strongest franchise in baseball, if not all of American sports,” the Yankees bought their success in 1998, according to Chadwin. He further argues that the team has so severely disrupted the already skewed competitive balance in the sport as to establish a virtually self-perpetuating, winning monopoly, at baseball's expense.

Not being a fan, I'll leave it to Chadwin to describe how baseball got so messed up, and why “new stadiums do not produce economic growth in cities.” He details the extent of the game's dependence upon corporate welfare, and why that “good reactionary” Steinbrenner is such a putz. He reveals that baseball's anti-trust exclusion is a matter of misguided legal interpretation and not legal statute. I'll also defer the author's solutions to restore competition in baseball (revenue sharing, expansion in large-market cities without penalties, and a system of team relegation) to folks more knowledgeable in the sport's structure and economics. Chadwin proposes community ownership of baseball teams, along the lines of the Green Bay Packers, to “prevent teams from moving,” insure “a more reasonable pricing



structure," and guarantee that teams remain "good citizens of their town;" an intriguing recommendation with much merit. It's not necessary to be steeped in the intricacies of the game in order to enjoy *Those Damn Yankees*, however. A resident of New York City, Chadwin's ire at the Yankees in particular and baseball in general is fueled by having to stand in long lines for limited, overpriced tickets and needing to pay the scalpers' markup all too often in order to attend a live game. His righteous indignation at baseball's corruption is not directed at his fellow sports enthusiasts "lacking inside connections" who must resort to the "green handshake" in order to gain access to their favorite diversion, but rather against "the lords of baseball" who collude to crush competition, fuck with the players and "weaken the game." His portrayal of the unruly, homophobic New York "bleacher creatures" comes from sitting next to them in the stands. The book's appeal is due in no small part to the author's personal enthusiasm and experiences as a baseball fan.

New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani comes off as "comically inept" when he's not dissembling or autocratic. Working hand-in-glove with Steinbrenner to foist an unnecessary and uneconomical midtown Manhattan stadium for the Yankees on the city, "Giuliani's desire [is] to create a monument that would outlast his eight years in office, as well as a series of public works projects that his favorite developers could profit from." Whether suppressing dissent "through intimidation and litigation" or demanding "lhumorless accord" beneath the veneer of civility, whether urging kids to ditch school to attend the Yankee victory parade or unmercifully prosecuting a Yankee fan who ran onto the field wearing a "Howard Stern for Mayor/Mayor Giuliani, Kiss My Ass" t-shirt, Giuliani is less than scum. For all Chadwin's populist zeal and fan ardor to make baseball once again a competitive, community-based game, he sounds a dark note by quoting Dodger manager Davey Johnson's remarks: "Parity is not the American way. The American way is to dominate somebody else." Recognizing that "Inlever are we more likely to lecture to the rest of the world than in the afterglow of victory" the author perceptively writes: "New Yorkers are not good losers." "Yankee fans are not interested in sportsmanship or in facing an opponent with a sporting chance," he comments. "They are a hegemonic nation interested only in the claims of monarchy, a tribe set on domination." He reminds me of another great baseball fan, Tim Yohannan. Tim Yo used to make a distinction between the bloody competition of organized sports and the leisurely, enjoyable game of baseball. Tim would have been the first to point out however that baseball cannot remain pure and untouched by the greedy, predatory nature of capitalism.

Those Damn Yankees is an unhurried and irreverent political exposé written by a conscientious baseball fan for people who may or may not give a fuck about the sport. Slow-paced but well-written, it's a study in political venality and capitalist profiteering emblematic of American society. If you've got the time, this is a nice read. —"Lefty" Hooligan

KILLER IN DRAG • Ed Wood, Jr

164 pages • \$9.95

DEATH OF A TRANVESTITE • Ed Wood, Jr

172 pages • \$9.95

Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th Street,
Room 503 • New York • NY • 10011



Some have claimed him to be a misunderstood genius, others the second coming of Christ, but to most he is just a hilarious filmmaker with a small budget. Yes, Ed Wood the angora wearing, vodka gimlet drinking, shoestring budget director has contributed more to this cold world than just his celluloid masterpieces, his novelettes. The Misfits introduced Ed Wood's legacy to punk rock, then years later Tim Burton recreated Ed's oddities for the big screen, now his short gems of fiction are back on shelves everywhere ready to arouse and entertain. *Killer in Drag* and *Death of a Transvestite* are loosely based on the main character from his 1953 film, *Glen or Glenda*. Glen is Ed's alter ego. Glen is handsome, strong and admired by women as a man and when cross-dressed as Glenda, men's eyes pop and jaws drop from "her" beauty. Glen or Glenda is more of a high school health film explaining the strange lives of transvestites, with unforgettable bit scenes of Bela Lugosi that

has little place in the plot. On the other hand, these books deviate from the simplicity of the film with more action, more sex and more plot weirdness. In the film, a masculine Ed Wood plays Glen and Glenda without the sophistication of Glen nor the immense sex appeal of Glenda that is displayed in these books. There is plenty of recycling of text, same as Ed's filmmaking, so when reading it would be best to put a few weeks or months in between these two books.

The first triller is "Killer In Drag". Glen is a hired gun for the syndicate. The first chapter is one page long and starts with the beginnings of Glen taking a "job." By the second chapter, Ed is already making it clear that some transvestites are heterosexuals, as Glen lingers in bed with Mona, a woman of the night who loves Glen for no charge due to his abilities. This is an important point to Ed Wood that he consistently in *Glen Or Glenda*, protecting and clarifying his sexuality.

In this hard-boiled crime story it's Glenda that does the killing. She's beautiful and deadly with her falsies and high heels. This book moves fast, by page 14 (chapter four) there is already a killing, Greenbaum. One homophobic comment from Greenbaum after Glenda lets Glen's voice slip, and he meets Glenda's .32. Glenda saunters out with an extra two grand, (in 1965 that's quite a bundle,) under the syndicate's nose, plus the cash she's earning from them, sweet deal. The sensitive side of Glen cannot live



like this and wants to distance himself from this well paying profession. Of course this is impossible, or at least difficult, once involved with the mob or a gang or any other rough hoods to walk away. Introduce Dalton Van Carter an old transvestite with power and a lust for others like him. Glenda seeks him out for help. In Glen's mind he is willing to do whatever it takes to seduce Carter for his help and protection. Glen's ability to cross-dress is locally acclaimed and makes Carter excited for their meeting. "The aged drags eyed all, but popped their sockets when they lighted on Glenda as she glided into the room." Carter was taken by Glenda's charms and quickly treated this meeting as a date. Once in bed, instead of getting hot manly love, Carter was assassinated. Glen was confused, lost, blood-covered and in drag. In the mad dash out of Carter's place Glen left his purse behind, framing him more than if he had stayed next to the dead body shaking in his silk nightie. With the syndicate and the law after him, the only thing to do is to hightail it to California.

Glen's magical transformations into Glenda and vice versa happen so frequently during his escape it's hard to keep track of his heels and ties. Ed Wood's usage of gender pronoun helps somewhat, but every situation he meets on the way there is the inter-tension of gender and which persona he should choose. As Glen, he rambles into Lamarr, CO. Over drinks at the local pub he learns more about this town than he should have, corrupt cops and carnivals. What a twist, throwing in a carnival is as Ed Wood as one book can get, but Glen with all his killing money buys the damn carnival, truly amazing.

Using the carnival as a cover might have worked if the corrupt cops did not start extorting him for big kickbacks immediately and if the bad weather did not drowned out any chance of making a few bucks. As more and more trouble builds at the carnival so do strange sexual relations between Glen and Red, the town hooker. She doesn't want to understand his off-beat ways and panties, but he wins her admiration by being more of a lover than she ever imagined. Things heat up to the point of Glen having to flee with Red's help and a bit of gender bending. After a few twists and turns, the town cops no longer hold a threat and Glen's on his way to Los Angeles. Red was left with only a number of a brothel in New York that Glen gave her and the loss of her extraordinary lay. The last chapter leads straight into *Death of a Transvestite*. Similar to this book's opening a drag queen is asked to make a hit for the syndicate. This transvestite is not as pretty or deceiving as Glen, yet because of his self-hate he might be just the one to track the notorious Glenda. New information just in from sources in New York, Glen's heading for Los Angeles and the syndicate wants him dead for skipping town. Now the plot is all primed and ready for a sequel.

Death of a Transvestite has a *Dragnet* feel to it. This part of Glen/Glenda's mixed up life is full of warden's notes, police reports and confessions. "Introduction to Fate" is the subtitle for chapter one. The opening scene is in Glen's cell; the police finally caught up with this vicious syndicate killer. This chapter is written first person from the warden's point of view. This book is all over the place, recapping long passages from *Killer in Drag*

through police reports, and the great thing is that Ed Wood's voice never changes. In confessions the writing sounds exactly like the police reports and the warden's thoughts follow in the same manner and tone. Once again, truly brilliant. Ed Wood throws out a bunch of information at first, then fills in the rest of the story as he picks up where *Killer in Drag* left off with Glen running from those Lamarr cops and Red heading to New York City. The first information discovered is that the homely queen, Paul "Pauline" did indeed catch up with Glen in Los Angeles and put Glenda in the hospital for some time, which is how the police arrested Glen. Red did use that number that Glen gave her. In the process of getting set up with a new job, she walked right into the syndicate's arms and lost not only the information she was carrying about Glen and his California destination, but also her life. The character Paul "Pauline" Hefner's psychology is deeply examined in police file #398, his condensed diary. This charts Paul's tortured youth and first high school killings along with other life tragedies that lead him to the life of a syndicate killer. This is one wicked transvestite with lots of issues. This character shows that not all transvestite killers have a soft, sweet loving side like Glen.

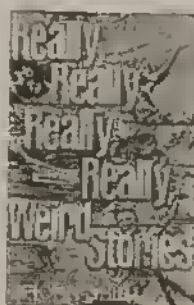
Before Glen is hunted down, a great deal of his time in LA is spent trying to win Cynthia Harland's affection. Glen meets Cynthia in a fender bender on the freeway and they both are instantly enchanted with one another. With Glen's usual luck, he falls for a taken woman, but she's has no problem with fooling around behind her sugar daddy's back, if she can just find the time. Of course the love of woman's clothes becomes an issue as Glen drops his pants and displays his woman's panties. Once again, as always, Glen's sexual performance makes Cynthia fall in love. How does he do it? This silly romance takes them to Sunset Boulevard bar hopping when a riot breaks out. And Paul is there too.

Ed Wood ends with Glen getting his final wish. And what would the last wish be for a man who loves angora? Read these two novelettes in a few hours and find out. —Tobin M.

Really, Really, Really, Really, Weird Stories • John Shirley, illustrated by Alan M. Clark

400 pages • \$13.56

Night Shade Books • 870 E. El Camino Real #133 • Mountain View • CA • 94040



Nine really weird stories, ten really, really weird stories; nine really, really, really weird stories, and nine really, really, really, really weird stories: all in all, thirty-seven stories arranged in weirdness so that each section of the book is weirder than the last, and it is. The book opens with a story about a prostitute who is addicted to drugs and is abused by her pimp. She answers an ad in the newspaper from a guy who is looking for a wife and promises to take care of her in



luxury. He happens to be the world's smallest man, who thinks he's a star—his next role will be as a sidekick to Arnold Schwarzenegger in his next major motion picture movie. The story's outcome is as twisted and crazy as the characters in it.

This book would be better labeled: "Warning: This book will create an irreversible altered state of your mind, and you will not be able to return to your normal life once read." Instead of science fiction. It's packed with stories from several genres: crime/suspense, science fiction, horror, erotica, and some that are beyond genre typing. Sometimes I felt like I was stuck in the middle of an episode of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* meets *The Twilight Zone*. The symbolism reminded me of the twisted cynicism of an Edgar Allan Poe creation.

John Shirley has a wicked willingness to use vivid imagery along with his skill in pacing to keep the story unpredictable. Besides the level of weirdness, the book remained surprisingly coherent. Part of the fun in reading this book was judging whether the last story was weirder than the former, which is easier said than done. I applaud the author for his choice of order.

As a whole, I have never been fond of books filled with short stories, but this collection definitely was one of the exceptions. I think the publisher says it best: "There's nothing we can do to prepare you. Nothing safe about it. No seat belts or crash helmets can protect you from the reality-shifting, thought-provoking, flat-out entertaining stories of John Shirley." —Mike Sexx

Liquor, Guns, and Ammo • Kent Anderson

296 pages • \$30.00

Dennis McMillan Publications • 1431 East Gunsmith Drive • Tucson • AZ • 85749



Once in a great while you hear talk of how a certain writer stands head and shoulders above almost all others. Ninety-nine percent of the time it's all hype, but that one time out of a hundred when it is true — well, it can be an experience you never forget. There are a handful of writers that I consider to be in this group: Jim Thompson, Donald Goines, Herbert Huncke, Hubert Selby Jr. are among them. For me, Kent Anderson's name can now be placed firmly on this list.

Liquor, Guns, and Ammo is Anderson's third book, a collection of non-fiction pieces mixed with never-before published chapters of his first two novels, *Night Dogs* and *Sympathy for the Devil*, as well as a screenplay for an unproduced biker film.

Kent Anderson comes from the school of writers that have no doubt lived the tales they tell and that is where the attraction lies. Anderson's writing is, at times, too realistic. At points it can become almost stomach-turning. This feeling of nausea elicited from the printed page is a feeling I have only experienced one other time, while reading Hubert Selby Jr.'s *The Room*. Any person that can put

words to paper and make them as powerful and unforgettable as Anderson does deserves a spot among the elite and revered. The writing throughout all these pieces is tough, no doubt shaped by the time Anderson served in the Merchant Marines, Green Berets and as a street cop in Oakland and Portland, but it never devolves to chest-pounding false bravado or self-parody.

Anderson opens this collection with nine pieces of non-fiction. They run the gamut from his take on blood sports in the form of bullfighting and cockfighting to the thought that "horses are a metaphor for every tragedy in our lives — more beautiful, more powerful and noble than we are — yet they are our slaves." In one of the more powerful pieces, the author views the bullfight, not as ballet or art but in regards to how it shows us "that every life is hard, filled with failure, ending in certain death, and our job is to face and accept it with courage."

Anderson has also covered *Solider of Fortune* conventions and Christian Patriot war readiness gatherings as well as the annual biker run in the Black Hills of South Dakota. These pieces are all printed in this collection. Anderson is not afraid to get his hands dirty and place his neck (or hands, as is the case in "Sturgis") on the line for his work. You can call that stupidity or tough-guy posturing, but that would be a knee-jerk reaction and it would leave you feeling foolish once you have read the work that comes from his observations.

"Shank," an unproduced biker movie script, makes up the middle of the book. The piece is presented in its script form, which some readers may find distracting at first. However, the focus should be on the realistic writing, the character development, the plot — not the layout. For "Shank," Anderson puts what he lived in his "Sturgis" piece to good use, making the script a piece of autobiographical fiction to a degree. "Shank" is one of nine unproduced biker scripts that Anderson has written over the years for New Line Cinema.

The last two pieces of this collection are previously unpublished chapters of Anderson's two novels, both of which were seen as too darkly realistic for the mainstream press when they were first submitted for publication. Both are now considered to be some of the finest writing of our generation. In the brief outtake from *Sympathy for the Devil* contained here, Anderson uses some powerful prose. Words and images that clearly show what war can do to a man, how it can twist him, make him a killer, a shadow of what he once was. In the outtake from *Night Dogs*, we see a somewhat more sympathetic character. The action is focused on a Vietnam Vet who returns to the world a very mixed up man, eventually landing a gig as a cop in Oregon. A sense of humor as well as sadness pervades this story as the protagonist is obviously performing tasks that he finds silly, if not somewhat distasteful.

Liquor, Guns, and Ammo is one the rare books that forces you to read it in one sitting; maybe it's the sense that something could go terribly wrong at any time that keeps the reader enthralled. Anderson has put together a collection with this book that is the literary equivalent of a car crash or bloody crime scene — you want to turn away, but your eyes are forced back to the carnage. A one in a million discovery, Kent Anderson is, without a doubt, one of the elite authors of our time. Don't miss out. —Trent Reinsmith

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE OL' BLAIR WITCH?

I want to believe in ghosts. I just haven't seen any yet. When I was a kid I would watch any cheesy television "investigation" into ghosts. I wanted to find a haunted house and go spend a night there, hoping to get a glimpse of a ghost. I read ghost stories, I had people tell me ghost stories. I could get myself really spooked out at the slightest thought of a creepy situation. It's a great adrenaline rush.

I feel like I need to give you this set up in order to justify my utter disappointment in a movie everyone else in the world seems to think is fantastic. Like everyone, I was looking forward to *The Blair Witch Project*. The trailer playing in theaters two-three months before it opened made it look so scary. I like to be scared instead of being grossed out, gore doesn't do it for me so *The Blair Witch Project* looked very appealing. I watched the special on the Sci-Fi Channel. It spooked me. I looked up the web site. I have never done that before. I was genuinely disappointed when all the opening night screenings sold out. I was delighted when we got tickets for the next night and didn't even mind waiting in line for a hour to get good seats. In short, I was really looking forward to this. Yet, I wasn't scared at all.

By now you know the story. Three student filmmakers doing a documentary about a legendary witch spend the weekend in the woods and never return. The footage is found a year later and that's what we are watching. It's a great premise. One that seems so good, I just can't understand where things went wrong. I figure that it was too much build up, though it's not the tight kind of build up and I think that's why it failed to deliver. It is a sociological study of people behaviors. We watch the characters go from getting along to fighting. Yeah, it's happened to me when I have been with someone constantly and they are getting on my nerves. These characters certainly were annoying. About half way into the film, I whispered to my friend that I wished the witch would just come and kill them so I wouldn't have to listen to them anymore.

The annoyance factor coupled with the fact that about 15 percent of the movie happens in the dark. Most of it occurs during the day while the filmmakers wander about in the woods. I may be quicker than others, but I could tell they were lost after about a half an hour. I didn't need to be beat over the head with the fact. It would have been nice to have had the other hour of the movie happen in the dark. Daylight just isn't that scary.

The important thing about a horror movie is the set-up. We don't get that much information on the Blair Witch who, after all, is what is behind this film. We get a few partial interviews that fill some details. The most interesting person interviewed is a crazy woman named Mary who actually saw the Blair Witch. Here's the perfect opportunity for some insight and possibly a weird interview, but Heather keeps interrupting Mary while she's telling the story. Heather is not a skilled interviewer. Later, a reference is made to something Mary said about the rock formations in the woods, Heather babbles about not paying attention cos Mary was "fucking crazy", though theoretically, shouldn't that part of the interview be on film? I would have liked to see it. At least one of the interviews lets us know the deal with the house and why Mike is standing against the wall. In that instance knowing and making assumptions, yet not seeing anything, made it creepy.

The biggest problem I have with the film is that people have been gushing at how scary it is. Did they see the same movie as me? There is no way that a person like me, who was so willing to accept the myth of the Blair Witch, and so ready to be scared shitless, should have come away from the film feeling so irritated at the undesired over-hype this movie has received and be in the very small minority of people who found this film

not scary at all. I have talked with many people who claim it was "the scariest movie I've ever seen", in an attempt to figure out how

they justify making this statement. No one has been able to convince me. The thing that it seems to come down to is a rationalization of it being scary because you didn't see anything. Your mind had to fill in the blanks and that is spooky. That looks nice on paper, but in this movie it doesn't hold up. Sure, being lost in the woods at night is scary, but I'm sitting in a sold out movie so I need a little more incentive. The whole thing seems more of an attempt to condemn the horror genre than an argument for the scariness of the movie.

In extreme contrast to *The Blair Witch Project* is *Run Lola Run*. *Run Lola Run* is a very stylistic German film. The colors are bright, the pace is fast and the music is techno, yeah that last part drove me crazy too, but if you can put it out of your mind, though it's quite hard to, the story will suck you in a bit.

Run Lola Run is the story of Lola, a hip woman whose boyfriend is a drug dealer. Her scooter is stolen and she is late picking him up from a deal. He freaks out, takes the train and accidentally leaves all the money on the train. That's bad. The man he's supposed to give it to will kill him, so he calls Lola to help him since it was her fault. I wouldn't touch that one since I would have just let him face the music after that comment. Lola is determined to help him and she only has twenty minutes. The resulting film is three interpretations of what could happen. Each episode starts the same way with Lola hanging up the phone. One small thing happens differently and that sets off the series of events that follow.

This is another great concept. I like the idea that the slightest pause can change the events in your life. Each series is completely different, but since you've seen each one, the turning point of each scene comes as a surprise. She dies, he dies, and they live happily ever after. A modern version of "if first you don't succeed...". She is determined, but not so self reliant, as the first person she heads to is her father.

The way the film looks is too 'music video' for my taste. The editing even goes along with the music. I have seen many references to Lola as a punk. She is unemployed, has dyed pink hair and has a pinball tattoo across her stomach which is, of course, revealed by her small tank top. I guess everyone thinking of MTV's version of punk and she fits into that. The film is filled with many other cliches too, though I guess they are American ones and this is a German film.

By the time you read this column both films will probably be out on video. I would suggest renting each one. You can fast forward *The Blair Witch Project* to the last three minutes of the film, but make sure you invite over 30 friends so you can split the rental cost. That way you'll each pay \$0.10, instead of the \$8.00 each of my friends shelled out. With *Run Lola Run* you can turn the sound down. It's subtitled. — Carolyn Kiddy

MINORITY OPINIONS A LA FRANCAISE

French-Canadian director Francois Girard stretched the art-film genre well past its snapping point with *Thirty-two Short Films About Glenn Gould*, which really does contain thirty-two short films about the classical keyboard legend. His latest high-concept art piece, *The Red Violin*, takes the form one step further telling its story from the point of view of a Baroque Italian violin. Or, more accurately, it's the violin's story as foretold by the instrument-maker's family maid cum soothsayer, who on the request of the instrument-maker's wife does a tarot reading. The cards reveal five tragic eras of the violin, an instrument whose unusual finish is the color of blood.

The first card tells of the violin's genesis in Cremona, where a tireless craftsman (Carlo Cecchi) creates his masterpiece, a violin with perfect sonic design. The birth of the instrument coincides with the birth of his son (and the death of his wife in giving birth) - and thus, the family blood and soul is captured in the in-

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

strument forever. From here, it goes to Vienna, where an orphanage has somehow gained possession of it. When a fragile young prodigy takes over the fiddle it's almost a marriage, one that soon brings the child and his tutor Georges Foussin (Jean-Luc Bideau) into the company of European tenebrosity. As with most movie characters diagnosed early on with a fragile heart, the boy succumbs to an early death.

The violin's connection with blood continues in England, when decadent violinist Alexander Pope (Jason Flemying) secures the instrument from a band of gypsies. The ted violin invigorates his artistic life not to mention his libido; he plays his violin while making love with his mistress lover (Greta Scacchi), and without losing a beat. However, Pope keeps fiddling around while his lover is getting inspired in Russia, and their reunion is messy on several levels.

It would almost be a shame if the violin weren't around for the Cultural Revolution, and that's where a closer devotee of Western music (Sylvia Chang, a household name in HK movie circles) discovers the instrument. By the standards of the time, Western music is not considered acceptably utilitarian, and the violin is very nearly destroyed in the ferment. Francois Girard may be stretching the blood metaphor too far to associate the violin with Red China, but this turns out to be one of the more invigorating chapters in the story.

The violin's final tarot card predicts its transport to America, where musicologist Charles Moritz (Samuel L. Jackson), on retainer from an auction house, discovers the violin's pedigree. Its sale is a race against time and fate, and Moritz is the only man who can redeem the violin's bloody past.

A set-decorator dream, *The Red Violin* looks fabulous, and at 130 minutes, has ample time to exploit every detail of the most elegant scenery from each era. But like music, the film is mostly an aesthetic pleasure, and aside from the patterns of the story and lots of violin music, there's little else going on here. It's the same movie as *Thirty-two Films About Glenn Gould*, except here there are only five narratives to handle, and a fiddle instead of a piano. Next time, Girard may want to make only one film at a time.

On the other hand, the well-reviewed international hit *The Dreamlife Of Angels* excels at being just plain ordinary. An ingratiating waif named Isa (Elodie Bouchez), her main possessions being an overstuffed backpack and a smile, makes spare change cutting illustrations from high-class magazines she finds in coffee shops and selling them, framed, to passers-by. She's an optimistic, plain-looking soul with a punkish bob and without anyplace to stay. Before long, however, she ends up rooming with Marie (Natacha Regnier), a morose but pretty blond just about her age. Isa pretty much accepts the world as it is, but her new pal expects more.

Their fortunes change when the pair try to get into a trendy local club. Despite some awkward early moments, they make friends with a pair of bouncers (who are still reluctant to let them in - apparently there's not much difference between trendy New York clubs and venues in small-town France). While Isa can't seem to get much of relationship going with anybody, Marie first strikes up a pragmatic tryst with the hefier of the bouncers, then the bouncer's manager (Gregoire Colin, who you might remember from Andre Techine's *Wild Reeds*, another acclaimed French film I didn't like). The boss has enough money and good looks to get away with dropping girlfriends on a whim, but Marie feels she's found her soulmate.

In the absence of relationships with people who talk, Isa watches over the victim of a traffic accident, a comatose young girl she hopes to revive. But when the girl finally does awaken, Isa realizes she has no claim to friendship with the girl, who's the daughter of the woman whose apartment she and Marie are house-sitting. The two girls are from different social strata, and probably won't meet again. The class system of the girls' world - which makes distinctions on superficials like pretty and plain, rich and poor (right

and wrong doesn't enter into it) crushes the dreams of the film's two heroines. Your ability to survive depends on your resiliency, and maybe on how much you have to lose.

The Dreamlife Of Angels has a winning, natural quality to it, and its climactic shock raised a few gasps out of my audience. But its dramatic arc is fairly flat, but not half that as the new film by Olivier Assayas, who attracted attention with *Irma Vep* not too long ago. His latest, deprived of HK idol Maggie Cheung, barely sputters before leaving you in its sleepy pall. Late September, Early August tells the story of young lives that revolve around Adrien (Francois Cluzet), an ailing writer living off the reputation of his first book. Each of his admirers, most in their early '30s, have only just begun to define themselves apart from their mentor, and that includes his teenage lover, his loyal pal Gabriel (Mathieu Amalric), and several couples in various stages of romance and breakup.

This cross-section of middle-life is captured with casual, almost mundane realism. Assayas' featsome subtlety is a virtue that easily turns into a fault, which is visible in *Irma Vep's* obscure film references, or in LSEA's dramatic restraint. In this case, the end-result may try your patience; only devoted fans of Andre Techine and Jacques Rivette need apply.

But there's good news. Those of you who find French films arty and dull might want to take refuge in a 1992 release - directed by a Finn. The name Aki Kaurismaki inspires loyalty among many international film fans, and his *La Vie De Boheme* excels as a straight-faced send-up of all the worst excesses of French films - not to mention the national character.

It's the story of three starving artists in modern-day Paris, poor not necessarily as a result of the inherent difficulties of being an artist; it's mostly that they're just plain bad. Schaumard's (Kari Vaananen) latest masterpiece involves banging random notes on the piano, then plucking some of the strings, a composition he calls "The Influence of Blue on Art". Marcel (Andre Wilms) is frustrated that no one will stage his play; the fact that it's 52 acts long and the size of a collegiate dictionary isn't an issue. And painter Rodolfo (Kaurismaki veteran Matti Pellonpaa), an expatriate from Albania, thinks he can make money by producing portraits that are nightmare images of his subjects. The trio work together like an informal commune, paying each other's rent or food bills when on or the other has run out of cash, and supporting each other's spirits during the dark times all artists have - which given this trio's ineptitude is just about all the time.

Pressing for effect, Kaurismaki films in black and white and employs the most painterly care in rendering the artists' garbage-strewn hovels. Kaurismaki claims he wanted to make a bad film, one nobody would like - a remark, perhaps, that comes from a sense of modesty, because you don't need a degree in film to realize this is something special.

Some of Aki Kaurismaki's most appealing projects are deeply satiric. He's directed a send-up of the road movie (*Leningrad Cowboys Go America*, where polka-playing maestros tout the U.S., but to get gigs, they have to learn rock 'n' roll along the way)... of the rock video (in the documentary *Toral Balalackia Show*, the Leningrad Cowboys join the Red Army Ensemble to produce surreal versions of tunes like "Happy Together," "Those Were the Days," "Knocking on Heaven's Door", and "The Volga Boat Song")...the boxing blockbuster (Kaurismaki takes on Stallone with his nasty parody, *Rocky VI*)...and in his most recent effort, Juha, he remakes a 1920 Finnish silent as a silent, combining camp and melancholy in the pre-Code-ish story of a man, his wife, a cabbage farm, and white slavery. These films are very funny, very strange, and told with such a straight face that some have made the mistake of taking them seriously. *La Vie De Boheme* comes from the same mold, and its ironic Jim Jarmusch-like humor is likely to appeal to many of you post-post-modern types out there. - Steve Spinali

MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send 2 copies of vinyl records (1 for MRR, 1 for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (JB) John Backstrom, (PB) Paul Barger, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (DD) Dr Dante, (NF) Neale Fishback, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

AEROBITCH - "C'mon Cop, Make My Day" 10"

This is punk/hc with a rockin edge and cool female vocals a la 1986. Fans of the LOUDMOUTHS, take note!!!! These Spaniards are cut from the same gooey mold!! My only complaint? Four covers! On a ten inch? Granted, they're good choices. (PAGANS, ADOLESCENTS, DWARVES, and the URINALS) but still...? I would love to hear more!!!! I'll buy the LP if/when it comes out. Satan loves me more!! (JB)

(Punch, APDO 60167, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

AEROBITCH - "Time To Start Kickin' Ass" LP

Awesome. From the best band in Madrid, here you got 17 fast, rough and rockin' no let up punk 'n' rolls. With bad attitude lyrics and bad ass guitar crunch this shit rocks loud and proud. Yeah, this is a straight-up Spanish r'n'r assault right on target. Ms. Laura keeps the chicos punk steady with thrashy deep throat action, and belts 'em out like a Ms. 45 with a gun...even throwin' down a damn tough Poison Idea cover. With song titles like "Run them over", "Don't like you", "You're gonna die" you'll get a taste for the spite-driven fury that sets AEROBITCH apart. Yeah stay fast, mean, and loud kids. (DL)

(Punch, APDO. 60167, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

AGATHOCLES - "Black Clouds Determinate" 2xLP

There are at least 30 tracks on this baby, and the first thing I have to say about this record is yeeeeeeeeehawwwwwww! These guys are insanely prolific, having released 25 7"s, five LPs, two double LPs, and four CDs. Musically, I can say that if you were ever into, or are into, bands like EXTREME NOISE TERROR or PHOBIA, then this should be an easy sell. Highly recommended! (JV)

(Bastard c/o Stan Jilek, Hradek 36, Hradek u Susice, 341 41, CZECH REPUBLIC, BR-004)

ALL SYSTEMS GO! - CD

Now this is a record I've been waiting for! John Kastner of the DOUGHBOYS, two guys from BIG DRILL CAR, and some other guy (sorry). A great full length produced by Daniel Rey—it's hard not to think of this band as a continuation of the great DOUGHBOYS, although I will miss their great lead guitar player from the "Crush" and "Happy Accidents" era. Great songs here without the hard rock noodlings of the last two DOUGHBOYS records. I was pretty pissed they didn't do Warped around here recently, so they are due for a local show already. Worth the wait and then some. (RL)

(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

AMEBIX - "Make Some Fucking Noise!" LP

At first I thought this was a boot of the "Arise" LP, but two of these tracks aren't on that LP, and the tempo of the songs quickly suggest this is a live recording. If I'm wrong there will be a line at Gilman of folks ready to kick my ass. Great sound quality for a band that truly deserves to be so widely silk-screened onto patches. Sit back, breathe in the gothic hardcore dirge that makes the idea of bonfires and Stonehenge suddenly not seem so hippy. (TH)

(no address)

ANCHORMEN - "The Boy Who Cried Love" CD

Goofball angst-ridden, geek-pop here. Sorta a take on the HALF JAPANESE thing, but even geekier. Musically, a cross between the first DEVOLP and the SHAGGS, with, of course, a nasally-inclined, cracking-voiced singer. And for this type of stuff, its actually pretty good. Most of the tunes are amusing and the band can do the angst-noise thing as well as the herky-jerk. And it never totally descends into wimpy, low-fi, geek hell. Check out the stop again-start again "So Long," the precious anti-kid violence pop of "Target: Youth," the punkish bicycle rant of "Starla". Most of these songs actually amused the hell out of me and the tunes are good too. A great debut. (JY)

(Unstoppable, Box 44915, Sommerville, MA 02144)

ANTI HEROS - "Underneath the Underground" CD

This band has never really won me over. Don't get me wrong. I do think that they are a pretty good band, but many hail them as the "kings of American oi/streetpunk", or something like that. Maybe it has something to do with how long they've been around because, I can name a few bands who live in my district alone who blow them away! Anyway...with that said and done, there are some songs on this disc that rank up there as some of the best songs that this band has ever done. "N.L.C.", "Red, White, & Black & Blue", "More Stupid Than Stupid" and "Matt and Me" will please any ANTI HEROS fan out there. A pretty good disc. (NF)

(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta GA 30333)

ANTIPRODUCT - "The Deafening Silence of Grinding Gears" LP

This is excellent! Mid tempo anarcho-punk dealing with feminism, oppression, environmental issues and more. The vocals by Taina are really powerful. She is one fed up woman. This is really a great album that I'm very impressed with. (SR)

(Tribal War, 1951 West Burnside #1936, Portland, OR 97209)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

THE ANTI-SOCIALS - "Forward We Move" LP

Man, this is a low fidelity/low budget extravaganza. THE FOUR SKINS meets THE PAGANS on the "Pink" album. Fourteen songs of catchy, lo-fi, gritty punk that's pretty fuckin cool. (RM) (\$6 ppd: Wrinky Dink, 72 John's Estate Rd., Pine Bush, NY 12566)



ASSFORT - "Guilty" EP

An interesting release, to say the least. First off, this release is a bootleg with seven tracks off of ASSFORT's "Five Knuckle Shuffle" CD. The transfer is decent, and the songs kick ass in that Japanese thrash kind of way. Now, what makes this release so neat is the anti-war ramblings on the back cover by the person who put this out. They're just so angry and full of venom, it's awesome. (JF) (no address)

ASSFORT - "Complete Assforterly 1990-93" LP

Two-sided picture disc that looks fucking cool! This is a compilation of past releases that really kicks ass in an AUS ROTTEN meets "Eye For An Eye" era C.O.C. This is available on CD, but why in the hell would you buy that when you have a vinyl package this cool? (JV) (Vinyl) Japan, Hamada Building, 1F, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

ATTENTION! ROOKIES - "Spritpop" 10"

Well played punky pop with female vocals which will inevitably be compared to TILT, much like all female-fronted pop bands, and it is really a shame. This is much better than TILT, as I am not in the least bored. If you need a comparison, then maybe turn EGGPLANT into more of a punk band, as ATTENTION! ROOKIES tend to take more from late '70s English punk than the '90s Californiapunk. Anyway, this record stands up easily on its own. (PA) (Flight 13, Nordstr. 2, D-79104 Freiburg, GERMANY)



BEDFORD/WITNESS - split 7"

I seem to have become the official reviewer of BEDFORD here at MRR, and I must say I don't mind one bit. Because BEDFORD reminds me of a weird cross of BUDDY HOLLY, the QUEERS, and a scorned psychotic ex. Good stuff, even if the production doesn't treat the songs with the sound they deserve. WITNESS play something that sounds like a second

rate eighties melodicore band. Not really memorable, but not utterly horrible either. Buy this, just because it's got BEDFORD. (JF) (My Trust, PO Box 274, New Paltz, NY 12561)

BENT SCEPTERS - "Hellavator Music" CD

Yep, more alternative stuff with now new wave and some rootsy touches (see other review of TEENAGE FRAMES, I swear this type of stuff happens in pairs). Doesn't do a thing for me (how did this get through the MRR safety net?). Also what's with the totally flaccid MOTHERS OF INVENTION cover? (JY) (Ginger, PO BOX 06505 Chicago, IL 60606)

BIG BUBBA - "American Trend" LP

BIG BUBBA's crude graphics and screaming, thrash style hardcore bring me back to the early '80s. Their song titles like "I Dont Belong" (sic), "Fuck You Piss Off", and "Live To Drink" match their confrontational lyrics and attitude. Pretty fuckin punk and pretty fuckin good. (HM) (Smart Ass, PO Box 71, Cottage Grove, MN 55016)

BILLYCLUB - "I Saw God!" 7"

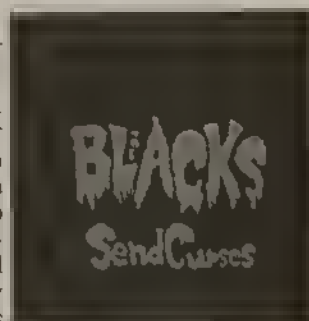
To look at this record, at first, I'd think it was some lo-fi kids just putting their first record out...but no!! This is heavy as shit!! Not quite NEUROSIS or anything, but it blows the fuck out of that PANTERA crap!! (I'm sure they hear that all the time) Kinda CRO-MAGSy. Not really my thing, but damn close!! Comes with a patch and a sticker!! Ummm...it rocks! (JB) (Sour, 709 Ridge Blvd, C'ville, PA 15425)



BLACKS - "Send Curses" EP

The a-side to this disk starts off in typical BLACKS fashion with high-speed, choppy punk rock and roll but then quickly slows down like a car running out of gas. The two songs on the b-side, on the other hand, find a way to take primal rock rhythms, two chords, and vocals that alternate between being screamed and whined and make them hold together the way that only a lot of early LA punk bands could. One of the songs even reminds me of the NIP DRIVERS. This Tucson band, while they hold their own when it comes to the rock, do not have the same grit or punch as the Swedish BLACKS (who put out music of a similar style and who really rock). (JP)

(Chemical Valley, 3065 N Dodge, Tucson, AZ 85716)



THE BLAST OFFS - "It Hurts" EP

The BLAST OFFS play gritty garage (pop) punk with cheerfully disillusioned, simple lyrics (in English) and SWEET BABY melodies, minus the precision and romance, plus a rhythm section tambourine. This is fun and catchy, the kind of sticky stuff that is often destroyed by over-production. Steering clear of that fatality, they pull it off. (AC) (Hit An Hit, Freiherr Vom Stein Str. 83, 56220 St. Sebastian, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS



BLOODRUST - "New Jersey Devil Core" EP

I love metallic hardcore when it's played really well. I only kind of like it when it's only played kinda OK. I'm a sucker for the breakdown, and these guys got that down (they're on BTB so that's pretty much a given), some of the repetitive guitar work is good. Brooding, menacing, etc. Some of it is just well, repetitive. The vocals suck. Basically, a whole lot of

ways to say this is OK. I'm hoping for better things from them in the future. (ST)

(Back Ta Basics, 79 3rd Ave 2nd Fl, Paterson, NJ 07514)

BLUECHANNEL - "Lookin' At Life Through Dirty Glasses" CD

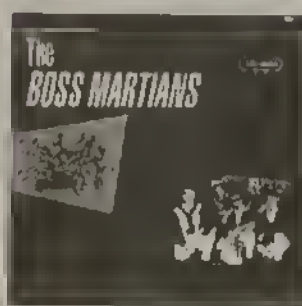
What the hell do you call this kind of music? I hate saying "emo pop punk". Fuck, I don't know. It sort of reminds me of SAMIAM and maybe a little like early SHUDDER TO THINK. I mean, it's catchy and pleasant. But what does that mean? (LH)

(no address)

BODA - "Difficile De Se Perdre Quand On Ne Suit Pas Ou On Va..." CD

Tecnage (gulp!) melodic punk rock, very formulated and taking cues from BAD RELIGION, LAGWAGON and PENNYWISE, and oddly enough, the vocals sometimes come off with a little bit of HICKEYish off-keyness. If there were a checklist for criteria to being on Fat/Epitaph a few years ago, BODA would have gotten straight As. Vocal harmonies, chopping steak style drumming and predictable breaks. Didn't completely grab me, but the HICKEY sound in the songs sometimes stood out and kept me interested enough to make it over half way through before taking it out of the CD player. (PB)

(Sanjam/Yann, 9 Rue des Mesanges, 35650 Le Rheu, FRANCE)



THE BOSS MARTIANS - "I Dig My Woman" EP

.....well, this is.....okay.....not great.....kinda pussy.....frat boy geek rock.....THE UNTAMED YOUTH did it better.....I mean these guys can play pretty good and all, but yes, there is no doubt that they're a bunch of white dudes.....know what I mean?????.....they're not so terrible that they can't get their dicks sucked, but they're not gonna get 'em sucked

too good.....white fratchicks can't suck a good cock, at least not as good as me..... (SW)

(Teen Sound, L.A. Passucci, 66, 00168 Rome, Post Ag, 97, ITALY)

BOYS - "The Peel Sessions" LP

A decent Peel Sessions release recorded in 1978. It's good to see these old recordings (like GENERATION X, as well) surface finally. A step above a live recording and a definite step below the studio LPs, which actually have just been re-released for the umpteenth time. If you have never heard the BOYS' poppy 1977 punk sound, start there. In fact, this is really for BOYS completists only. (RL)

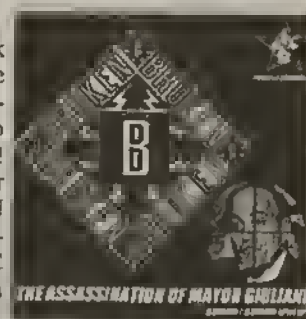
(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Road, London, NW1 9EA, UK)

THE BOYS - "In Concert" LP

.....Jesus Christ!!!!!! I want wanna these!!!!!! You fuckers, send me one!!!!!! Sonuvabitch!!!!!! THE BOYS!!!!!! The English BOYS!!!!!! An entire live BBC radio broadcast from early 1980.....and the sound quality is pretty fucking good.....!!!!!! Yes sir!!!! Top notch!!!!.....well, all I can say is that it's about time.....bring the BOYS out of the woodwork for all of the new kids to listen to.....learn those little bastards cuz they don't know shit about shit.....yer modem day punk rocker still thinks the earth is flat.....but the BOYS will fix that flat and maybe help get your young little dicks and pussies sucked along the way!!!!!! I strongly recommend this for old fans and young lame-brains!!!! Two dicks up!!!!!! (SW)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Building, 1F, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo JAPAN)

BROKEN/RESTARTS - split EP

Fuck yes you hardcore punk fucks! London's RESTARTS start the rough-housing with "Skini", an indictment of the rich people who keep the workers in poverty. Very good! After two more rants of equal power we flip the record over and BROKEN continues the aural assault with "Excessive Force," about brutal NYC police torturing men in custody with Nazi Mayor Giuliani's approval. BROKEN has loud fast guitars and drums coupled with growled vocals. Quite strong! Fans of THE UNSEEN and A GLOBAL THREAT will like this record. (BR)
(Magilla Guerrilla, PO Box 1271, Newhaven, CT 06505)



CAKEWALK - "7 Inch Record" EP

Totally awesome punk and hardcore EP. Nice raw production with vocals both sung and screamed. Jumps back and forth between mid-'80s style DC hardcore and SoCal punk rock. Totally great. (LH)
(Three Year Jinx, 1216 Bolton St. #1, Baltimore, MD 21217)

CAMELTOE - CD

Generic girl rock. Overwhelming vocals with lots of harmonies. The music takes a back seat. Very commercial sounding. (CK)
(Cameltoe, PO Box 26538, San Francisco, CA 94126)

CAROL ANN - "Score to Settle" EP

Oh my, are those vocals coming from a guy? Really raspy screaming vocals on this one. The slow dirge-y breakdowns remind me of CHRISTDRIVER in a way with the really low bass lines. The rest of this is faster. I really like the tempo changes on these three songs. Really fast and angry, then those slow breakdowns all of a sudden. Not bad. (SR)
(Catchphrase, PO Box 533, Waddell, AZ 85355)

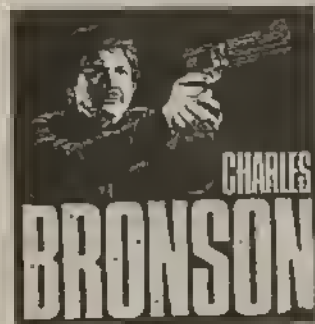


MUSIC

REVIEWS

CHAIRSHOT - "Steel Chair Solution" CD

This is well intentioned enough, I suppose. The band sounds young, angry, and sufficiently energetic, but is that enough? For this CD, unfortunately not. It reminds me of the demos I'd hear (or gasp, make) of early '80s hc. I'm sorry, but something is missing here. (BG) (Henway, 1999 PO Box 41393, Brecksville, OH 44141)



CHARLES BRONSON - "Demo" EP

Released to look like a bootleg (or is it? Let Judge Judy decide) that features the BRONSON demo in all its immaculate punkiness. Yes, this is where it all started, kids, and for me, this demo is a little more special than their later stuff, just cuz it's so fucking punk rock, man. Its like the NEOS man, but what the hell am I telling you, you're probably sitting on 50 copies right now waiting to post it on

e-bay. Now what band might I s'pose the label name is taking a jab at?...hmmmm. (MW) (Privileged Cracker, 241 West Moreland, Wilmette, IL 60091)



CHEAPSHOTS - "So Tired Of You" EP

Garage rock with lotsa solo-cy lead guitar work that puts it a cut above many others of this genre. I really like the A-side; in fact I just played it over and over and it keeps growin' on me. Good shit. (DP) (Star Time, PO Box 43091, Tucson, AZ 85733)

THE CHICK MAGNETS "LowBudget Superheroes" CD

Wow, just what I expected. Mediocre, silly, goofy pop punk about girls. (HM) (Crusty, PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Dr, Vancouver, BCCANADA)

CHOPPING BLOCK - "Grizzly Fetish" EP

Every now and then you stumble upon a band that got lost in all the hoopla but that still totally devastates.....CHOPPING BLOCK is one example. Although the record was recorded in '91 (right in the middle of the whole 'fast hardcore' hysteria) these guys got passed over. This EP, although sloppy at times, reminds me of LUDICHRIST, DEMISE (LA) and APARTMENT 213 all rolled up in one. The lyrics are basic, yet to the point, and the music is fast and brutal. Eight songs in all, only 500 pressed so hurry up. (MW) (\$4 ppd: Blood Soaked, 27450 Garza Dr, Saugus, CA 91350)

THE CLAP - "Songs For The Sophisticated" EP

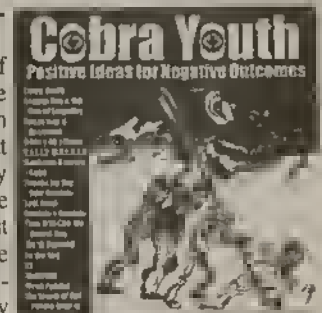
Title alone on this record alienates me, though I have a feeling these guys aren't that sophisticated either. Trashy punk that sounds like it's from England circa 1977, except that it's from North Carolina, circa 1999. They do manage to pull it off. I'm sure I could play this to a couple of people I know who might believe it if I told them they were an obscure English band from way back when. The problem for me is that everyone is doing this now. Fortunately, singer Shawn has his phone number printed in the record sleeve so I'll discuss this further with him. (CK) (no address)



COBRA YOUTH/ MAZINGA - split EP

I need to know if the singer of COBRA YOUTH actually talks like he sings. It sounds like I have a 33 rpm record on 45. I swear I'm playing it at 33. Amazing. No one can possibly sound like that. Can they? The voice distracts from the music which is just basic hardcore played too fast and the vocals can barely keep up. MAZINGA is a bit more melodic though they sound like they are trying to imitate the MISFITS. (CK)

(\$4 ppd: Reanimator, PO Box 1582, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1582)



CODE BLUE - "Pay Your Dues" CD

Hook filled hardcore. What they're lacking in hard, they make up for with catchy/circle pit dance parts. Old school and new influence of street and hc comes through with their up-tempo sound even if it's a bit poppy at times. (TJ) (\$10 ppd: Code Blue, 3003 Argentina Place, Bowie, MD 20716)

COMAS - "Anything For Kicks" EP

The COMAS are from Jackson, Mississippi, but aren't of the Deep South trashed blues punk school (OBLIVIANS, PERSUADERS) that the cover set me to assuming. This could be the snide punk gem of the month. They're listening to the same records as the NO-TALENTS, but are fucking pissed. (TH) (\$4: Therapeutic, UNO Box 534, New Orleans, LA 70148)



MUSIC REVIEWS



COMIN CORRECT/DIRTNAP - split EP

COMIN CORRECT play East Coast weight-lifting hc which promotes unity and tolerance and oozes with maleness. If you're not in the crew and don't know the chants, then I guess you're shit out of luck in getting with this (I know I am). "Join the Fight" gets punky for a riff or two—then it's back to grunts and sweaty mic-clutching fists. DIRTNAP

is more of the same, a little heavier, with more chug-a-chug breakdowns. I'm not learning anything here. (AC)

(Rick Healey, 79 3rd Ave. 2nd Fl, Paterson, NJ 07514)

CONTROL MECHANISM - "I'm Target" EP

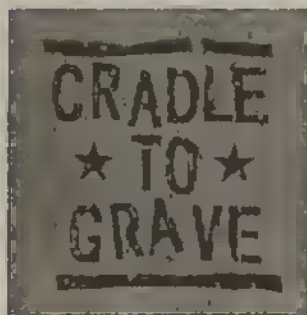
Heard their split, but certainly didn't expect to hear anything else. Something about hands like this not sticking together. Regardless, it's absolutely distorted Finnish noise-core with enough verve and variety to keep from the pits of boredom. The liner notes expose the failed 'Hardline' movement, and some of the ironies and hypocrisy within. Limited to 200, which is unfortunate, under the noise are some articulate and valuable ideas. Great quote from Douglas Adams, which is certainly a cool bonus in my book. (TM)

(I.O.D.S./Control Mechanism, PO Box 21, 15141 Lahti, FINLAND)

COYOTE MEN - "Two Sides Of The Coyote Men" LP

Wrestling-imagery, punk-twang here. More psychobilly-ish than psych, though probably too punk-rock for the purists. A post LUX INTERIOR-singer, lotsa twang and some fuzz (though the bass is plenty distorted) on the geetars, clean recording, songs that reuse the 12 bar structure ad infinitum. Song subjects that span the whole hick/drinking/don't-fuck-with-me gestalt. A good neo-psych tune in "Who Rattled Your Cage". Does the job, I suppose. (JY)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227)



CRADLE TO GRAVE - "Our Democracy Got Lost" EP

Melodic, anthemic power-punk, with a beefy guitar sound and oi-style choruses. As with most bands on this label there's a definite huge SNUFF influence, but that is no bad thing in my book. Great seven inch. (AM)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 1550032, JAPAN)

CRIMINALS - "Burning Flesh and Broken Fingers" CD

I always thought of the CRIMINALS as a very entertaining put on. The snotty, bad boys from the East Bay whose press bio made reference to infamous bands like SICK PLEASURE, but whose members wrote MRR book reviews and worked security at Gilman. It was a good put on, especially live. Now it seems that the band has changed direction. The result is a great song, "Union Yes," a neo-GR'UPS song, "Whiskey Business," and a lot more shit talking than I expected. Their new drummer Julic, formerly of TOYBOAT, sounds as good as she ever has here. Worth a listen. (JV)

(Adeline, 5337 College Ave. #318, Oakland, CA 94618)

DAYBREAK - "Frozen Wintered Realms Of My Moonlit Record Collection" EP

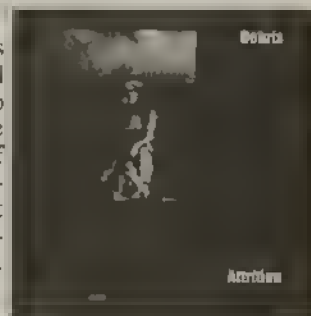
Twenty tracks of blast beat hardcore that at times is contemporary in the vein of SPAZZ. Other times it's classic hardcore not unlike the NEOS. Great titles like "Originality Is Something We Don't Need", "I Love Junkies Because They Sell Me Their Records For Drug Money" and "The Dark Lord Disapproves". (LH)

(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

DEBRIS - "Attrition" EP

Remember when hardcore was still a sub-section of punk? Well DEBRIS is a welcome throwback to those halcyon days. This rips while still having a melody and, shock of shock, has a detailed political manifesto inside. If you like your punk minus the pop, or your hardcore minus the breakdowns, check this out. (ST)

(Maximum Voice, Postfach 28, D-04251 Leipzig, GERMANY)



DED BUGS - "Sugar Coated Snot Pops For Kids" CD

Decent goofy pop punk here with funny lyrics. Reminds me of the YUM YUMS and the MCCRACKINS. Not as good as the first band, but as good as the second. So if you like this type of punky pop check it out, but it's not necessarily a mandatory release. (RL)

(318 Stewart, Desto, MO 63020)

DEEP WOUND - "American Style" EP

Whoa. Budget shit here - doesn't even look like they went to Kinko's to make these covers! Maybe that corner store down the block or something. Definitely seems to be straight capitalism, if that bothers you. This is claimed as their 'only' known demo. It's demo quality, and as great as their legit songs were, this definitely doesn't show it. For the 'already converted' or 'vinyl obsessed' only. (TM)

(no address)



MUSIC REVIEWS



DEVOID OF FAITH/MAINSTRIKE - split EP

An ultra limited tour EP for the MAINSTRIKE tour of the East Coast (why not the West, you Tulip-sniffing clod-hoppers?!). Both bands offer up live songs, three from DEVOID (from a radio appearance) and four from MAINSTRIKE. The sound quality is good on both sides, the music is kick-fucking-ass, what more could you ask for? Oh, I know, how about limited to 200. Let the bidding begin. (MW)

(Paralogy, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

DISARM/STOMACH CORROSION - "Inocência e Morte" split LP

DISARM from Brazil, not BATTLE OF DISARM from Japan. This side is labeled the "crust" side, and to back that up they use a stenciled font, and there are a couple of famine victims on their side of the cover. The music is like 1332 minus the musicianship, but they are nowhere near as wordy, choosing to instead keep the lyrics simple and to their point. STOMACH OF CORROSION play on the "grind" side and not only do they have the better name, but they brought me back up to that high I was on after listening to the AGATHOCLES record. Piss colored vinyl!! (JV)

(Sergio Giacomass, CX Postal 03, CEP 13.450.970, Sta. B. D' oeste/SP, BRAZIL)

DISCORDS/DODSON'S DOGS - split CD

It's surprising how much you learn about other people's lives writing these record reviews (you ought to try it if you haven't). The DISCORDS were, apparently, a UK beat combo that struggled against a tide of indifference in the 1980s, playing gigs with THEE MIGHTY CAESARS and others. This CD combines that band's salvaged tracks with current offshoot DODSON'S DOGS—in both cases it's instantly likeable stuff recommended for fans of the MILKSHAKES, CAESARS, the KAISERS, et al. Make a properly informed decision. (JH)

(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Rd., London NW1 9EA, UK)

DISPLOITED - "Industrial Inferno" EP

"So the question is: why shoot the bureaucrat/when you can blow up the whole building?" These are lyrics from the DISPLOITED song entitled "Cringe," and it's lyrics like these, that cut through the bullshit, which really make this record worth listening to. The music is a more melodic version of what you might get if you mixed the two bands from whence this band's name. Why a political band from Finland writes a song critical of the rich in Beverly Hills is a question I'd like to see answered in a future interview. (JV)

(Rönky, Partala Karpalotie 6, 90530 Oulu, FINLAND)

DOG ON A ROPE - "Spike" LP

This band sounds quite a bit like that Swiss band the VANILLA MUFFINS. I guess "sugar oi" is the tag that these types are getting now a days. This band has no balls, no energy, no catchiness, no nada. No revolutionary lyrical content either. TV's bad, McDonalds is bad, DIY is good, police are bad...hmm, you guys forgot about Nike and the government being bad too. I'll be looking forward to that being on the next record! (NF)

(Active, Bm Active London, WC1N 3XX, UK)

D'ROTZBOUWEN - "Aspirine" 10"

Ok, so Jax may not have stolen any kitchen appliances when she left, but she did forget to review this record. Too bad for her, considering it is way up her alley. Dreary and sullen hardcore, not quite as dramatic as CREEPS ON CANDY and a bit smoother than FIN-GERPRINT. The political lyrics are much more hopeful than the tone set by the music. (TH)

(Skank, 102 Rue Du Parc, L-3542, Dudelange, FRANCE)

DRUNK - "Hate Songs" EP

I heard the guitar kick in on this and had to grab for the record sleeve - I think it's true! Could this be a new band from Roger of LIFE... BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? and CAPTAIN NOT RESPONSIBLE? I think it is! It lacks the beauty of the former (no great female vocals) and the immediacy and intensity of the latter's complete two-song output, but rocks with a power that is missing from a lot of 'new' punk music these days. There must be something in that reindeer pizza! If my references to those other bands haven't got you ordering this already, get to it! I just hope DRUNK are a little more prolific than CNR. (AM)

(Revolution Inside, c/o Le Sabot, Breite Str. 76, 53111 Bonn, GERMANY)



8 LITRE URN - "Harmonic Balancer" CD

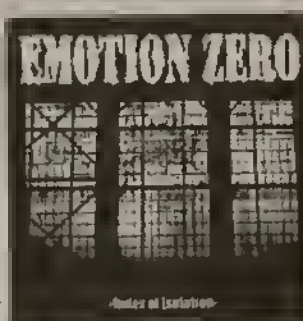
OK, imagine the HELLACOPTERS if they were Aussie, and darker sounding...that's what you got here—a wall of too serious and heavy hard rock noise that sprays an aggressive shade of gray lightin'. Yeah very fuckin grungy. I need this like a fuckin' hole in the head. (DL)

(Head Miles, PO Box 1700 Double Bay, Sydney, NSW 2028, AUSTRALIA)

EMOTION ZERO/USURP - split EP

EMOTION ZERO plow ahead with some decent metal core. Better than BLOODRUST, not as good as SANGRALL, but whatever. USURP take the prize on this one, though, with their just slightly arty take on the tried and true HEROIN formula. Just different enough so as not to be a rip off, but it still doesn't scare old guys like me. (ST)

(3017 Greenbush St, Lafayette, IN 47904)



ENTRAILS MASSACRE/SUBCUT - split LP

Too much, too much. Decent for the first five minutes, it really started to drag on, and on, and on. Funny how the good points (distorted, noisy, fast, short songs) didn't save it once you realized that the songs were starting to blend together. Perhaps an EP would have been the better call here. Think the length might have killed the production as well... sounded pretty thin. (TM)

(Absurd, CX Postal 302, Osasco/SP, 06001-970 BRAZIL)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE EXCESSIVES - "Excessives" CD

A very decent release by a band that is musically similar to SUBMACHINE and STRYCHNINE. There is no lyric sheet so I'm not going to get into a lyric discussion over songs with titles like, "Bikini Wax Museum," or "Oh, That Boozy Dame". I'm just going to say that if you like to rock out to bands that wear eclectic patches, then here you are. (JV)

(Absolute, 15550 Russel Ave., White Rock, B.C. CANADA)

EXHUMED/RETALIATION - split EP

Sweden's RETALIATION rip through 11 tracks of blurry grind, keeping the melody on top of the speed, which tends to be a hard concept to execute in this genre. RETALIATION pull it off without a hitch throughout their entire side of this EP. San Jose, California's EXHUMED are America's answer to "Reek of Putrefaction" and "Symphonies of Sickness" era CARCASS, musically, production-wise and lyrically. Also executed well. But I'm always amazed that a metal band that sings about jerking off into the guts of an autopsy subject can make it into MRR, still, in 1999? (PB)

(Headfucker, PO Box 151, 25038 Rovato, Brescia, ITALY)

FALLING DOWN/COMIN CORRECT/25 TA LIFE - split EP

New York Hardcore with crunch and metal skeletons in the closet, along with a CRO-MAGS/AGNOSTIC FRONT vocal hybrid. With slight differences in speed, the above description applies to each band. (TH)

(Back Ta Basics, 79 3rd Ave. 2nd Fl, Paterson, NJ 07514)



FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM/BELLRAYS - split EP

This is a split 7" that come with the zine "Multiball #17. FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM rock kinda like TIGHTBROS or CANDYSNATCHERS. Awesome til that lengthy noise ending, but you could always skip that part. THE BELLRAYS sound more like they worship FRED "SONIC" SMITH. I don't know anything about "Multiball", but it's worth getting just for this record. (DP)

(Multiball, see zine reviews)



FISHTICKS/HOSTILE TAKEOVER - split EP

Santa Monica's FISHTICKS are the princes of SoCal snotty punk, only surpassed by FYP, of course. Here they tear apart several old punk tunes, rearranged and reconfigured to their liking. HOSTILE TAKEOVER do one of the kookiest remakes of BLACK FLAG's "Nervous Breakdown" I ever heard, completely synth pop with a drum machine! Whoa!

And only 300 made, apparently, better hurry...(PB)
(Aloha, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

FLAMING SIDEBURNS - "It's Time To Testify...Brothers And Sisters" CD

I sighed when I saw this in my box, figuring it was another generic garage band, but I'm happy to say I'm pleasantly surprised. It's a garage rock band, but one with some personality. Taking cues from MCS and the STOOGES, but adding some of themselves. A collection of singles and a 10". If you have those, you know how cool this is. If you don't, pick this up. (CK)

(Bad Afro, Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6, DK-1820 Frederiksberg, DENMARK)

FORCE FED GLASS/THE FALL OF LENINGRAD - split EP

I put on the FORCE FED GLASS side first and was introduced to a frantic mix of math-metal meets grindcore. It was cool, but maybe it went a little over my head. They probably destroy live...you can just tell by their style. THE FALL OF LENINGRAD is in the same vein, but is even more twisted. It was like DON CABBALLERO decided to play grindcore.

This EP is fucked up in a very good way. (MW)

(Sound Factory, 213 Beacon St., Apt. BR, Boston, MA 02116)



FORCED REALITY - "Forced Reality" LP

So, what happens when the straight-edger finally relents and picks up that first beer? Well he becomes a pro-am skinhead, that's what!! That's what this sounds like, whether it's true or not. Songs about brotherhood and the flag. Geeeeesh! At least some of the Jersey bands are starting to talk about unions and shit, this don't even get there. Musically, this would be a whole hell of a lot catchier with a different singer. I'm not sure what they were trying to accomplish. If it was CHELSEA or 999, then nice try, but I kinda doubt it. (JB)

(Taang!, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

F.Y.P./CHANIWA - "The Beautiful Sounds Of Skateboarding" split 10"

The first time I heard F.Y.P. I didn't like them (this is way back when). Then a friend of mine forced me to listen to them and I suddenly realized that just because I'm a pussy, that doesn't mean my music has to be pussy. Sure, lately they've been a bit "poppier" (as on this release) but they fuckin' rock!!! I remember seeing them play with a friend's band (on my prom night, I might add) and saying "I don't care what anyone says, they're a pop punk band playing trashy, emotional, immature, 'poop' punk." I was wasted at the time but, yeah, I guess that works. Sadly, CHANIWA fall victim to "the Bobby Manic Split Theory™" (on a split release one band shall always rock harder than the other band, thus, causing the other band to suck on comparison), they're good, and probably are "Japan's answer to F.Y.P." as their label states, but they just get dwarfed by F.Y.P.'s brilliance and beauty. (BM)

(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St. #365 Boulder, CO 80301)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE GC5 - "Molly Maguire/New Generation"

This band kicks ass! The GC5 bring back memories of the great SWINGIN' UTTERS songs of old or the killer BELTONES material that replaced them on your turntable. This is very good street rock with Irish influences. Go get this record as soon as possible! (BR)

(Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 48346)

THE GO FASTER NUNS - "Touch Me" EP

Four tracks of German white trash punk. Sorta like ZEKE. I guess that means it's sorta like the DWARVES. It's all the same thing, right? Almost ferocious at times. Almost like early SUPER-SUCKERS as well. I coulda sworn they were Swedes. (LH)
(Eat The Beat, Leipziger Str. 3, 90491 Nurnberg, GERMANY)



GINA GO FASTER - "Wagon Mound" CD

The cover art on this one is a big ol' Chevy van with three dudes and a 12-pack of Pabst, so I'm thinking, OK, I could party with these dudes...I mean this is painfully familiar. I throw the disc in and realize quickly that this 5-song CD is relying more on heart than chops, that's for sure...limp vocals and mediocre songs like a watered-down SCARED OF CHAKA. Aargh...makes me fuckin' aggro man. Oh yeah and nice ass crack on the inside sleeve, way to use your head guys. (DL)
(King Bee, PO Box 1164, Denver, CO 80201)

THE GRANDPRIX - "33MPH" EP

Fast poppy punk with Ben Weasel-ish vocals. Lyrics are in the same vein as a lot of that pop punk: "Don't Wanna Work"; "Wish I Could Say"; "I Like You"; blah blah blah... GRANDPRIX play loose and full of energy the way decent pop punkers oughtta. (HM)
(\$3 ppd: 2 Gold St, Westfield, MA 01085)

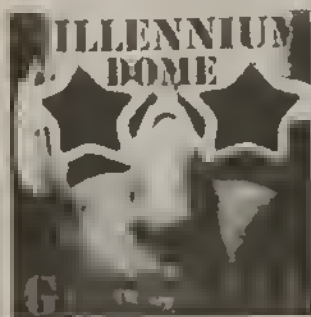


GISM - LP

How many bootlegs can one band spawn? Well, for once, this one is right on the mark. I say that because it compiles the best efforts of GISM on one piece of vinyl. For those of you keeping tabs, it contains the "Detestation" LP, tracks from the "Great Punk Hits" comp LP (my favorite GISM stuff), "Hardcore Unlawful Assembly" comp LP, and the hard-to-find "The Punx" cassette compilation. Buy this, or be like me and drop your life savings at Boy next time you're in Japan. (MW) (no address)

GRISLY GHOSTS OF GUY - "I Am The Haunted" EP

First, they lose big points in my book for ripping off the riff and title of the DEADBEATS' "Kill the Hippies" and trying to pass it off as an original. From Scotland, but they don't sound anything like CHINA DRUM or OI POLLOI, rather it's a mid-tempo thing with horror rock trappings and thanks to Wattie, speed, hash, and hardcore pom. For all the influences it sounds kinda tame and mannered, even, though it's got a nice cover. I hoped the title track was a take-off on GBH's "I Am the Hunted", but no haggis this time. (JH)
(Bronx Cheer, PO Box 13, Glasgow G12 8YT, SCOTLAND)



GLUEBALL - "Millennium Dome" EP

The title track is a scorcher, a blast of rude punk with pummeling guitar work, drums that almost keep up, and choruses of "two-thousand bricks up your ass"—or at least that's what it sounded like. "No I No You No" is in the same vein and almost as abrasively powerful, but the remaining two tracks, both from their "Mad Dogs and Schoolgirl" LP, can be ignored in the scuffle. Well-recorded fast punk that relies on powerchord punch rather than overt hooks. (SS)

(no address)

GODSTOMPER - "Heavy Metal Vomit Party" LP

Damn it! There's no reason why I shouldn't like this. I've seen them enough times to know that I appreciate what these two kids do (fast/slow, start/stop grindcore with just vocals, bass and drums), but maybe I just wasn't ready for an LP. I dunno, considering this is just two guys basically pulling off what most four or five piece bands can't, this is great. But maybe I haven't had enough coffee today, maybe I'm worn out from the physically taxing bicycle ride to MRR, maybe I'm just crabby right now... But I just cannot endure this much GODSTOMPER. (PB)

(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

THE HAGGARD - "I've Been Sick" EP

Four songs of thrashy homocore railing against the system, TV, queerbashing and men who frequent prostitutes. Well, those are simplifications of the fairly sophisticated approach they take to the subjects in their songs, but you get the idea. The music is pretty standard, basic, fast hardcore with fairly weak-sounding vocals, and with only two people playing all the instruments, I wonder how they pull it off live. Still, a worthwhile effort. (AM)
(\$5: Heartcore, Columbia University Station, PO Box 250636, New York, NY 10025)

HALFWAYS - "(She's A) Heart Attack" EP

Good stuff, one of the singles that passed the taste test this month. Rough rock and roll, twin guitars, a singer that can spit out a lyric with the best of 'em. I hear the early NEW BOMB TURKS in here if you're in need of a comparison, but the HALFWAYS deserve attention (and an LP) on their own merits. Dig. (JH)

(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)



MUSIC REVIEWS

HAMMERHAI - "Erledigt" LP

Punk-lite with a pinch of ska from Germany. This record totally lacks any soul, but the kids will eat it up. I'm convinced that the formula for this kind of shit is now available to anyone that asks. (KK)
(Plastic Bomb, Gustav-Freytag Str. 18, 47057 Duisburg, GERMANY)



HARSH - "Liquid Diet" EP

Beer swilling, skateboarding, pizza chomping, circle pit moshing, fart-lighting fratboy metal punk from a northern Florida beach town (Daytona Beach, home of biker rallies and stockcar racing). Lyrics deal with the trials and tribulations of being drunk, getting drunk, staying drunk and how lame "cops, hippies, wiggers, ravers" are. Hey, isn't "wigger" the same as saying "white nigger"? Seems a little too close to the narrow minded North Floridian redneck mentality that spawned LYNRYD SKYNYRD (also originally from Florida) for my taste, especially given the fact that the state is filled with people already representing that same point of view. I don't understand having a medium to get a message out and the best you can do is represent something the status quo is already saying. (PB)
(Rat Town, PO Box 50803, Jacksonville Beach, FL 32240)



HELLSHIT/ANTABUS - split EP

Both of these Swiss bands spit out very solid hardcore punk songs with a set of balls. GRUESOME or the STEROIDS is who both of them may be compared to. Good stuff. (NF)
(Mysko, N.Kungsvagen 74, 522 31 Tidaholm, SWEDEN)

HEIDEROOSJES/DAISIES - split 7"

A Dutch band, HEIDEROOSJES, and a German band, DAI-SIES, playing RKL inspired melodic hardcore. Better than average playing, but nothing essential. (JF)
(Wolverine, Bismarkstr. 65, 40210 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

HITSCHNITTE - "Schlafke & Zepp feat. Buddy's Bumsbude" CD

Oh my God! What the fuck!! German surf music that is so fucking... I don't know... It's so fucking German! Have you seen those beer commercials? "Germans don't do comedy. They do beer." Germans don't do surf music either. Almost worth getting purely for the novelty. It's so tame and stilted. Y'know, it feels like karaoke... (LH)
(10 Years, Ostendstrabe 5, D-90579 Langenzenn, GERMANY)

IGUANA/FUSS FOR NOTHING - "Core is Fresh" CD

Both bands do two songs while sounding very much the same. Along the lines of the BAD RELIGION style of SoCal bands. Fast and tight, yet while IGUANA opt for the gruff vocal feel, FUSS FOR NOTHING go with more of a pop feel that comes off a little better. (PA)
(Celine Andron, 10 Cours Dame Hitaire, 17000, La Rochelle, FRANCE)

IMPACT - "Winchester Per Un Massacro" 7"

So this is tons better than the "Pistoleros" LP I reviewed a couple of months back!!! This time it seems like they care! In fact, it rocks pretty damn hard! "Popstars" is right up that SUPERSUCKERS alley of hard rockin punk stuff 'n' roll. And I must admit it takes a lot of balls to do a CRO-MAGS cover. It doesn't really go along with the rest of the record, but the other three songs rock more like a rock-a-fella than ROCKAPELLA. Get it! (JB)
(Revolution Inside c/o Le Sabot, Breitestr. 76, 53111 Bonn, GERMANY)

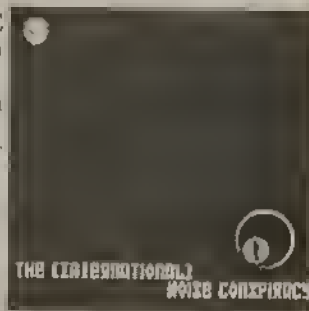


INDIGNATION/URBAN TRASH - split EP

INDIGNATION from Sweden clocks in with three songs of thrashed out, distortion filled crustcore. I am not sure where URBAN TRASH are from, but they crank out their own version of bass heavy punk that flows between a fast pace to blast beats. Overall this comes off as a bit generic, and nothing really makes either band stand out. (RC)
(Tobacco Shit, c/o Simon Pare, 827 Goldbourn, Greenfield Park, Quebec J4V 3H4, CANADA)

THE INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY - "Time Bomb/Do You Know My Name?"

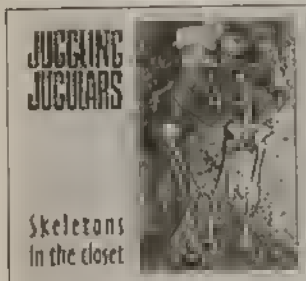
.....what the fuck????.....clean production.....really tight funky bass and drums.....funky.....a bunch of pros, indeed.....like clean tight MIN-UTEMEN or FIREHOSE or something.....it ain't terrible, but then again it ain't no GINO WASHINGTON.....it be intellectual rock.....I don't fucking know!!!!!!.....from Sweden, I guess... (SW)
(Carcash, PO Box 39, 462 21 Vanersborg, SWEDEN)



J CHURCH/RESTOS FOSILES - split EP

Cool cover with a picture of the CLASH from the old New York Punk magazine, if I'm not mistaken. Worth it just for that. J CHURCH do the two best songs from their last Honest Don's LP in raw, under-produced fashion. Demo versions, maybe. RESTOS FOSILES is a band from Argentina who kinda sound like a Hopeless hand mixed with, let's say, J CHURCH. A good split. (RL)
(Sniffing, CC 3288 (1000) Buenas Aires, ARGENTINA)

MUSIC REVIEWS



JUGGLING JUGULARS - "Skeletons in the Closet" EP

Gotta hand it to these guys - they're both sticking to what they know, and doing it better than just about anyone. It's lightning fast hardcore, but the songs have an abundance of 'hook' - there's some serious song-writing goin' on here. Both catchy and rocking, which isn't the common art form it once was. I'm tempted to

use the word 'melody' here somehow, but it's way more aggressive and rough than you might think when you hear that. First rate stuff, once again. (TM)

(Halla, PL 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND)

KONTROVERS - "Skendemokrati" EP

There are 12 songs on this one seven inch with the basic fast thrashy sound and angry vocals. These guys cover a wide range of topics in their songs. A few examples are homophobia, vivisection, fascism, capitalism, patriarchy and sexual abuse. Since their songs are so short and none have many lyrics about these heavy subjects, the band has comments about each song on the inside cover. It's pretty good. (SR)

(Putrid Filth, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro Södraparkg. 35, 214 22 Malmö, SWEDEN)



KILLER CLOWN - "Hey, Piccolina! Bo Mania!" EP

Wow, this is crazy. Drums heavy on the thin cymbals, JOEY VINDICTIVE vocals, and circus organ. "Killin' & Rapin' in the name of my Lord". Like I said, crazy. (DP)

(Psych-Out, 72017 Ostuni (Br), Pizza l' Maggio, 44 ITALY)

KILL SADIE - "Half-Cocked Concepts" 10"

Ahh, hardcore emo. Despised by many, it is my guilty pleasure. This 10" drips with moodiness; the guitars and vocals take turns screaming and then giving up and crying in the background for a while, and the drums and bass hold the songs together and create the push-pull, fast-slow rhythms that remind me so much of my own mood swings. This release doesn't grab me as quickly as their 7" did, but I have the feeling that, in the long run, this will be my favorite of the two. Well-written songs with lots of passion, production that manages to capture the energy of the music, and a beautifully designed lyric booklet. A soundtrack for cutting at the wrists. (JP)

(\$6: Old Glory, PO Box 17195, Worcester, MA 01601)

LACK OF INTEREST - "Trapped Inside" LP

Like it's any surprise that this is awesome. These guys have been killing the *Fiesta Grande* crowd for years, and in the shadow of many lesser (but better known!) bands. Working that '45 rpm' LP tip that's been popular lately, it's 24 songs in not as many minutes. Nothing but the facts, ma'am. (TM)

(Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

LE SHOK/INK AND DAGGER - split EP

This is the second split record I've reviewed with LE SHOK on it and can I tell you how much I like this band? They combine the best parts of garage, new wave and punk. Vocals distorted just enough and there's a drum break. This is a cool, pretty original sound. Excellent. INK AND DAGGER are a melodic hardcore band with their feet in FUGAZI territory. Slow, brooding and serious. (CK)

(Initial, PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY 40217)



KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS - "Sugar Industry" CD

Awesome stuff - graphic bases covered with slick Coalition outside, refreshing quality 'cut and paste' inside and quality, charismatic hardcore throughout. Dual vocals, the xgirls up front chorus, and some purposely incendiary lyrics/topics demand your immediate attention. It's only the bands/individuals/organizations who constantly question and challenge who move 'us' forward. Kudos to you - seems that I see these qualities less and less, which is beyond merely disappointing, it's frightening. I couldn't recommend this more. (TM)

(Coalition, Hugo de Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB Den Haag, HOLLAND)

LITMUS GREEN - "Cockring" CD

Lately it's become pretty apparent that it's cool to not give a damn about anything other than getting wasted/rocking out (two things I really like, mind you) and as far as bands are concerned, getting on the biggest label possible. Now, I'm not against bands making a living or even getting rich off playing punk rock, but these days that seems to be the sole motivation, or a big part of it at least, for most bands, which I think is pretty lame. That's part of the reason I dig this band. They've been around for years, and you can just tell they're coming from the right place. Fourteen songs of fast, pissed off and thrashy pogo punk/hardcore, with lyrics about drinking, drugs, tofu and politics. I like it. (RM)

(Green Boy, PO Box 5311, Glendale, CA 91221-5311)

MUSIC REVIEWS

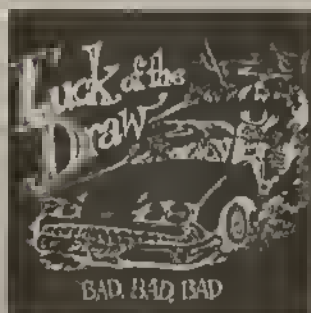


LOMBEGO SURFERS - "Get Lost" EP

"Get Lost" is a good NY style punk rock and roll effort (and the descriptive clichés fly thick! Sorry) song, whereas the other three are surf-style intros with distorted guitar (more atmospheric than AGENT ORANGE.) (DD)
(Flight 13, Nordstrasse 2, 0-79104 Freiburg, GERMANY)

LOST WORLD - "Tot Aber Haltbar" LP

This is great! Mid to fast paced punk rock with politically minded lyrics. One song slows down into a ska breakdown, which I can't stand, but the rest of the album definitely makes up for it! The female vocals on this album kick ass! This woman has a great strong voice with a very heavy German accent. This LP comes with the biggest poster I've ever seen come with a record! Eight squares! It's fucking huge! I know I'll be playing this one a lot. (SR)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY)

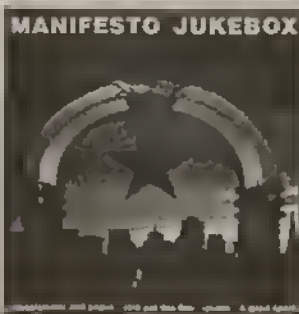


LUCK OF THE DRAW - "Bad, Bad, Bad" EP

Songs about pin-up girls, car stuff, references to gambling...you know the ticket. This kind of stuff is just so played out. Here you got four enchiladas stuffed with habanero gruff vocals, and lots of heavy bad to the bone dirty guitar. Yeah maybe after a bottle of 100 percent agave I might get excited over this...maybe not. (DL)
(Squigstone, 166 Spring Street, Newton, NJ 07860)

MACGILLICUDDYS - "Stylin' And Profilin'/Cactus Jack

Out from the gutters of New Orleans pops the upbeat hard rockin' MACGILLICUDDYS, scarin' up the ol' ear drum with two short and sweet jabs with ace metallic guitar work, and good time bar room feel...mum...makes me fuckin' thirsty for a cold one. (DL)
(Splitsville, PO Box 750927, New Orleans, LA 70175-0927)



MANIFESTO JUKEBOX - "Strangleholds And Cages" EP

You know, it surprises me that more bands like this haven't popped up over the years. Bands that take their lineage from HUSKER DU, through to RITES OF SPRING, or even MOVING TARGETS. It's such a great sound to explore. And I didn't mean to give the impression that this band is derivative, they're not. They add their own post punk flavor to the mix. This

is one of those bands whose songs make me go "Damn, I wish I were in this band". (BG)

(\$4 ppd: Halla, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND)

MC5 - "66 Breakout!" LP

Yet another collection of live recordings by the MC5. This one compiled by Wayne Kramer of live recordings from '65 and '66. It's got all the songs, the recording quality is pretty good and there is a woman who keeps yelling "Yeah!" on almost every track. You know you're going to buy this no matter what I say so just go ahead. (CK)
(Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

THE MEOWS - "In Depressing Stereosound" LP

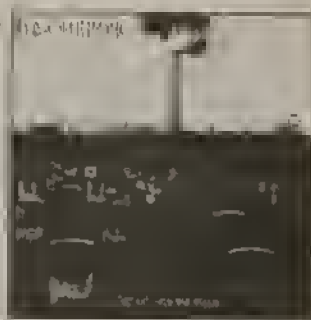
This is an odd record. More '70s new wave than punk - not new wave in the bad synthesizer kind of way, but in the good rock'n'roll kind of way. Kind of reminds me of a lot of the stuff that was coming out of the UK and Ireland in the late '70s that wasn't punk, but was still good (EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS, THE BOOMTOWN RATS, among others). (KK)

(No Tomorrow, PO Box 1134, 12002 Castellon, SPAIN)

MISANTHROPIC - "Open Up And Take Your Bullet" 7"

Political grindcore with enough driving tempo changes and metal breakdowns to keep you interested, plus screamy, deep, distorted vocals original enough to keep you involved. (TJ)

(\$3 ppd: Catchphrase, PO Box 533, Waddell, AZ 85355)



MODEL AMERICAN - CD

This may be a reissue of their first CD from a couple years back, since this was recorded in 1997, but I couldn't find an old CD to figure it out. Anyways, this is good punk/melodic hardcore in the FURY 66 and early DAG NASTY vein. I've seen these guys a couple times and have kept an eye out for releases, and this is the first one I've got my hands on. I really like this CD, as it pretty much kicks ass with lots of anthems, drum breaks, and ripping guitar. Part of what's left of the local hardcore scene. (RL)

(Sessions, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066)

THE MULLETS - "Typical Stereo" CD

THE MULLETS serve up a great disc of pop tunes full of hooks and energy. For some reason they remind me of THE BEAUTYS (that's good). Of course they have a silly sense of humor that can wear thin on some of the filler songs. Pretty good release. (HM)
(\$10 ppd: Higher Step, 1525 Brentwood Dr, Evansville, IN 47715)

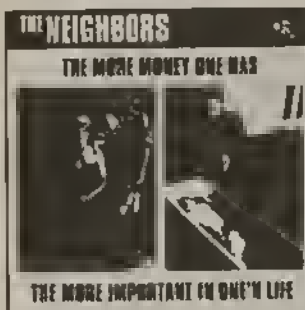
NEBENWIRKUNG - "Arschwasserbrause Ahoi!" CD

Lots of fast strummed guitar muting, WINGER leads and fairly complex song structures similar to a gang of NOFX clones. Yet the vocals (sung in German), are slightly gruff n' angry which separates them a tad from all of the snowboarder rock out there. Only trouble is, it's not very good. None of the songs here kept me interested for more than a few seconds. (NF)

(Riverside, Alexanderstr. 10, 28203 Bremen, GERMANY)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

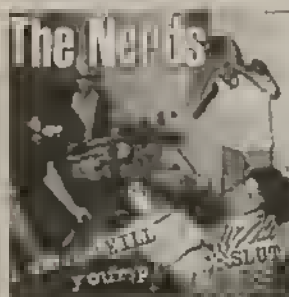


THE NEIGHBORS - "The More Money One Has..." EP

I have had my ear on this band for a while. I believe the 14 songs on this EP are from their latest CD. This is killer old school punk in the vein of NEGATIVE FX and NEGATIVE APPROACH. Incredibly fast and angry hardcore, with a mad at the world approach in their lyrics. It is so rad to see a band take on this style of hardcore, and do it so well. Essential!

(RC)

(Kangaroo, Middcnweg 13 1098 AA, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)



THE NERDS - "I Wanna Kill Your Plastic Slut" EP

Wow. This is pretty cool. Not only is the cover funny/rad, but the music is really rockin and catchy early '80s punk along the lines of THE ZERO BOYS and THE OICKS or more recently, THE RANDUMBS. Four songs including a GG Allin cover. (RM)

(\$5: Scarey, c/o Carlo Calomme, Via Galiera 32/1, 10025 Pino T.SE (TO),

ITALY)

NERVES - "New Animal" LP

Adult, angular, inventive. Great riffs. I know nothing of the NERVES, but I've become an new admirer of theirs over the last forty minutes. "New Animal" combines punchy two-minute songs with intelligence and invention. "Die Tonight" and "Get Me High" are the obvious hooks that will snare you, but you ought to stick around for the atmospheric lurch and hunch of "Twilight Blvd.", or the desperate swagger of "Live All". Superficially they remind me of the WIRE-TAPS, but these guys are worth mentioning without comparisons. (JH) (Thrill Jockey, PO Box 476794, Chicago, IL 60647)

NEW CHRISTS - "Woe Betide" 10"

This may have been better off going to more of a '60s punk person. The post-RADIO BIRDMAN group doing their '60s psych punk rock. STOOGES-like, too. I liked BIRDMAN, but I've followed ROB YOUNGER's career about as much as I've followed WAYNE KRAMER's. In other words, their best moments are behind them, although this blows away WAYNE KRAMER stuff. (RL) (Lance Rock, 1223 College Drive, Nanaimo, BC, V9Z 5Z5, CANADA)

THE NEW LOWS - CD

Simple rock and roll very similar to NAKED RAYGUN. The songs start off OK, but seem to go on too long. (CK) (The New Lows, 509 Ouboe St, San Francisco, CA 94117)

NEW YORK WHORES - "Piss Off" EP

This is the singer from the SPENT IDOLS new band, which also has MRR "Pioneers of Punk" contributor and former DEAD END KIDS guitarist Generic plucking the six string here as well, I think I gave the SPENT IDOLS a good review a while back and now that I think about it that band wasn't that good. Kind of boring, run of the mill '77 punk if you know what I mean. The three songs offered up here by this band are pretty much along those same lines. (RM) (Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

NEXUS 6 - "Chameleon" CD

High speed droning guitars, subdued bass, and tin pan drums. ANTIOCH ARROW and SECOND STORY WINDOW gave a little at the donor clinic for these fellows, but didn't impart any of their tension. There were also some handouts from MOSS ICON and NATIVE NOO. For all the abrasiveness and wrenching the overall effect is peculiarly soothing. (TH)

(\$6: Spare Organ, 421 Sherwood Way, Menlo Park, CA 94025)

9SHOCKS TERROR - "Zen & The Art Of Beating Your Ass" LP

The rapidly beating pulse here is surely linked to a heavy intake of early Japanese hardcore. Hell, the band's name is taken from a LIPCREAM LP. Distorto verses often followed by choruses where guitar leads bleed in or the drummer rattles the speed into fifth gear. The lyrics amaze me. Nearly each song combines totally blunt punk rock contempt ("Annoying scum/Spoiled brat/Choke on your own puke") with some crafted attacks on deserving targets. All this *and* naked Erba!!! (TH)

(Devour, 5-19 Shioji-cho Mizuho-ku, Nagoya 467-0003, JAPAN)

98 HIGH - "Compassion Is Not A Weakness" CD

Just because a band is vegetarian (hopefully vegan) and uses an sxe font doesn't mean I'll like them. Yep, a veggie pop band. Boring: not hard or catchy enough to make an impression. (TJ) (Positive Outlook, 14 Huntly Grove, Peterborough, PE1 4DJ, CANADA)

NOMADS - "Made In Japan (Recorded In Sweden)" LP

I thought the NOMADS' "Outburst" LP from '84 was a real classic when I first heard it at a tender young age—at the time I had 'em pegged as an all-male Swedish CRAMPS clone, what with all the fuzzy guitars and snarled '60s-style oomph and ugghh. Fifteen years have passed since then, I've launched myself on that bobsled ride to the grave, and the NOMADS are still playing the same set. Plus or minus a couple numbers. They sound a lot more guitar-rock-metal than I remember, maybe it's a delayed TURBONEGRO influence taking hold, but those Marshall stacks are trembling. I still dig "Rat Fink a-Boo Boo", though, and this might be the only in-print place you're gonna hear it. (JH)

(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE NOMADS - "Big Sound 2000" LP

Forefathers of the Swedish scourge set, THE NOMADS have been covering that spectrum of STOOGES-DOLLS-RAMONES garage punk since the early '80s. This new slime green vinyl geared up for the new millennium cranks out if nothing else rock versatility...yawn. This wavers in and out of hard rockdown and melodic power popdom with a pinch of garage fuzz...a recipe that falls as flat as a pancake. Yeah this shit gets no gusto...too much ultra mid-tempo shit makes me crave velocity like a mother fucker, cos I ain't got the time. Fuck, is this record over yet? (DL)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

NOTHING SUBSTANTIAL/THE WHYIOUGHTAS - "So What" CD

NOTHING SUBSTANTIAL will have trouble getting anyone to listen to their music due to the annoying vocals—sounding somewhat like later NO USE FOR A NAME, but not even living up to their disappointing records. THE WHYIOUGHTAS play similar music, not unlike STRUNG OUT or one of those other bands that I can't remember. The first name on their thanks list is God, yet they are writing songs about the evils of Manifest Destiny and America in general. Isn't that a bit of a contradiction? I thought Manifest Destiny was an act of God. Confusion... (PA)

(Springman, PO Box 2042, Cupertino, CA 95015-2043)

OHEISVASARA - "Vasaranmerkki" CD

OHEISVASARA kick down some heavy duty Finnish crust-core, with male and female vocals. The lyrics are in Finnish with English translations. At times the female voice was so high that it was a bit distracting, especially in such heavy music. Nonetheless this is pretty solid, so check it out. (RC)

(Halla, PO Box 137, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND)

OHNO EXPRESS/RANGER SMITH - split 7"

OHNO EXPRESS play sweet pop punk with clean vocals and clean sounding guitar. Nothing special, but I could see myself listening to this a number of times. RANGER SMITH come off with a more aggressive edge, yet the gruff vocals don't work well with the brand off pop punk they are playing. (PA)

(Rumblestrip, 162 Helmsley Rd., Newcastle, NE2 1RD, UK)

ONE REASON - "Closing Our Chapters" CD

Well, their heart is in the right place, but their music is in another altogether. The sound falls somewhere between hardcore and snotty pop punk. It's mostly mid paced spoke/sung punk. I'm sure they are nice guys. (BG)

(One Reason, PO Box 4244, Cleveland, MS 38732)

OPERATION - "Destructiv Utveckling" LP

This is the second full-length from Sweden's crust-as-fuck OPERATION. At first, the female singer's pitch and the slower, moody tempo changes (with folky hints) reminded me of CONTRO-POTERE, out of Naples, but these guys are less brooding and much quicker on their feet. The calico anarcho-punk trappings of the record's sleeve design conceal sharp-mindedness and a the occasional witty insight in the lyrics. From "New Age": "Instead of fighting for other people/We have to create a positive image within ourselves/The most important thing is that we feel well." Musically, this is sporadically explosive—compatible dual vocals (in Swedish, with translation) all the way through and crashing, bass-heavy repetitions are fucked with enough to nullify any straight-ahead NAUSEA/ MULTI-FACET comparison. An inspiring, hard-rockin' record through and through. (AC)

(Skuld, Malmshemerstr. 14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY)

ORANGE JUICE FROM THE CRYPT - "Let's Go, Gore Girls!!!" EP

Ah, these little cryptic fuckers are really onto something. Yeah, this hook-heavy garage punk unit tears it up with the fury of '80s hardcore, rad. Throw into the mix good ol' Italian horror imagery and hot-blooded energy and shit these lil' bambinos done won me over. (DL)

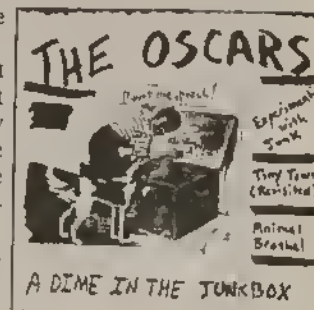
(Scarey, C/O Carlo Calemme, Via Galleria, 32/1 10025 Pino T. SE (TO), ITALY)



THE OSCARS - "A Dime in the Junkbox" EP

THE OSCARS are some sort of wacky, drunk-like acoustic quartet that uses boxes as drums. Nice low budget production with enjoyable repetitive tunes that will help me clear the unwanted guests outta parties. Valuable. (HM)

(Bootleg, PO Box 111333, Memphis, TN 38111-0333)



OUT COLD - "Live In Amsterdam" CD

Hmm, I am quite familiar with OUT COLD's recorded output. They have a great straightforward approach to punk. Fast, hard and angry, just how I like it. Now here is the question for the day: is it really necessary to put out a mediocre 28 song live set of theirs on CD? My gut feeling says no. The recording was decent, but nothing really made this stand out. (RC)

(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

OVERTHROW/COMIN CORRECT - split 7"

OVERTHROW have that modern hardcore tough guy sound, complete with deep "don't fuck with me" vocals. COMIN CORRECT is similar, except that Rick sings in both that deep style, and a more screechy scrappy style. I can't comment on the lyrics since there is no lyric sheet, but from what I could understand they're in the "unity and keep it real" vein. (JF)
(no address)

PETROGRAD - "Isabelle" LP

In a day like today when I'm struggling to come up with bands to compare new releases to (QUEERS, SCREECHING WEASEL, BUSINESS, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS...)—I have a first here. The only thing this reminds me of is the WATERBOYS. Yes the WATERBOYS. I swear that is MIKE SCOTT singing in a punkier WATERBOYS. An OK record, but this sounds like the WATERBOYS, for Christ's sake. (RL)
(Subway, PO Box 11 05 62, D-42305, Wuppertal, LUXEMBOURG)



PAGE 99 - "Document #4" 5"

This little piece of cranberry-colored vinyl is a eulogy of sorts to friends and family of the band who recently committed suicide. As such, this record does a great job of capturing the confusion, anger, and chaos of other emotions that surround such an event. Short and brutal, heavy and jagged, with chilling sound bites and layered dual vocals, this record pulls off what only the best emo can do: it takes specific, painful events from life and translates them to music without coming across as contrived or melodramatic. A must have. (JP)
(Robodog, 12001 Aintree Ln., Reston, VA 20191)

PHELGE - "Little Red Rooster/It's All Over Now"

Japanese early period ROLLING STONES cover/tribute band (based on "It's All Over Now," their use of the STONES' arrangement of "Little Red Rooster," a good idea since courting comparisons to the mighty HOWLIN' WOLF is a bad idea, and the name) doing a damn fine job of it. They're probably a good time live (sharp dressers, too!), and this is probably a good souvenir. Otherwise, I don't know how many people will need such an authentic recreation of readily available recordings. (DD)
(no address)



PANTHRO UK UNITED 13 - "Golita" EP

This has an old school HC sing-a-long feel to it. There's a focused intensity to what they do that makes this really work. The lyrics are well thought out social critiques. Definitely a plus in these apathetic days. And anyone who does an old NAKED RAYGUN cover is cool in my book. Now I see why I had been hearing so much about these guys

PHOBIA/CORRUPTED - split EP

Fuck yeah! Two of my favorite bands slapped together on Volume two of the "Kind Bud" series from Rhetoric. PHOBIA cuts loose with a fierce pummeling to your skull with their raging Southern California grindcore. CORRUPTED's music, on the other hand, is amazingly slow and heavy. They are from Japan, yet sing all of their songs in Spanish. Think GRIEF or NOOTHGRUSH, and you will get the picture. Killer release! (RC)
(Rhetoric, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53701)

POWDER MONKEYS - "Blood, Sweat And Beers" LP

Live record from Spain (are these guys from Spain? I know not). Though the recording quality is certainly passable, it's certainly got that unequalized, everything-sounds-disconnected quality to it. These guys seem to occupy (in 1999 imagine!) that post hard-rock/punk thing. In other words, it's got a lotta rock in it. Or to be more accurate: imagine the HARD ONS on a bad day with a bad ROB TYNER impersonator. Perhaps they sound better in the studio, but here the recording quality and the unabashed "rock"-ness of it has me wishing for other distractions on this sunny day. Which is too bad 'cause you can tell that these fellows appear to be trying real hard, perhaps a reprisal of their goals should be in order. (JY)
(no address)

PART OF THE PROBLEM - "More To Life" EP

This band reminds me a lot of that band SICK PLEASURE, who called SF their home in the early '80s. That is, PART OF THE PROBLEM play straight forward punk rock in the CIRCLE JERKS or BLACK FLAG vein. There's no way that they come close to their influences (duh!), but it's better than most. A solid record. (NF)
(Jack "Diggler" Kowalski, 2960 Aster Ln, Lititz PA 17543)

PAWNS - "...And They Thought Anarchy Was Bad" CD

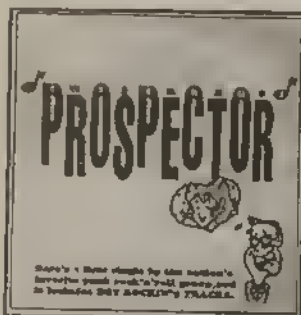
A lyrically strong effort by a band that, when they get it right musically, remind me of bands like SUBMISSION HOLD, and other groups gifted with thoughtful writers. Often the music and lyrics don't rise to meet one another, but it is punk rock we're talking about here, and I can live with this result. (JV)
(Bad Monkey, 473 North Street, Oakland CA 94609)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PRESSURE POINT - "Life's Blood" CD

A new six song EP from these Sacramento boot boys on TKO Records. Five new songs about working class ethics and staying strong (I love the one in Spanish!), and a cover of the classic BLITZ song "New Age." Back up vocals on a couple of songs by Craig FORGOTTEN and Jan RANDUMB. "Life's Blood" is definitely a great pro-union anthem but "Claim the Night" and "Fuerza Por Oi" have got to be my favorite songs on the album. If you're into this kind of stuff, definitely check them out. (SR)

(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)



PROSPECTOR - "Twist and Shout" EP

Apparently (according to the wise seer Nostradamus) today is the last day of existence... and where am I? With my family? Friends? Girlfriend? No. I'm here at the MRR Hall of Justice listening to records and typing, so if there is a tomorrow, all of you little cadets out there can be entertained and informed by my record reviews. PROSPECTOR is from Japan and lemme tell you, they rock.

Side A has this mid-tempo "my heart is breaking" pop punk sound that everyone seems to be doing these days but the flip is bunch of toe tapping, hip slapping, ass shaking, "1-2-3-4!! Let's rock'n'roll to-nite!!!" tunes that few are able to do like these cats, ya dig? Perfect for the teenage rocking man/woman. Their vocalist even sounds a lot like Joey Vindictive. I want a copy of this. (BM)

(Pop Ball, SGI Tsukamoto 2I, Shinkitano 3-12-10, Yodogawa-ku, Osaka, 532, JAPAN)

THE RAMONES - "Blitzkrieg Over Boston" LP

If you really want to know what a RAMONES show was like, get real hot and sweaty, put on your favorite record of theirs, adjust the tracking upwards (if your turntable allows you to do so), turn the volume way up and turn on your TV (this will be the crowd). Recorded in 1976, 20 songs. (KK)

(no address)

RANDUMBS - "In Search Of The Abominable Sonoman" CD

Aw, I was just gettin' ready to slam every CD I got this month and along comes this one that I can't hate. Damn. SF style drunk punks who would (and probably already have) played with the likes of the LOUDMOUTHS. (DP)

(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE RAT HOLE SHEIKH - "Dirty Rotten Sadist" EP

.....fuck!!! I had so many good records to review this month.....now someone had to drop this turd in my toilet and ruin my whole evening!!!!!! what is this? Not much info here.....songs written, performed and recorded by just one dude.....from Sweden. I guess....I may be wrong on that one, but who cares.....boring lifeless limp dick bozo music in the overdriven "garage" vein.....they should start making the paper on these sleeves softer so I can start using them to wipe my ass with..... (SW)

(Subway Star, 1 611 45, Nykoping, SWEDEN)

RAY DAYTONA & GOOGOOBOMBOS - "Real Black King" EP

These guys have spent more than a little time listening to good '60s garage rock and, surprisingly have actually put that experience to good use. Strong vocals with pop hooks and fuzztone guitar (as well as tastefully restrained keyboard) over medium tempos. Even the cheesy backward guitar in "Strict Mistress" works, and that's not an easy thing to pull off. A keeper, as far as I'm concerned. (DD)

(Bad Man/Greg Bellone, Via Roma 88, 15040, Castellato Monf. (AL), ITALY)

THE REAL KIDS - "All Kindsa Girls" EP

This release, a repress of this band's first seven inch, isn't really essential. Actually it kind of sucks. The title cut is a much weaker version of "All Kindsa Girls" than what appears on their debut album. As for the b-side, it's a wimpy ass ballad. Good for a few laughs and that's about it. Buy the original or reissue of their debut LP, which is really great, rockin' power pop/punk, with hooks galore, and pass on this. (RM)

(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 102176)



REAL SHIT - "Real Shit" EP

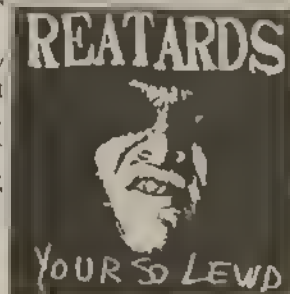
Hey you, yeah you, come here. I got the new fucking band for all you disgruntled hardcore kids.....take a little UNIFORM CHOICE/GORILLA BISCUITS and mix it with a great old-school touch (a la BLACK FLAG and MINOR THREAT) and you have the high energy trio known as REAL SHIT. Fuck man, this EP is good. (MW)

(\$5 ppd: Mickeyroom, 2-9-9-303, Minamisaiwai, Nishii, Yokohama, Kanagawa 220-0005, JAPAN)

THEREATARDS - "Your So Lewd" EP

I get it, they're retards, so they spell everything wrong. Pretty decent stuff here: melodic, straightforward, screaming/growling punk rock that becomes a bit monotonous at times. It doesn't strike me as "gotta go get it" type stuff, but it did keep my attention. (KK)

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102)



RINGWORM - "Last Call in the Free World" CD

Upbeat hardcore, without being wimpy or overly dramatic, it's got plenty of the 'thickneck' flavor that made bands like POISON IDEA so popular. Toe tapping pace and intelligible vocals make for easy singalongs. Too bad there's nothing here I'm particularly excited about singing! They're obviously competent, which might mean they're a great live band, and that energy doesn't come across all that well here. Decent enough. (TM)

(Rat Town, PO Box 50803, Jax Beach, FL 32240)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

ROTUNDA - "My Only Weapon" CD

A four song CD from Birmingham, England. Streetpunkish sound with a tinge of pop punk. Maybe their influences: FACE TO FACE, QUEERS, GREEN DAY, LEATHERFACE, RAMONES, and UK hardcore, can explain it. The first song makes me laugh so much. The chorus goes, "my only weapon is my yeah, yeah, yeah." It's so funny, but yet so catchy at the same time. Not bad. (SR)
(Rotunda, 33 Lincoln Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 6PA, UK)

RUPTURE - "Cunt Of God" LP

Twenty-one songs of bile-soaked, demented, 'we hate everyone' anti-pc rants over average, mid-to-fast-paced punk rock. Not much memorable on here at all. Some of the lyrics are funny, some I'm not sure if they're serious or not. I hope not, but it doesn't really matter does it? Sure to offend someone. (AM)
(Rhetoric, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53701)

SANTIAGO 301 - "Unity in Diversity" CD

Catchy drunk punk rock. Highschoolish, NOFX, good time, jump around band. A perfect band to invite to your next keg party. All the beer will get drunk, your windows will get broken and other signs of a successful party will be left behind. (TJ)
(\$3 ppd: DrunkCore, 49 Gladstone Ave., West Islip, NY 11795)

SCREAMINGFATRAT/HOT WATER MUSIC - split EP

HOT WATER MUSIC, from Gainesville, offer a smoothly rounded anti-sexist anthem with a pretty lilting guitar line draped in the background. FUGAZI fans, another one for you. SCREAMINGFATRAT, from Japan, sing a digestible pop tune with more melody and emotion than befit the lyrics (about the excesses of punk rock fashion). This is a too-pleasant sound for me, missing a kick, but there's no lack of talent here. (AC)
(Snuffly Smile, 4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0032, JAPAN)

SCUMBRIGADE/TOLSHOCK - split EP

SCUMBRIGADE has your basic highspeed 200 mph grindcore sound with screaming female/male vocals. Their lyrics bash hardline sex and pro-lifers while praising support of political prisoners and veganism. TOLSHOCK comes in with a slightly slower 180 mph thrash sound with angry double male vocals. Overall, a pretty good split. (SR)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)

SECLUDES - "Life Goes On" CD

Backwards baseball cap and goatee punk for those who just can't get enough of bands who sound like NOFX. Stay away from Hollywood or that girl from the LILYPADS will kick your asses. (DP)
(Crazy Bastard, 16420 SE McGillivray, 103, Vancouver, WA 98683)

SHORT MILLIE - "An Attempt To Document" CD

Several styles in the blender. Herky-jerky emo, cloudy day MONSULA pop melodies, scratchy hardcore, even some ska rhythms (but not ska-core). Such cross-pollination usually aggravates my allergies, but no hayfever this time. The sound is blended, doesn't just jump from this to that. Vinyl? (TH)
(\$8: Whitehouse, 830 Baylor Wissman Road, Lanesville, IN 47136)

SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN - "Permanent Stains" LP

I confess I skipped ahead and listened to "The Bride Of Wildenstein" because I am obsessed with that woman who looks like she was transformed into a cat by her plastic surgeon. Then I listened to the rest in order. I love this record! Eighteen songs, and none of them suck. They have that street punk sound, but the lyrics are wacky and clever instead of just singing about unity and all that crap. (DP)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK)

SIDECAR - "All Those Opposed" CD

Take two things that I hate and then put them together (no not carnies and Taco Bell); skate punk and emo. It's emotional skate punk. Not my cup of tea, but since for some reason or another I'm in a good mood, I'll let them off easy. Hell, I'll even give them some song titles for their next album (chances are I'll review that one too, since if memory serves, I reviewed their last one): "Fractured; My Heart and My Skull", "I Cried for You and My Skinned Knee". (BM)
(Fast, #68 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)

SIR KILLALOT - "Happy Times In Gorgeousland" CD

A decent band from Ireland that reminds me of CHINA DRUM, TRAVIS CUT, and SENSELESS THINGS. You know, that UK pop punk crowd. Why aren't these guys on Crackle? I'm a sucker for this stuff so I gotta give it the thumbs up. (RL)
(Riseabove, 3, Hillcrest Walk, Lucan, Co. Dublin, IRELAND)

SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH/TERMINUS CITY - split 45

It's nice to see that skinhead boys like to give girls head. It's on the cover, so I guess there's some forward thinking here. TERMINUS CITY is a working class band playing a variation of street punk, singing about how politicians rip us off and that hard work doesn't pay. SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH is the female version who focus on some more female-oriented lyrics. I need a little more of a beat and less of a message. (CK)
(Hooligan Empire, PO Box 10024, Kansas City, MO 64171)

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS - "Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone?" EP

Yes! This reissue of the Damaged Goods pressing of a Decca SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS EP from 1977 is an absolute necessity for every punk rocker! The title cut has inspired countless bands from skinhead to punk to mohawk. This shit is as raw and important as the day it was recorded twenty-three years ago! Attention young punks! Get this record immediately! (BR)
(Damaged Goods, 12 Hawarden Rd., Walthamstow, London, E 17 6NS, UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE SLEEPWALKERS - "I Wanna Eat Your Brain/Go On Leave"

Super fuzz guitar, standard stripped shirts and gravel vocals make this no-fi Italiano garage punk outfit a surefire throwback a la THE MUSIC MACHINE. Even though this has incredibly crude production, this still manages to hold some endearing qualities, especially the misspelling of the song title on the cover sleeve. Hahaha. (DL)

Psych Out, P.za 1 Maggio, 44 - 72017 Ostuni, ITALY)

THE SOCIAL LEPERS - "One For The Ladies" EP

A charming EP from one of Glasgow's more politically aware garage/punk bands. Five compelling tracks with titles such as "Just a Fuck", "Fuckin' the Dead Meat", and the classic "Buxom Bitches". Don't get me wrong, I absolutely love the occasional dirty fuck song. I just think it (like anything else) gets a little old when that's all there is. You'd think that four clever chaps like these would be able to come up with something a little more interesting. Not offensive, just boring. (KK)

(Bronx Cheer, PO Box 13, Glasgow, G12 8YT, Scotland, UK)

SPEED SHIFT - "Doctored For Super Sound" CDEP

Another skimpy five-song CD from an Iowa band that offer no information about themselves. About half of the tunes I dig; they feature neat leads over the standard-issue punk guitar. You know what I mean. They have a habit of switching gears several times during the same track which loses me, but this band should improve with time. Another demo tape burned onto a compact disc. (JH)

(Full Blare, PO Box 5344, Sioux City, IA 51102)

SPREAD/TEEN IDOLS - split 10"

Japan's SPREAD do the speedy pop punk thing a la NOT REBOUND and BLEW. Nothing too great, but decent. The TEEN IDOLS' four songs are right up there for them. They are still putting out some decent pop punk these days. Probably best for TEEN IDOLS fans. (RL)

(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St. #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

SPYHOLE/USELESS ID - split EP

Sad, 'cause no one plays emotionally charged melodic punk like they used to? Then stop crying, and check this EP out. Both bands do a great job of putting their all into every song. SPYHOLE are from Germany, and play more straightforward melodic songs. Very good, honest sounding music. Israel's USELESS ID are on a more poppy tip, but don't let that deter you. They know how to rock out, too. I'm really jazzed on their BEATLES cover here. They only made 500 of these, so order one now if you're the least bit interested. (BG)

(Yo Yo, Bergstr 24, 74670 Sinninger, GERMANY)

SQUIGGY - "Songs About..." CD

This is pretty rockin'. There's a couple of clunkers, but the majority of the eighteen songs here are really good, catchy, pogopunkin tunes which border on hardcore, and have a heavy Brit influence (GBH, FOUR SKINS, etc...). Some of the lyrics are pretty dumb in a simpleton, redneck kind of way, while others are pretty well thought out and cool. I like it. (RM)

(Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

SQUIGGY/INFILTRATORS - split EP

SQUIGGY kicks you in the head as soon as the needle touches down on "My Way". This shit attacks with good guitar driven Oi! and extra gruff vocals. "Double Standard" continues the hard Oi! momentum. The finale on side one is a street punk version of "This Land Is Your Land" Great! THE INFILTRATORS mix rough and tumble punk rock with Oi! to get a great blend with plenty of balls. A strong guitar track pushes the whole package along with superior vocals and tight harmonies. "Before Dawn" has poignant lyrics about POWs as "Pawns of War". Excellent! Get this record you punks and skins! (BR)

(Squigtone, 166 Spring St., Newton, NJ 07860)

STARS AND STRIPES - "Shave For Battle" LP

This is a re-issue originally released on Patriot Records like a decade or so ago, and I'm sure more than a few people are happy that Taang! decided to do so. I think that this is one of the top LPs that an American skinhead band has ever done. Sixteen tough ass oi tunes in all, and not a bad one amongst the pack. Good stuff. (NF)

(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego CA 92109)

STARS AND STRIPES - "Shaved For Battle" EP

Yeah, this record may rock. It sure is better than any of the SLAPSHOT records. But let's not forget that this was not a joke back in the day. As I seem to remember it (and I do remember it, personally), this was when bands wouldn't play until the audience had said the pledge of allegiance, and groups of skinheads would wait outside bars to kick the shit out of anyone in a leather jacket. Did the hoys in STARS AND STRIPES do all this? Maybe. Did they condone this kind of behavior? Definitely. This record is one of the political low points in oi/streetpunk, and I'd hate to see it get glamorized now. (ST)

(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

THE STEREO - "Three Hundred" CD

This CD has some really great stuff on it. A heavy power pop meets BAD RELIGION thing going on. There are three keyboard songs which I could live without, but the guitar songs are pretty right on. Great vocals with hooks, energetic playing and solid material. Pop folk take note here. Well recommended. (RL)

(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604)

SWALLOW THIS - "Tell Me Vision" CD

SWALLOW THIS' music isn't the greatest I've heard, and the first couple of minutes of this CD had me thinking I was going to totally hate this. But after a few songs I narrowed down the main things I liked about it. Although some of the time changes and guitar wankiness I could've done without, the vocals are what I love. They linger somewhere around SCHLONG, OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN and (sometimes) THE FIXTURES. Musically there are some neat time tricks, but for everything I liked about the music, there was a part thrown in to make me question my own opinion. And a music critic with wavering opinions is a weak creature that should be euthanized. Overall, I liked the speed and tempo, but not enough to make it to song #4 (out of ten total). Oh yeah, the graphics are damn ugly too. (PB)

(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

SWORN VENGEANCE - "The Blood And The Chaos" EP

Are these kids serious? From the hard streets of Danville come SWORN VENGEANCE. Two songs about wanting to "watch you die", one about "rage and torment" and a little ditty about "damnation". Lots 'o metal straight edge silliness... (LH)
(Back To Basics, 79 Third Ave, 2nd Fl, Paterson, NJ 07514)

TEENAGE FRAMES - "1% Faster" CD

Alternative type stuff with some punk rock touches, some rootsy touches, etc.. A little too cleanly produced and on the slowish side for me. The mainstream influences, like the STONES and VAN MORRISON, seems to come through a little too obviously. To confess, my overall impression of this band is a '90s sanitized MTV version of the NEW YORK DOLLS or the DEAD BOYS (actually, that's a real stretch). A few decent songs in the bunch but all wrapped around a too-slick production. (JY)
(Jump Up, PO Box 13189, Chicago, IL 60613)

THANK BUT NO THANK - "Stay Tuned" CD

Another band that listens to too much DIESEL BOY and FACE TO FACE. Come on kids, influences are fine, but don't make them so obvious. This is the kind of release that gives melodic hardcore a bad name. (JF)
(Pinche Flojo, PO Box 431212, Houston, TX 77243)

THINK TWICE - "Scrut Your Words" CDEP

Yeah, yeah, pop punk, yeah, yeah, some metallic guitar at times, yeah, adolescent lyrics, yeah boring. (BG)
(Low, PO Box 803250, Santa Clarita, CA 91380)



THUMBS/URCHIN - split 7"

THE URCHIN play aggressive pop punk along the lines of SNUFF, not unlike many other Snuffy Smile bands. THE THUMBS sound much better than I ever remember them. Catchy, yet with plenty of energy, while making good use of the gruff dual vocals—though one of their time changes still hits me funny no matter how much I listen to it. (PA)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302 Daizawa,

Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, 155-0032, JAPAN)

JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS - EP

Eh? What's this? Has Mr. Thunder's spirit been communicating with Greg Prevost and company? Is this some long lost sessions that the Chesterfield Kings had tucked away? Unfortunately, I can't say for sure, 'cause this is a Japanese release and all the liner notes are in Japanese. In all possibility, it could be some long lost thing. There's one studio recording and two live tunes. Musically this is closer to the THUNDERS solo stuff than the KINGS. Possibly the KINGS found themselves as a backing band. I dunno. Three tunes here: "Critic's Choice", "I'd Rather Be With The Boys" and "London Boys". Probably these were recorded during the "So Alone" era, it sounds like. You be the judge. Generally for the THUNDERS completists, I think (if it's indeed the real thing). (JY)
(no address)

TIEBREAK - "Stand Hard" EP

How about some Norwegian straightedge hardcore to brighten your day? TIEBREAK sticks with the formula. Fast youth crew with a heavy YOUTH OF TODAY influence. The songs deal with unity, staying true, brotherhood and all the other things that straightedge kids never get tired of singing about. Three out of four fingerpoints for this one. (RC)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

TOILET BOYS - "Sinners And Saints" CD

Ahhh...here you got some toilet love from NYC porcelain god rockers, the TOILET BOYS, with 7-glamsoaked cum shots. Lovely Ms. Guy and the boys got this schtick down that's for sure...pulling out all the stops with KISS like hooks and lyrical come-ons...pure cheesy, trashy over-the-top, over produced m'r fun...reminiscent of those hellish LA nights in the '80s when all the guys with long hair were gettin' laid like motherfuckers. Problem is, on repeat listen this shit seems to get played out faster than last season's platforms. No doubt, the crowd out at Sixteen (local SF poseur m'r club) will deep throat this faster than a Capp Street ho, but for you ruffians too cheap to buy vinyl clothes or too big to wear 'em, steer right the fuck clear. I'll leave you with a quote from my friend Wez who came out of last months TOILET BOYS show: "That was the gayest punk show I've ever been to..." Enough said? (DL)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

TOTALITAR/AUTORITAR - split EP

Whatd'ya know. Toss two of the better hardcore bands outta Europe together for a split, and see who's left standing when it's all over. I'm going with TOTALITAR on this one - something about the gut level production and their DISCHARGE like repetition. I'm sold. Might not be able to figure out what they're saying, but it definitely rocks. Great stuff - the AUTORITAR material definitely doesn't slouch, but it'd be hard to overcome the flip regardless. (TM)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 55 02 08, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)



25 TA LIFE - "Friendship, Loyalty, Commitment" LP

If dreads and jerseys are your thing you are so happy because, hair flipping Rick Ta Life is back to fuck some hardcore shit up! Hell yes, this is as tough and hard as you expect from these New York scenesters (and from the cover-some gun toting graffiti gangster.) Yep a lot of dos and don'ts for their little insular hardcore scene, but don't forget "one scene, one unity?" Ha! New York Hard! (TJ)
(Triple Crown, 331 West 57th St. #472, New York, NY 10019)

TWENTY2 - "Porn Rock" CD

Yawn. Totally generic pop punk that's mostly remarkable in it's ability to be forgotten. Bands like this are why the X Games are so totally unbearable. (LH)
(Springman, PO Box 2043, Cupertino, CA 95015)

MUSIC REVIEWS

UNDERTOW - "Everything" 7"

"One handful of emptiness and a fistful of anger": UNDERTOW constructs a bit of their signature youth crew straightedge hardcore. They do it well, except the hardcore version of an EMBRACE song I could live without. (TJ)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE UNIFORM - "If It Takes the Form of a Human, I'll Kick Its Ass" 12"

Hardcore with a rock edge? Rock with a hardcore edge? At times I could see this being what MENS RECOVERY PROJECT would be doing had they not gotten into the noise box thing. At times the guitar reminds me of Toni Joy of UOA, MOSS ICON (Baltimore connection), yet at other times becomes more rock. A short but interesting record, well worth checking out. (PA)
(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203-3474)

THE UNSEEN - "So This Is Freedom?" CD

AFI meets AUS ROTTEN for 13 tracks of songs with titles like: "Punks Attack" and "Stand Up And Fight". I enjoy this music much more than some of the stereotypical emo opening bands I've seen recently. That said this is probably best heard in a CD changer, or definitely in small doses. Buy it, or beer, the choice is yours. (JV)
(A-F, PO BOX 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

VAE VICTIS - "Bridge Builder" LP

So chaotic and frantic you know these kids are from a 24 hour town! This is a must have for the kids into the heavy music and I'm not just saying that because I have a weak spot for NV. This is recorded so well, a wall of distortion falls on you from first to last. (TJ)
(Saian's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507)

VALSE TRISTE - "Turha Ruokkia Ruumiita" CD

New songs from these long-lasting Finnish punks that fit in with the numerous EPs that preceded this disc. No speed or thrash elements, just thick guitar and bass with a very sparing pinch of quirk. The Finnish cover of a POISON IDEA blast is appropriate in a "Yeah, I can see that" kind of way. (TH)
(Solardisk, Box 50, 90251 Oulu, SWEDEN)



VIETNAM SYNDROME - "Kill In The Blanks" EP

Side one gets off to a good start with an MDC-sounding thrasher, but soon descends into treacherous territory with a navel-gazing acoustic lament about the guy's father. The only track on the flip picks up the pace again with a metallic, driving, anti-patriotic manifesto that sounds a lot like ROLLINS BAND. Pretty schizo, I'm sure you'll agree, but worth check-

ing out all the same. (AM)
(Ding Dong Ditch, PO Box 2409, Kalamazoo, MI 49003-2409)

VOODOO LOVE CATS - "That's What I Believe" EP

I was preparing to give this the old one-two-three into the trash compactor based on the spooky-ooky zombie cover and their claim to be managed by none other than Satan himself, but it's really not that bad. German punk rock practiced by five mohawks with names like Creep, Sic Boy and Ruin. Tough stuff, simple and free from the horror movie sound-bites I expected to hear. (JH)

(New Breed, Postfach 11 26, 51387 Burscheid, GERMANY)



VOORHEES - "13" LP

It's been five years since the last hard(core)-as-nails LP from this UK five-piece, though some more recent 7"s have emerged. Variety is not the spice of *Fiesta Grande*-core, which means monotonously brutal vocals, weighty metal breakdowns, and drums rising to the pace of a small frightened mammal's heartbeat. In the speed-and-violence capacity, this is solid as fuck. And—the incomprehensible vocals really read like poetry. (AC)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

WARCOLLAPSE - "Divine Intoxication" LP

Mid tempo crusty sounds from Sweden. Some songs are surprisingly catchy in a way. My foot was tapping away to the beat if you know what I mean. Deep and slightly raspy vocals with the occasional grunt. These guys are all about death, fear, destruction, drinking, and saying that things will never change. Don't worry so much, boys. (SR)
(Elderberry H-Quarters, Hermansvägen, 94 kv 553, 53 Jönköping SWEDEN)

GINO WASHINGTON AND THE ATLANTICS - "Come Monkey With Me" EP

holy smoke!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!this record is ALIVE WITH HEART AND SOUL!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me you bastard!!!!!!!!!! This is ROCK N ROLL kiddies!!!!!! The shit that makes yer brain go CRAZZZZZZYYYYYY!!!!!!it makes me feel like FUCKING!!!!!! YESSSSSS!!!!!! I can't review this record!!! There is nothing intellectual about it!!!! Nothing to put under a microscope!!!!!! Just pure raw EMOTION!!!!!! Four cuts recorded in Detroit, 1963!!!!!! Two vocals and two instrumentals!!!!!! That's all the info I'm gonna give you kids!!!!!! You gotta hear this shit fer your lame-ass selves!!!!!!!!!! But, I do know that Norton has got a full length GINO WASHINGTON LP out now!!!!!! I heard it and I'm speechless!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Ten dicks up!!!!!! (SW)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

WASTED

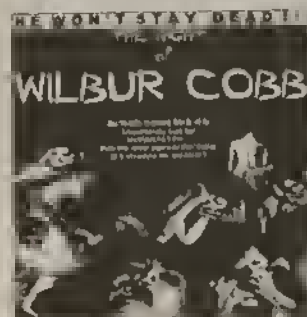


WASTED - "Battle of Life" EP

Amped-up, hyperactive punk rock, with a snotty attitude and a meaty guitar punch. The structure and delivery reminds me a lot of old RANCID, but rawer and less poppy and without the runaway bass lines. Not bad at all. (AM)
(\$4: Halla, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND)

WATSON ONE SHIRT - "Don't Try This At Home" CD

Wow, I've never heard anyone sing with so much anger about Burger King and Star Trek fans. These guys seem to be pissed off about everything—maybe it's because they suck. Actually, it's not so awful, just generic enough to be beyond description. (DP)
(Little Kid, PO Box 14155, Portland, Or 97293)



WILBUR COBB - "The Night Of Wilbur Cobb" EP

Those German hardcore kids do it again. Fast, spazzed out, stop-on-a-dime hardcore with hoarsely sung vocals. I'm not sure, but I think they may be straightedge with a very anti-straightedge stance. The songs "Asshole Militia", and their anti-kickboxing anthem "Don Quixote vs. The 8000 Windmills of Van Damme" hit home with me in a big way. Check this

out! (RC)
(Nova, c/o N. Lavrinenko, Otto-Hahn-Str. 19, 50126 Bergheim, GERMANY)



WIRETAPS - "Romulan Invasion/Don't Talk To Me"

Now here's a record you need. If only for the a-side, since I know how lazy most people are (myself included). There is no need to turn this one over. X-members of the FALL-OUTS and THE INHALANTS play a straight forward, simple, poppy garage song that is so catchy and pokes fun at the fans of THE MAKE UP. There are even hand claps! B-side is a

cover of my favorite GG ALLIN song (yeah, I actually have one) and a pretty good version at that so I guess you might want to turn the record over once in a while. (CK)
(Anyway, PO Box 82444, Columbus, OH 43202)

WONTONS - "Extra Spicy" EP

While the WONTONS play a sound that sounds like it would be at home with some of poppier "Teenage Shutdown" stuff, it just sounds too clean. I like my primal pop dirty, sorry. (JF)
(Peek-A-Boo, PO Box 49542, Austin, TX 78765)



V/A - "Aftermath" 2xLP

A benefit for the Profane Existence Collective. Two records filled with some of the best bands around today, and I think the best way to review this record is to start off by listing a number of the bands participating: DAMAD, BROTHERINFERIOR, CALLOUSED, RESIST AND EXIST, WHOREHOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, HELLKRUSHER, SEEN' RED, DOOM, ABUSO SONORO, and CRESS. A great record for a good cause. Buy it! (JV)
(Blackened, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

V/A - "Artificial Something" 7"

Northern CA grind/HC fest! Side A blasts out the brutal speed of NO LESS, BENUMB and CATHY AMES! Side B holds CANAAN's and REDSCARE's more melodic hardcore, heavy and interesting without emo undertones. Right on! The more heavy stuff around these parts the better! (TJ)
(\$3 ppd: Out of Many, 1030 Haywood Ave, San Jose, CA 95125)



V/A - "Back Seat Love" LP

Tonight is not the night for back seat love. Sixteen tracks of late-'70s power pop from fourteen bands, wrapped up in a "Killed by Death"-styled package that could either win your heart forever or turn your stomach for life. Winners include the NASTY FACTS' one-two punch "Crazy 'Bout You" and "Get To You", the BOBBY TEENS-ish INNOCENTS, and the RERUNS' peppy "So Alone". Losers include the JUMPERS, ZIPPERS, San Francisco's HITMAKERS, the COLD, etc., etc., all of them so suffused with sweetness and light that they make my molars ache. I never liked the KNACK, either. (JH)
(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Break the Rules" LP

From the moment RATSIA plays "Ikuinen Rakkaus" (an amazingly faithful cover of THE BUZZCOCKS' "I Don't Mind"), you know this comp of out-of-print tunes is gonna be great. The focus is on bands with melodies: BUREAUCRATS chime in with a power-pop classic with "Grown Up Age," an incredibly rare Canadian item with inventive guitar work and great choruses; ROGER C REALE's "Kill Me" is a crutching punker that has a '77 LA feel (even if they're from Cincinnati circa '81); all fans of Finnish punk know about LAMA's "Paskaa," a churning hc track with snottosed vocals and guitars that crunch; and the JETSONS' "Genetically Stupid" is so catchy that fans of punk and power-pop will find the tune engraved in their minds. THE LAW, SUSSED, OUTSIDERS, A.D.s...you really can't go wrong. Superior selection. (SS)

(Insektion, PO Box 30 37 53, 10726 Berlin GERMANY)

V/A - "The Center Of The Universe" CD

Well, this is a comp of bands that Bill and Stephen from ALL/ DESCENDENTS have recorded in their studio, and put out on their own label. The production throughout is definitely of the thick and chunky variety. The bands here all get three songs each to strut their stuff. They do tend to sound like what I'd imagine the ALL guys to listen to. WRETCH LIKE ME and TANGER are on the ultra heavy, pile driving side of things. Very tight and technical, too. SOMEDAY is the most melodic here, sounding like, yes, midperiod ALL, but heavier and with a more angular attack. Speaking of angular, THE NEW ROB ROBBIES play a post punk meets hard rock mix that really somehow works. Very aggressive, yet tweaked at the edges. Finally, BILL THE WELDER sounds like what they are, a hand of roadies for other hands. Their stuff is obnoxious and generic. Overall though, this CD is a solid proposal. (BG)

(Owned & Operated, PO Box 36, Fort Collins, CO 80522)

V/A - "Cover Whatever You Want #2" CD

Actually, the title is deceiving, since the CD contains both the new comp (aptly named Volume 2) and the first comp (which I believe was released as an EP). This comp features AVO, ARMS REACH, BLEEDING FACE, GRIM REALITY, FALLOUT, FORWARD DEFENSE plus seven others doing covers of bands like DRI, SIEGE, MADBALL, INFEST, and IMPACT UNIT. I would have actually liked to have seen either a MASS APPEAL or at least an AC/DC cover from you Aussie wankers. (MW)

(Snapshot, PO Box 175, Georges Hall 2198, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "The East Coast of Oi!" CD

Actually, this isn't as bad as I thought. There's a couple of bands that are terrible, and with them the three year old crack still stands. A couple of others however, SQUIGGY, HEIDNIK STEW and THE DUCKY BOYS, for example, are in fact good, as are the other bands I already mentioned. Seventeen bands playing oi, street punk and early '80s style hardcore. Some winners, some losers. (RM)

(Radical, 77 Bleecker St. #C2-21, New York, NY 10012)

V/A - "The East Coast of Oi!" CD

There's exactly three good songs on this compilation. Those by THE WRETCHED ONES (solid as ever), TERMINUS CITY (best new oi band, hands down) and THE OUTSIDERS (catchy pogo punk/rocknroll). The rest of the bands on this comp are pretty cruddy. Mostly boring takes on other bands such as THE ANTI-HEROES, MADBALL, THE LAST RESORT and/or RANCID on their second release. On top of the high non rockin factor, how many times can a person suffer through a bunch of dudes singing about "pride", "steel-cap boots", "traitors", "welfare" bums and what have you. I mean, who the fuck wrote these bands songs? Their three year old daughters on their Sesame Street xylophones? Even a couple of the veteran bands whose songs I was expecting to dig, like NIBLICK HENBANE and THE BROKEN HEROES seem to be lagging on this. NIBLICK's live version of "Hoodlum" suffers in the energy department big time and THE BROKEN HEROES tune is just kind of boring. Personally, I'd pass on this release. (RM)

(Radical, 77 Bleecker St. #C2-21, New York, NY 10012)

V/A - "Fastmusic Kills" CD

Q: What's the only thing I love more than compilation CDs? A: Compilation CDs of bands that I've never heard of. Loads of totally generic pop punk and Fat Wreck style hardcore. SIDECAR sucks just for the blatant over-use of noodley guitar parts. Apparently there's a lot of label and band info on this interactive disc. But you know what? I just don't care. (LH)

(Fastmusic, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)

V/A - "Freak Show/Petrograd" EP

FREAK SHOW are from Spain but play hardcore that instantly reminds me of the classic Italian stuff. Imagine early NEGAZIONE with a couple of '90s mosh parts. PETROGRAD play quirky punk with lots of melody. I think this record is the first time they've used keyboards. Political with a personal edge separates them from a lot of the other anarcho type bands. Nice looking. (LH)

(Skank, 102 Rue Du Parc, L-3542 Dudelange, FRANCE)

V/A - "Hardcore Pride" EP

Well, like I said a few months ago, I went to NYC last summer and not only did I not see any skinheads running riot and ruling the streets but yo peep this, I didn't see any people wielding baseball bats and 2 x 4's, wearing phat hoodies, comin' correct and keepin' it real if you know what I mean. Bummer. I did see Merle Allin though. Anyway, this three band compilation EP is full of that kind of stuff. You know, early

SICK OF IT ALL, AGNOSTIC FRONT, mosh hard, "whose dah tuff guy" hardcore with dashes of METALLICA and SLAYER here and there. The bands featured include COMIN CORRECT, E.S.I.P and STORMCORE (now that's a N.Y. hardcore name if ever there was one) and they're all pretty good at what they do. (RM)

(Back Ta Basics, 79 3rd Ave. 2nd Fl. Patterson, NJ 07514)



MUSIC

REVIEWS

V/A - "Hangin' Out With The Stupid Kids" CD

Hey these kids of the United Kingdom may be stupid, but for the most part this compilation is pretty rocking. Melodic punk all the way around that got my foot a stompin'. (JF)
(S.I.D, 71 South Crescent, Duckmanton, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, S44 5EQ, UK)

V/A - "Heel Erg Punk II" CD

I'm impressed to see a compilation with such diversity. This one features 16 bands from the Rotterdam, Holland area that play a wide range of punk styles. Oi to metal-core, emo to ska-punk, its here. The tracks are recorded live at the second "Heel Erg Punk Fest." I seriously think its great to see all these bands working together within their own scene. There are some really great bands on here and then, of course, not so great ones too. You may not like all the bands on this, but there's a little special something for everyone. SOCIALE WERKPLAATS, DISTURBANCE, SECOND CHANCE, and DIENASKEBANANEN definitely stand out the most. A really good overview of what Rotterdam has to offer. (SR)
(Tocado, PO Box 3092, 3003 AB, Rotterdam, HOLLAND)

V/A - "Holy Gobstoppers Bat Man!! Another Compilation Maximumrocknroll Won't Like!!" CD

Yep, they're right. I don't really like this. Why should I endorse a pop punk CD comp with eight good songs and 25 mediocre ones? Standout tunes by VETERAN FLASHBAX, STINKAHOLIC, BETWEEN THE EYES, CELL BLOCK 5, and THE COMRADES. (HM)
(Slap Happy, PO Box 249, Byron, CA 94514)

V/A - "Knuffel Punk" CD

One more Plastic Bomb comp and I'm outta here. I fucking mean it. HAMMERHAI, 17 YEARS, SPEICHELBOISS, EWG, SO WHAT, LOSTLYRICS, KNUCKLEHEAD, thirty bands, thirty songs, same old shit. Where do all these bands come from anyway? Comes with zine Plastic Bomb #27. (DP)
(Plastic Bomb, Gustav-Freytag Str. 18, D-47057 Duisburg, GERMANY)

V/A - "Merkey Beat" CD

After a little deductive reasoning and detective work I figured out that "Merkey Beat" is a Tokyo music festival—this year's line-up included the ANTONIO THREE, PUSH UP BABY, LULU's MARBLE, GYOGUN RENDS, the mighty HAVE NOTS, and a couple other bands whose names are listed in Japanese characters. The sound quality is so sharp I can't figure if these are live or what, but either way it's all boss stuff. For the Japanophiles amongst you. (JH)
(Fai Krab c/o Balcony, 2-8-3 Asashi Bldg. 2F, Shibuya, Shibuya-Ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

V/A - "Music To Listen To Music By" CD

A sampler for Coldfront Records, the most persistent record label in punk. While it's mostly previously released stuff, it sure puts a lot of things in perspective. Did anyone know that Coldfront had almost 25 releases? MORAL CRUX, TILT, WYNONA RIDERS and more all make cameos. (LH)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

V/A - "NO COMPROMISE/STRENGTH/COMIN CORRECT" - EP

COMIN CORRECT starts off the 7" with a catchy WARZONEish song. Great! Then NO COMPROMISE belts out some screamy noisy hardcore. Last up, STRENGTH finishes with mixing some heavy metalcore parts and silly guitar solos with the basic chugga. Good combination of bands, all tough in different ways! (TJ)
(Back Ta Basics, 79 3rd Ave. 2nd Fl, Patterson, NJ 07514)



V/A - "The Pressure Will Kill Us" EP

What is this, theme month? So far everything I've reviewed has either been about skating or has been from Japan. This one's the latter. This is more of a three-way split rather than comp. NOT REBOUND, the ENDEAVORS and the LINKS all play up tempo rock'n'roll pop punk (two out of the three in English). I'd have to say the LINKS were my favorite, simply because they were poppier and included the lyrics, though the ENDEAVORS' tune "Who Wants to Be a Punk Rock Critic" will always have a special little place in my heart. (BM)

(Blue, Blue, Blue, 301 Mezon-Chikusa, 3-12-14 Chikusa, Chikusa-Ku, Nagaya-Shi 464-0858, JAPAN)



V/A - "Really Fast Volume 10" 2XLP

These comps exposed hundreds of hardcore kids to all kinds of Swedish punk in the '80s....whether it was Swedish thrash, melodic punk, or whatever, Really Fast got the Swedish scene out to kids who probably would have never heard any of the bands. Well, after 16 plus years, Volume 10 comes out, and this time, it's a double LP. As always, a wide array of bands are featured, from the youth crew of SECTION 8 and BONDS OF TRUST, to the trademark Swedish 'dis-core' of DISHONEST and DISMACHINE, to the melody of SKUMDUM and the relentless hardcore of DS-13. You get two LPs worth of high quality hardcore, punk, pop, crust, grind..... essential. (MW)
(Really Fast c/o P. Jonsson, Dackegatan 12B, SE-595 32 Mjölby, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Rising Up From Shitsville-Lowell Punk" CD

Unfortunately the title of this CD is misleading on the quality, for this is complete shit. Four bands playing awful pop punk, and not one band can have a real address, just one for stupid e-mail. Oh well, at least you don't have to waste your cash. (JF)

(Dan Carney, 14 Fairfield St, Lowell, MA 01851)

V/A - "Record Shop Answer Compilation" 2 x LP

OK, this double LP doesn't have a title, or a record cover, nor are the records even marked to tell you what side you are listening to. But I finally figured it out and got to listen to all 35 bands. This is a compilation covering bands from the cities of Gifu, Nagoya, and Mikawa which are all in Japan. So let's get on with the music, shall we? These records cover it all: blinding grindcore, garage, sappy pop and metal fueled hardcore. There are too many bands to mention, but you get: BOSSPIT, CIGARETTEMAN, DEMOLITION, ENDEAVORS, FLASH GORDON, INSANE THE BRAIN, JUUM, MARTEN'S, NAVEL, NICE VIEW, ORDER, REALITY CRISIS, ROTARY BEGINNERS, SCREW UP, SHORT LENGTH, STRIKE OUT, TOMORROW, and UNITED 97 just to name a few. At times this can be a difficult listen, because it is so varied, but overall, I like it a lot and highly recommend tracking down a copy. (RC)

(\$15 ppd: Record Shop Answer, Hase Bld #2B1, 5-49 Osu 3 Naka-Ku, Nagoya-city, Aichi, 460, JAPAN)



V/A - "Second Hand Citizen Vol 1" EP

Ever wonder why your local scene isn't as good as Philadelphia's? Maybe it's got something to do with the fact that you haven't put out a local comp EP in a while. Nothing brings attention to a town more than a hometown compilation. This one's all right. KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS sounds like it was recorded

through a pile of shit, which is kind of a disappointment, but the UNDER PRIVILEGED NATION track more than makes up for it. Watch for these guys in the future. We've also got DISSUCKS and MANUAL SEVEN doing passable modern hardcore track... Oh yeah, and INK AND DAGGER. Who just don't sound that scary to me on this one. (ST)

(Jeremy Gewertz, 218 Tomlinson Rd, Philadelphia, PA 19116)

V/A - "Smash the State Vol 3" LP

Rare Canadian bacon that you'll never taste for yourself. Super-rare punk singles comped onto an LP so that you can hear them and stuff. Not a bootleg so the bands are finally gonna get rich. Yeah! Tracks from our friends GENTLEMEN OF HORROR, THE BUREAUCRATS, SIGGY MAGIC, RED SQUARES, REACTION, DA SLYME, ALLIES and DISCORDS. Much less bad-wave than on Volume 2; shit, I would say this is the best one yet. So go buy a record with good old stuff on it today! (RW)

(No Exit, PO Box 4264, Westmount, Quebec, H3Z 3B6, CANADA)

V/A - "Speed Freaks 4" EP

This is an incredible international speedcore comp. TUMULT (Germany) and DEMON SYSTEM 13 (Sweden) by far go home with the crown of victory here, but CRIPPLE BASTARDS (Italy) and DAHMER (Canada) turp in as worthy competitors. Also represented is California's RUIDO and DUDMAN from Japan. Worth a few bucks at least for DS13's poking fun at REFUSED by inserting techno drums tracks. (PB)

(Knot, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090-0501)

SPEED FREAKS 4



V/A - "Spring Sucks..." CD

I definitely have mixed feelings about this release. The label is run by a sixteen year-old. He gets points for being so young and making a contribution rather than sitting on his ass complaining... but I find his musical taste... how can I say this? ...immature. This comp sounds like Fat Wreck light! It's only a buck and has tracks by the WHYIOUGH-TAS, BOXCAR and CO-ED. Nothing special. (BM)

(\$1: Springman, PO Box 2043, Cupertino, CA 95015-2043)

V/A - "Stompin' 26 - The Sixties Sounds" LP

.....fuck yeah!!!!!! I don't know who or what put this shit out, but boy-howdy!!!!!! 16 R&B scratchy stompers.... you know, that colored music that was popular in the late '50s early '60s.... the shit that influenced everybody.... then the white bands came along and tried to do it.... they didn't do it as good but the white-boys got the air play.... so there you got it, the history of rock n roll in a nutshell.... I've seen other volumes of this shit around with just as wonderful cover art.... these motherfuckers knew how to burn it up and drink and fuck as well.... you can feel the vibe.... you can taste it.... just give her a spin.... (SW)

(no address)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

V/A - "Stompin' 27 - The Sixties Sounds" LP

Judging from the lack of a label listing or address, I'm going to venture a guess that this is a bootleg. That's too bad, because that means that this'll be incredibly hard to find, and anyone interested in rough and ready '60s R&B shouldn't be without this. Along with a couple semi-known acts are a slew of ones that should've been household names. Unfortunately, most of these names have been lost to the ravages of time. Well, I'm sure these songs have inspired many crazy new dances, and are played on the air regularly in a parallel, more just universe. THE DEL RAYS, BIG MAYBELLE (Doing "96 Tears"), and DAVE HAMILTON & HIS PEPPERS are just a few of the great acts found here. If you somehow come across this, pick it up. It's a beautiful history lesson. (BG) (no address)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown - Move It!" LP

Another collection of forgotten garage rock from the mid-'60s. It's all catchy and it all sounds the same. If you like that kind of thang, you'll love this. If you're like me and mostly find this stuff inferior to British Invasion trash, you'll still find the liner notes worth reading. (LH) (no address)

V/A - "A Tribute To The Boys" LP

A oddball comp with a truly international cast paying tribute to those influential '70s UK popsters THE BOYS, here. You've got veterans like the NOMADS doing "TCP", SATOR doing "Talking", NIKKI SUDDEN doing a morose "Independent Girl" and even the GANGBANGERS (from France) doing "Sick On You". Other highlights include the Swedish CHINESE TAKEAWAY's version of "First Time", France's DEADLY TOYS with "I Don't Care" and DIE TOTEN HOSEN's version of "New Guitar In Town": all the tunes are suitably poppy, fast and actually quite listenable. Overall, a pretty strong, consistent comp here, which in my experience almost never happens for a tribute record. Recommended. (JY)

(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Building, 1F, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo JAPAN)

V/A - "23" CD

Maybe I'm dull, but I can't figure out the name of this comp. 25 bands, for the most part out of Austin Texas, though the couple of more well known bands are not. Mostly, the bands are playing one of the many styles of DESCENDENTS influenced pop punk. Doing it better than most, SHYSTER contribute a track from their latest 7", and THE NEW CUBA do the indie rock thing in the vein of Silver Scooter. THE TANK, SHAFTEL GRUPO DE ROCK, SCHATZI and INKBAG play the pop songs well, while ANTHEM do a nice punk song. There are plenty of throwaways (what the hell is this rap metal shit?) but it's really a decent comp when it all comes down to it. (PA)

(Kokizz-y-que, 7301 Burnet Rd 112-117, Austin, TX 78757)

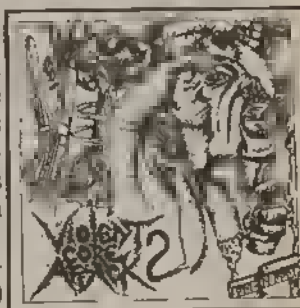
V/A - "Unity Brotherhood Friendship" EP

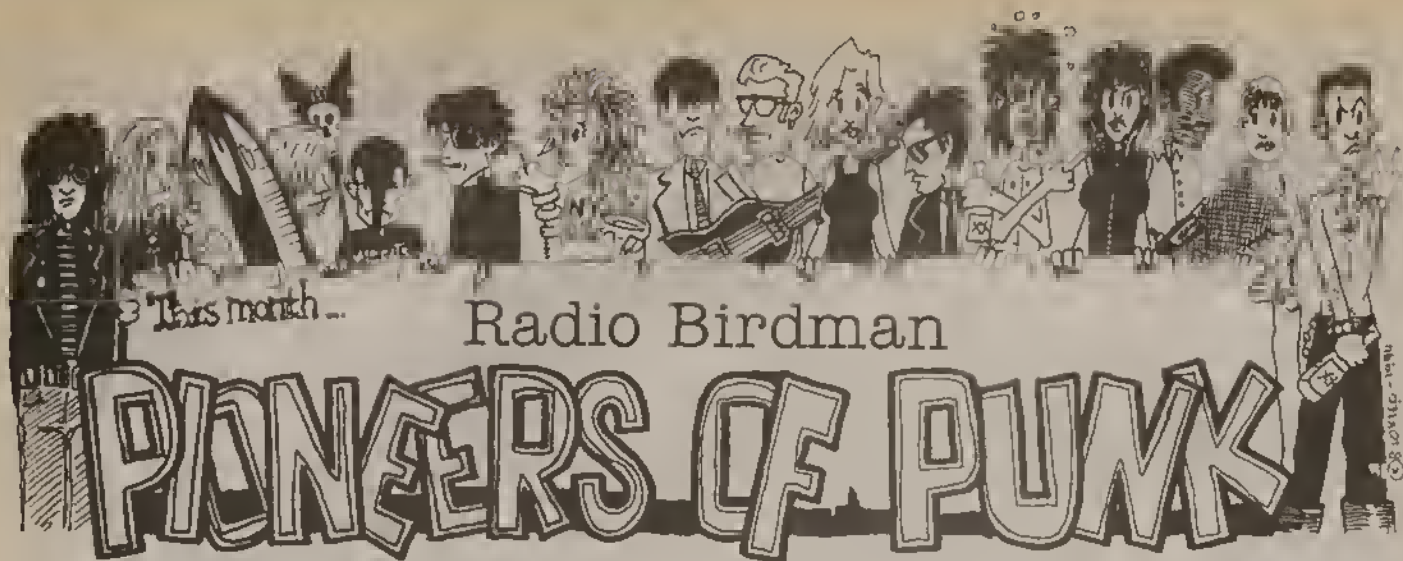
There's nothing I like better than vague calls for things like "unity" and "one scene" (this is not irony, I'm not kidding, I really love it), but come on guys, "brotherhood"? That's a bit silly don't ya think? The back of this record has got a couple of girls singing along, and fucking it up with the boys, why not include them too? Music-wise, COMIN CORRECT are the obvious stand outs on this one. But BACKFIRE and DAREDEVIL hold their own. Like a lot of BTB releases, this could have done with better production. (ST) (Back Ta Basics, 79 3rd Ave. 2nd Fl, Paterson, NJ 07514)



V/A - "Violent Core Attack Vol. 2" EP

Ten bands here from the noise-core/thrash/flipped convertible scene. All of the bands are Canadian and a number have had EPs through in the past few months (GLOBAL HOLOCAUST, EXISTENCH, and URBAN TRASH). This record is the soundtrack for reading an Axlion Records ad. (TH) (Tobacco Shit, 827 Goldbourn, Greenfield Park, QC, J4V 3H4, CANADA)





Proto-punkers Radio Birdman's musical mix was as broad as their influence, which stretched all the way from their Australian hometown to the USA and Europe. Equal parts Detroit snarl, Doorsian doom and surfin' sun and fun, Birdman wrote the ground rules for indie bands, running their own venues and promotion, as well as demanding total artistic control long before it was de rigueur.

Their rivals, the Saints, made it to vinyl first, but Radio Birdman's sheer energy, sharp visual image and fiercely confrontational stance have had a more lasting impact. Revered by their followers and reviled by a music industry to which they gave the finger, seeing Birdman at their home, Sydney's tiny Oxford Funhouse (capacity 300) was, for Australians, on a par with pogoing to the Sex Pistols at the 100 Club or seeing the Ramones at CBGB's.

Birdman had little in common with those acts outside of two things: a burning desire to extract a reaction from a crowd, and creating musical fall-out which is still being felt from their sound.

Radio Birdman were formed by expatriate American Deniz Tek and raw throated vocalist Rob Younger in 1974. Younger's garage band, The Rats, had dissolved while Tek, then studying medicine in Sydney, had been ill-advisedly sacked by pub act TV Jones for having "a bad attitude". The pair had common touchstones: The reputedly shambolic Rats

1974-78,
1995-97
Rob
Younger
(vocals)
Deniz Tek
(guitar)
Chris
Masuak
(guitar)
Warwick
Gilbert
(bass)
Ron Keeley
(drums)
Pip Hoyle
(keyboards)
Carl Rorke
(bass -
1974-75)



ground out
raucous
covers of
songs by
the (then
unheard of)
MC5, Alice
Cooper and
New York
Dolls.
Tek's love
of the
Rolling
Stones (he
sold a
guitar to a
touring
Keith
Richards in
1973 after
flying
around
Australia
to be at
every show)
coalesced
with a
devotion to

the Stooges and the MC5.

His distinctive white Epiphone guitar was once owned by the latter's Fred "Sonic" Smith, and both bands were teenage live staples for Tek when they all shared the same Ann Arbor, Michigan zip code.

Radio Birdman's name came from a misheard Stooges lyric ("Radios burnin', up above") in the song, 1970. It sounded cooler anyway.

The original one-guitar-and-keyboards line-up of Radio Birdman debuted in a moribund Sydney scene. Based around Tek's spiraling leads and Younger's guttural growl, Birdman were raw and loud, visually striking and uncompromising. Younger's waist-length blond hair, pale complexion and early penchant for make-up and Iggyisms sat well with Tek's sense of showmanship and determination to push each performance that much further than the one before.

Shunned by the mainstream, they added an array of Tek originals as they opened their own venue, booking supporting bands only if they had the right attitude and didn't wear flares. The band were nothing if not the sum of their parts.

Jettisoning original bass player Carl Rourke for ex-Rats guitarist Warwick Gilbert, the band owed much of its trademark heavy sound to him and rock-solid drummer Ron Keeley, a student from the school of solid feels. Tek's medical school colleague, Pip Hoyle, originally played electric piano, but dropped out to be replaced by a teenage fan, Canadian Chris Masuak, on second guitar.

Masuak was a precise player and fitted Tek's flamboyant style. Hoyle's rejoining made the band a six-piece, and his musical washes gave the band a unique sound.

Birdman's triumph in the Rock Australia Magazine's Punk Band Thriller in December 1975 won them free studio time. The Burn My Eye EP featured two of their best songs, Smith and Wesson Blues ("You're never alone with a Smith and Wesson, baby") and I-94 failed to capture their live energy (although now changing hands for hundreds of dollars.)

Rupert Murdoch declared them "obscene" after their photo appeared in one of his papers (his daughter-in-law recently flashing her bod in Sports Illustrated . didn't rate a comment - times have changed), but the band did impress another media mogul. Sire Records owner Seymour Stein was visiting Australia to sign the Saints when he saw Birdman. After dancing the night away atop a Funhouse table to their music he signed Birdman to an international deal.

Disdainful of the punk label as that storm filtered its way through to Australia, the Radios reveled a little more comfortably in the media's militaristic tag, inspired as it was by their occasional black shirt stage uniform, red and black arm bands, badges and stage banner, and branding of short, sharp tours as "blitzkriegs".

(False) accusations of fascism, however, were taking the joke a bit too far and only made the band more insular. Their 1977 debut album, Radios Appear, appeared on Australian independent Trafalgar Records and received a rapturous critical response. An identically titled (but significantly reworked) version for overseas distribution followed on Sire. And in December 1977, with medical school finished and their popularity peaking, the band prepared to head to England to tour and record.

Their crowds had expanded exponentially as Birdman's reputation grew, and they had been forced to quit the Funhouse. Their year ended with a legendary (violent) farewell concert at Sydney's Paddington Town Hall. Slavish fandom had by now given way to crowd aggression: Blood smeared the venue walls and cars were trashed in the streets outside.

A bootlegged tape of the show bears testimony to how powerful it was, but there was a feeling among band members that the whole caper was getting out of hand. Once away from home, and living in each other's pockets, trouble set in. Their camaraderie once a defense against outside influences, was now proving less stable. Internal troubles sparked.

Receding label support (Sire was in dispute with its UK partner) added to the problems, and their European support slot to the Flamin' Groovies almost collapsed before the tour started. Unpopular (as



Australians often are) with the English music press and audiences and unwilling to make concessions to the safety pin and pogo crowd, the band played dates throughout France and Holland. The tour was then cut short when the Groovies' Cyril Jordan fell and cut his hand on a champagne bottle.

At this point Birdman headed to Rockfield Studios in Wales to lay down tracks for what would become the Living Eyes album. More dates followed but some members were no longer speaking.

Birdman expired in July 1978 with a final show at Oxford University. By the time the members straggled back to Australia, Radio Birdman's mythical status, and the trickle down effect of punk, had changed the musical landscape dramatically.

As a result an exploding punk/indie guitar scene opened up in Sydney and remained strong until the late 1980s. Over the next few years, various Birdmen spawned or joined outfits like the Visitors (Tek, Hoyle and Keeley), the Other Side (Younger and Keeley), the Angie Pepper Band (Tek), the New Christs (Younger and Masuak), the Hitmen (Younger, Gilbert and Keeley) and the Screaming Tribesmen (Masuak) appeared and quickly disappeared.

By 1981 Tek had moved back to the US to pursue a career as a doctor and Navy pilot, but the posthumous release of the Living Eyes album prompted him to form a super group, New Race for a one-off tour of Australia. Co-opting Younger, Gilbert, ex-Stooges guitarist Ron Asheton and MC5 drummer Dennis Thompson, they recorded a live album, The First and

the Last, which is a fitting testament.

It was 10 years before Tek returned to music but his prolific, if part-time, solo career so far includes six albums, Australian, European and US tours, and collaborations with Wayne Kramer and Silverchair, among others. An offer to reform Radio Birdman coincided with the collaborative remixing and re-mastering of their original albums onto two CDs and all members being available - and on something

approaching speaking terms - so they toured Australia over the summers of 1995-96 and '96-97, the last time in support of a live-in-the-studio album, Ritualism. Trivia time and where are they now:

While serving in Hawaii, Tek's Navy call-sign of Iceman was appropriated by visiting screenwriters for a character in the hit movie Top Gun.

He's now an ER doctor in Billings, Montana, recording or touring for part of each year. Younger continues making music with ever-changing line-ups of his band, the New Christs. Hoyle is a medical administrator and Keeley an electronics writer, both based in the UK. Masuak is a naturopath, while Gilbert is an animator for Disney. Both dabble in music with their instrumental surf band, The Raouls. Footnote: The band is currently negotiating with a view to a reformation tour through Europe. More live work and another studio album are possibilities.

ty, about bonehead sightings, etc. *BS* contains graffiti art, movie reviews (*American History X* of course), and a local skinhead alert. (AR)

PO Box 268056 / Chicago, IL 60626

BLACK-CLAD MESSENGER

#4 / 2 stamps

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs

There's been a lot of talk in the anarchist press (and even some mainstream press like *The Wall Street Journal*) about the Eugene anarchist scene and the ruckus they've been causing up there. Well, if you want to hear about it from the kids who are stirring up the trouble, you should be reading *Black Clad Messenger*. This issue doesn't compare with the split with *Revolt*, but it's still well worth reading. There's a lot of reprints in here, and I just can't abide by the whole anarcho-primitivist movement (of which this is very much a part) but still, they got their local mainstream paper to do a four part series on Anarchism, so they must be doing something right. (SS)

PO Box 11703 / Eugene, OR 97440

THE BLACK PANTHER Vol. 1, No. 6 / \$1

12 x 16 - offset - 24 pgs

The official newspaper of the new Panther Vanguard movement, this paper contains many interesting examinations by and about local identity leaders. Mumia is covered, past BPP leaders are covered, Prison issues are covered. The main thing of specific interest in this context is that Lorenzo Kamboa Ervin has an article on Anarchism and the Black Revolution here. There is also a lengthy response from the newspaper editors. Worth the price of the paper alone. (AR)

1470 W. Martin Luther King Blvd / Los Angeles, CA 90062



BLAST #18 / \$1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 15 pgs
This is pretty good. The interviews with the Infiltrators and Cuffs were good, as were the reviews, columns and news. It's pretty brief, but a solid zine for the skinhead none-the-less. (NF)
PO Box 531 / Jax, FL 32201

BUZZER summer 1999 / \$1+ 2 stamps

5 1/2 x 7 - copied - 40 pgs

A rambling sort of zine - it takes pride in it's bitchiness and has writings on things like Pez, why DC sucks, why smoking isn't punk. There's an Anti-Flag interview and lots of show, record and movie reviews. It's alright, just not very cohesive and a lot of it seems pretty inane to me. (MD)

117 West Valley Drive / Bristol, VA 24201

CAPITAL CITY FANZINE #3 / \$8

video - 120 min

I recommend this video for a few reasons. It has some good live footage and interviews, it's a good price and the guy who does this is honest and yer video'll be sent within a few days upon being received. He also includes a note saying "feel free to copy this and give them out", which shows you his financial agenda. Highlights include stuff with the Queers, B-Movie Rats, Dwarves, Thee Headcoates and The Muffs. Good stuff. (NF)
PO Box 143522 / Austin, TX 78714-3522

CHUMPS ON PARADE

#1 / \$1 (or trade)

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs

Some content?: "I can't swear at school", "social cliques", "cafeteria food word search", "a math proficiency exam", "signs of teen drug abuse"... hmmm... I guess if you're 14 and live in Buttfuck, Egypt with

Happy Goat

ISSUE #8



INSIDE-
Interviews with a 4 the drive-in, apocalypse babblers, friends and
and the hoochie plus satiras, reviews, and everything else your
parents told you they would kick you out of the house for

absolutely nothing to do, then you're all over this! But for everyone else, this sucks balls. And did you really think that you'd get a good review from me with an anti-drinking rant? Cheers! (NF)
PO Box 6647 / Grand Rapids, MI 49516

CRAVE #1 / \$?

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

This is, if I may say, an outstanding magazine, done with enthusiasm of a young hardcore kid. I was thinking to myself that this was way too good for a first issue until I remembered that Evan Crave used to do a zine called *Lurid*. Anyhoo, this issue interviews Built to Last, Nerve Agents, Tony Adolescent, and a homeless dude in SoCal. The interview with the homeless guy was the greatest - he gives Evan a general idea of what homelessness is like. The content and style of writing are the kind that never leave you bored, but the layout is a bit too sterile and computerized. Really quite a great zine, especially when you put it into consideration that he's so young and living in the lily white beach town of

La Jolla. (RD)
557 4 Coral Reef Ave. / La Jolla,
CA 92037

DMZ #5 / \$2

7 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 28 pgs
DMZ is the zine of Youthpeace, which is the youth organization of the War Resisters League. The zine is done by high school volunteers who are all interested in non-violence. It contains some articles about animals in abusive homes and draft resisting in Israel. Also has poetry, comics and zine reviews. The zine reviews rate the zines according to content and politics. Also includes contact information for setting up your own Youthpeace group in your town. (DS)

War Resisters League / 339
Lafayette Street / New York, NY
10012

DOLL #145 / \$10

8 x 10 3/4 - offset - 179 pgs
My Japanese is pretty rusty, so I didn't try and translate this, but this zine (a book really), has buttloads of shit. I've never seen so much punk rock related stuff in a zine ever. Whether it's quality reading or not is beyond me, but by the looks of the bands, pics, ads and the overall quality of it, my guess is that the Japanese punk rock kids should get this, if they don't already get it regularly. (NF)

#303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9 Kita, Kohenji Minami / Sujinami-Ku / Tokyo, Japan

DOWN SYNDROME BARBIE

#3 / free

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is a really typical zine with a really stupid name. In here are interviews with Link 80, Slow Gherkin, the Frownies, and Dave Doctor, reviews, articles, and more. My favorite parts were the editorials (especially one that was called "Moving Out") and the nice vegan recipe for parsley and rice casserole. But unfortunately these pleasant features are outweighed by boring interviews and dumb reviews

that said such things as, "Their stage presence was the only thing that saved this band from being another mediocre chick band." (LB)
806 Grays Creek Lane / Charlotte, NC 28214-8326

THE EAST VILLAGE INKY #4 / \$2

5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 36 pgs
This is a fun look at the life of mom, baby and sometimes dad, living in NYC. It's kinda hip, kinda gross dotting-on-baby as parents tend to do, and lots of interesting experiences as a parent. There's information on local community gardens and restaurant reviews and just cool little sto-



ries with cute gardens. My only real complaint is that it's pricey for a small zine. (MD)
406 E 9th Street #7 / New York, NY
10009

ENCIENDE LA MECHA #1 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 54 pgs - Spanish
Pedro's first attempt at *Light the Match* (that's the English translation) is crammed with the exercises of a young, inquisitive mind—that decided hardcore was the outlet. An essay on Bob Mould's career and interviews with Sin Dios, Abhinanda, and others are interspersed with bits of sincere opinion re: Spanish bands

singing in English, life as a "Theater of the Absurd," and records that do or do not suck. Stupid penis cartoons fly out of the zine's center, but a tightly-packed and bright read can resist even this. (AC)

Chevas / PO Box 91 / 39300
Torrelavega / Cantabria / Spain

FIFTY NINE CENTS #24 / \$3

ppd (free in the Pacific Northwest)
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs

This is a very readable, entertaining zine with lots of random tidbits like a Black Sabbath show review, an informative story about a dog show, some creepy fictional tales, a "malt liquor of the week" section, movie, and music reviews. My favorite part of this zine is the hot centerfold which I promptly adorned my wall with. There is even some poetry on the last page. This zine is refreshingly unpretentious and fun to read. (JL)

PO Box 19806 / Seattle, WA
98109

FOLKMEFASTER Vol. 1, #1 & #2 / \$1 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs each

This is utter dogshit! Is this a joke? I really don't think that this is a real zine, but there are a few weird ducks out there. "Duh Premiere Magazine 4 Acoustic Hardcore" looks not unlike a handful of my third grade English class projects, if I remember correctly. There's a number of write ups that are more babbling about garbage rather than saying anything. Both issues have pictures of guys fucking guitars... Aye, I've wasted too much time on this review... (NF)

370 College St #5 / Toronto M5T
1S6, Canada

FRACTURE #8 / \$2

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 104 pgs
I like this zine - it's kind of *MRR*-ish in format - columns, interviews and reviews - a bit more on the indie/emo-rock side of things though. Lots of decent interviews with boy bands like Shellac, Enemy You,

Annalise (although the Samiam interview was a bit pathetic, and the interviewer could have challenged the Krishna in Judas Factor a bit more). The columns were well written, plus a decent letters section and an article on genetically modified foods. Good stuff!! (MD)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff / CF3 4ZA / Wales, UK

FREEDOM ENERGY #4 / ?

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Yikes...I don't know where to start with this one...some pretty generic record reviews, a pointless interview with Scared of Chaka, a mini BYOFL for Hawaii, and a boring Sticklers tour diary. That's the easy part...those are harmless and forgettable. The hard part is the two page piece on "What Chicks Dig...". Can you say STUPID?! Can you say SEXIST?! There's even a little homophobia and racism in here as well. Part of me wants to quote from this moronic list of things that will supposedly get girls to sleep with you ...but that would be giving the author too much credit. This is a good bathroom 'zine...it's shitty and you can wipe your ass with it when you run out of toilet paper. (KC)
46-365 Kahupia St / Kaneohe, HI 96744

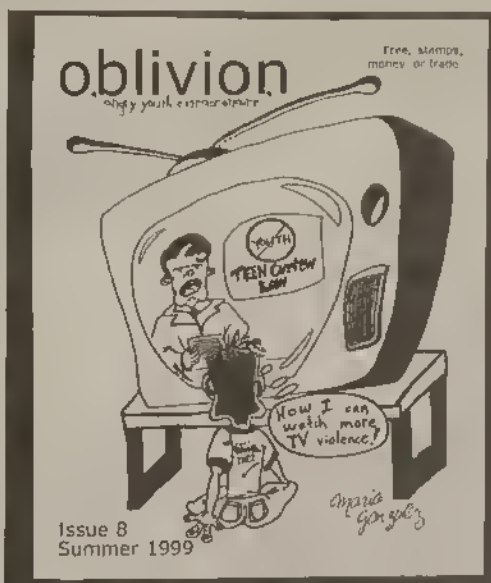
THE GLOVEBOX CHRONICLES #6 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
This is all writing and a few comics, all about cars - drivin' stories, talkin' 'bout your car, etc. Lots of different contributors, mostly other zine editors (like Carrie of *The Assassin*..., I always like her stuff). I am more of a bicycle guy and found some of this interesting, but none of it was great. If driving is something you dwell on, maybe you'd be into this cuz there is a lot of content and no ads or reviews. (JM)
PO Box 963 / Havre de Grace, MD 21078

HAPPY GOAT #6 / \$1 ppd

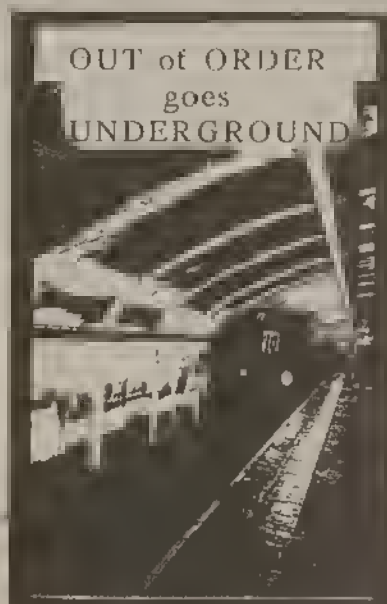
5 1/2 x 8 - offset - 64 pgs
A music/personal zine with interviews, reviews, ads, etc. The re-

views are actually a good read (a rare occurrence). There are a ton of columnists, mostly high school kids it seems; a few are wasted space and/or typically stupid and a few are pretty good. There's a lot of personal writing from the editor (some editing would have helped) and an Iowa



scene report. The interviews with Seconds Away and the Kinship were good, Apocalypse Hoboken are funny in a pathetic way (good luck getting signed, guys), and At The Drive In is short. For a buck there's a lot to read here, and I'd recommend this for folks interested in the Iowa scene. (JM)

1706 NW 10th St / Ankeny, IA 50021



IMITATION GLORY #2 and #3 / \$1 each

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs (#2), 28 pgs (#3)

I guess the best zine category to put IG in is 'humor'. However, humor is lacking on some pages of this zine. #2 is hit or miss, the hit being "Tragedy or Tribulation", the miss(es) being too numerous to mention. Issue #3 I found to be a little more humorous. I was laughing out loud to "George Lucas Cooks Up an Animated Classic." The stories vary from slice-o-life to plain goofy. A definite improvement over #2. This zine won't have you rolling on the floor, but it might just put a smile on your face. (DS)
IG/Bahmaie / 31 Union Square West #5B / New York, NY 10003

KING CAT # 55 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Cute little comics about everyday occurrences, owls and possums. Did you know that a possum litter can consist of up to 14 babies, all of which can fit in a teaspoon? You would if you read King Cat. (CR)
Spit and a Half / PO Box 881 / Elgin, IL 60121

KISS OFF #4 / 50¢ (or trade)

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Good short emo zine with all the required writings. Being young, growing up, working in a shitty job, school sucks. Good layout, good writing, short and cheap. It's a good read. (CR)
26 Assiniboine Dr / Nepean / ONT K2E 5R7 / Canada

LOSE #2 / \$1 + 2 stamps (or trade)

5 1/2 x 4 - copied - 60 pgs
Pocket sized and packed with interviews! Harriet the Spy, Corey Wells (a skate shop owner), Combat Wounded Veteran, Inept, some bits of fiction, a great vegan cake recipe, really awesome descriptive record reviews and fun bit on how to play craps...a good effort, give it a try. (CR)
PO Box 230823 / Boston, MA 02123

MAD ELEPHANT #2 / free with stamp (or trade)

8 1/2 x 7 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs

The writing in this zine was really thoughtful, intelligent, and unique. There's a little travel story, an interesting piece on religion and revolution, recipes, and a review of the Los Alamos nuclear museum. Hope coming issues will feature a more interesting layout. I look forward to more. (CR)

34 Edison St / Clifton, NJ 07013



MILPOOL #2 / free

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs

This zine included tips on what to do if you're bored at a party (one of the suggestions was to hide a piece of poo somewhere at the party), and a story about filling a girl's pool with a buncha pee. Ummm...yeah. Also includes interviews with Catch 22, Trepan Nation, and more butt loving things. (LB)

3922 Grand Ave / Western Springs, IL 60558

MULTIBALL #17 / \$6 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs

A magazine about pinball, with a weather theme in this issue, is pretty unique and man, this is the greatest zine!! And I'm not even into pinball. After reading it, I wanted to call all of these folks and hang out with them. Pinball news, interview with a local weather man, articles on Weather Underground,

Fat Possum records, record reviews, pinball reviews, essays. It's got a great mix of stuff. You must get this! Comes with split 7" on Extra Ball Records, with The Bell Rays and Fireballs of Freedom. (MJ)

PO Box 4005 / Portland, OR 97240

NOTENGEZETER #7 / \$3

11 x 8 - offset - 44 pgs - German

This fun zine has an interview with the Backyard Babies and the Forgotten Rebels. There are loads and loads of new record reviews in this zine plus a funny journal of the shows Sascha attended. Good zine with lots of humor, or "no fun for the fun generation". (HH)

Sascha Maerevoet / Eckewartstr.8 / 50739 Cologne / Germany

OBLIVION #8 / \$1 ppd (or stamps)

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

Cool pissed off zine with info on issues relating to young folks - school uniforms, snippets of info from all over regarding laws affecting minors, anti-curfew info, scary "behavior modification" schools. It's great because these kids are angry and trying to figure out how to change things. I don't miss school. Also an article on female genital mutilation. Good stuff. (MJ)

PO Box 95227 / Seattle, WA 98145-2227

100% ANTI DOGMA #1 / stamp

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs

This is sort of like San Francisco through the eyes of a teen. A lot of it (10 pages) is spent talking about girls and I'm not super excited to read about what teenage boys are looking for in a girlfriend. It's also sloppy and kind of poorly laid out. Other than that, there are some random bits on school, Kinko's and...girls. Yawn (MD)

68 Arnold Ave / San Francisco, CA 94110

OUNCE OF DOUBT #2 / 2 stamps (or trade)

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs

Hmm, this month, on a whole, was pretty good as far as zines go. This guy had a wee bit of attitude (which seemed to stem from a lot of his

XstraightedgeX beliefs) that initially got on my nerves, but I began to realize how it added a lot more to think about, and how it helped separate it from all the bland gibberish in the zine world. The content was pretty basic - rants, reviews, and a reprint of a Born Against interview that's pretty damned interesting... but the best part was his recounting of sneaking into an abandoned wing of a famous mental institution in his area. It scared me the way those Alvin Schwarz stories scare you as a little kid. Clean up some of the typos, and you've got a damned fine zine. (RD)

61 Hacklebarney Rd / Long Valley, NJ 07853

OUT OF ORDER #13 / \$2 ppd or trade

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs

This made me miss New York. Even though *OTO* comes out of some town in California, this issue is all about the New York subway system. The writing is good, in a personal/journalist sort of way, I enjoyed it, and I'm betting you would too. (SS)

4653 Joy Rd / Occidental, CA 95465

PARAPHERNALIA #7 / trade (or 2 IRCs)

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs - Portuguese

This zine from Sao Paulo includes interviews with Auto, Araukana, Less and No Prejudice. What I liked about the zine is that review sections (zine and record) mostly focus on what is coming out of Brazil and South America. (DS)

Danielle Sales / Caixa Postal 4768 / Sao Paulo / SP 01061-970 / Brazil

PLASTIC BOMB #27 / \$5

11 x 8 - offset - 132 pgs - German

Well it appears that this may be the best punk zine in old Deutschland, at least the best one sent to *MRR* for review. It is always fun to read and look at. There are always a few good band interviews, articles on political issues, loads of record reviews, great graphics and pho-

with Fugazi, Samiam, Pegboy, Trans Megetti and V Card, but written from the point of view of someone who's been around for a while. There's also some video and record reviews, a section on gambling tips and several columns. Not bad at all, especially if, like me, your approaching 30 and would prefer a weekend of gambling and debauchery in Vegas over hanging out with teenaged 'activists' and vegans at the More Than Music fest. (AM)

2515 Bidle Rd / Middletown, MD 21769

SO FUCKIN WHAT #7 / YOU'RE NOT NORMAL

#10 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs

The *So Fuckin What* side of this zine is pretty good in a home town kind of way. I'm sure if I lived in Rochester, the columns section would have me on the edge of my seat, but since I don't, I found it hard to relate to. Still, I'm all about supporting zines that support the local scene. There are also interviews with Global Holocaust, Dark Skies Fallen, Standfast and A Death Between Seasons. The other half of this zine, *You're Not Normal*, claims to have interviews with Ali Khalid Abdullah and XP-Ration, but you can't expect anyone to read seven point type that is as poorly photocopied as this. (SS)

253 Alexander St Apt 322 / Rochester, NY 14607

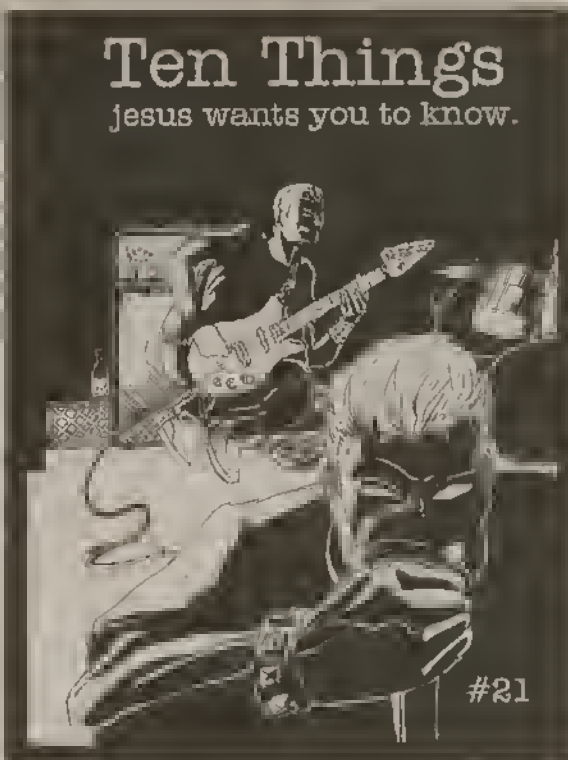
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

#44 / 55c/stamps

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs

Well, the zine at least lives up to its name, costing only the postage it takes to get it to your grubby little fingers. The layout and design are really pleasing to the eye - I really like the half-legal format and the graphics are all cut-and-paste style. The written content is comprised of various stories and rants on subjects as diverse as really gross experiences with vomit, getting tattooed, and how homosexuality is a

sin; but hey, so is lying, and God loves us all unconditionally. A weird



combination. There isn't a huge Christian vibe from this zine, but it's there. They thank the father, the ghost, and Christ the redeemer. (AM)

5163rd St NE / Massillon, OH 44646

SYKOSIS #2 / \$1 ppd

4 1/4 x 7 - copied - 22 pgs

Short pieces about the editor's life that were of little interest to me. Maybe her friends would like this, but I bet they already have it. There are many better zines you could get for a buck. The cool feminist art piece and the word search are about as good as it gets. (JM)

2989 Franklin Blvd / Sacramento, CA 95818

TEN THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW #21 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs

Covering the Pacific Northwest (in messy offset ink, just like us!) it's the famous 10 Things. This issue has the usual columns and local scene news, but it also has a cool article on punk rock parents, some shitty Probe-inspired naked pictures and a bulky review section. In his review of *Fucktooth* Dan chooses to slam *Maxi-*

mum after reading Jen's side of the story of her leaving the magazine. Everyone's about had it with *MRR* apparently, except for Dan, who still thinks a review in these pages is useful. Anyway, good zine. (AM)

8315 Lake City Way NE / PMB #192 / Seattle, WA 98115

TERROR POP #7 / \$?

8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 52 pgs - Finnish

Terror Pop: a slick Finnish zine with DS-13, Sick Of It All, Dropkick Murphys (Jeezus, enough of the fucking Dropkick Murphys media machine already) and...our own buddy George Tabb with a big fuckin' quarter-page blow-up of his *MRR* column header! He must be soiling his ladies' jeans, with hubris! For this alone, many points. Generally, too easy-access punk rock for me, however. (AC)

Oxstigen 6 / 598 34 / Vimmerby / Finland

3RD GENERATION NATION

#15 / \$4 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - offset - 72 pgs - German

Yet another issue, with the Upsets, the Pushers, Dropkick Murphys, US Bombs, record, live, and zine reviews, and sparse columns in the beginning providing a rare "personal touch." This is information-based, and in that capacity it's successful, and persistent. (AC)

Ralf Hünebeck / Mühlenfeld 59 / 45472 Mülheim / Germany

THOUGHT BOMBS #10 / \$2 ppd (free to prisoners)

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs

This is a pretty cool publication out of rural Illinois. The editor writes about his kids and the fight to preserve nearby wild spaces against the forces of development. There's a bunch of writing by prisoners and about prisons, a letters section with responses, and a short piece from a Singapore kid. I liked this cuz of the different perspective the editor brings, it isn't really a punk zine at all. If you're incarcerated

ated you should definitely get it, and it would be nice if other folks sent \$2 to help cover some of the costs. (JM)

Anthony Rayson / 27009 S. Egyptian Trail / Monee, IL 60449

TYPOGRAPUNX #9 / \$1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
Issue nine is (naturally) brought to us by the letter "i" and includes a glossary of typographical terms that begin with that initial. This is perhaps the most useful part of the zine, and I definitely learned something. I imagine that a complete set of all 26 eventual issues will become a useful reference tool. There's also a brief, but meaningful answer to the question, "what do you think good typography is?" from MIT professor John Maeda. Overall, this mag is a brief but intelligent and interesting read, especially for design/font geeks. Set entirely in Univers. (AM)
15 Churchville Rd #115-163 / Bel Air, MD 21014

UNITED SHITS #4 / two stamps
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Sheesh, will wonders ever cease? Just when you've had it up to here with stupid zine after stupid zine, a really great and inspirational one like this keeps you going. As the title suggests, this zine has a very strong anti-America slant, which leaves leeway for plenty of interesting articles. The articles are usually more about frustration and being disgusted with your surroundings than they are based on bands or labels. Anyway, there's a hell of a lot of (intelligent) reading for two measly stamps, and unless you don't have arms or something, you should get your envelope in the mail ASAP. (RD)
10 Pearson Rd. / Preston Hollow, NY 12469

UPRISING #4 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 13 pgs
Hailing from Monroe, Michigan, *Uprising* is a music oriented zine that seems pretty informative. Along with show reviews, listings,

and music reviews is a semi-coherent column pondering the meaning of anarchism and an interview with Bucketmouth and the Lillingtons. This zine is brief but packed full of punk rock music info. (JL)
PO Box 2251 / Monroe, MI 48161

WAR CRIME #12 / \$2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
This is a very consistent paper from Tucson. It covers political topics like prisoners rights and Mumia. It also has several excellent articles on the Haymarket 7 and Rosa Luxemburg (!!!). The zine is filled with reprints on the NATO bombing, the Redwoods, etc. A better than average issue of an already solid magazine. (AR)
PO Box 2741 / Tucson, AZ 85702

ZORRY FOR THE DELAY #2 / 50¢
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 1 pg
I'm always amazed at how often one page zines are much better than your average 32 page zine. Maybe it's that people spend longer on the writing when there's so little space, or maybe it's just 'cause there's no room for reprints from flyers. Any-

gonna believe me when I say it's only one page. You've got an interview with Sned from Flat Earth Records, reviews, two small stories about visiting SF, a rant against the army and listing for upcoming events in Russia. On top of all this, Dmitriy's English is excellent, and since it's in Russia, I'm gonna list the email address: knivesnforks@usa.net. (SS)
Dimitrij Ivanov / PO Box 30 / St Petersburg - 9 / 195009 / Russia

MORE LISTINGS

PARAFERNALIA DEL SUBSUELO #9 / ?

Short newsletter zine (in Spanish) with interviews with Rash and Verano Positiva.
Apartado Postal 1879 / 64000 / Monterrey, Mexico

LOOSE SCREWS #18 / ?

By issue 18, they should be doing better than this. Juvenile humor - it's punk rock and boring.
1125 Little Bay Ave #4 / Norfolk, VA 23503

ISM-ODOLOGY-CORE #3 / \$1 (or trade)

Contains articles on American corporations leaving the country, fiction and why someone hates Christopher Reeve.
PO Box 281 / Torrance, CA 90507

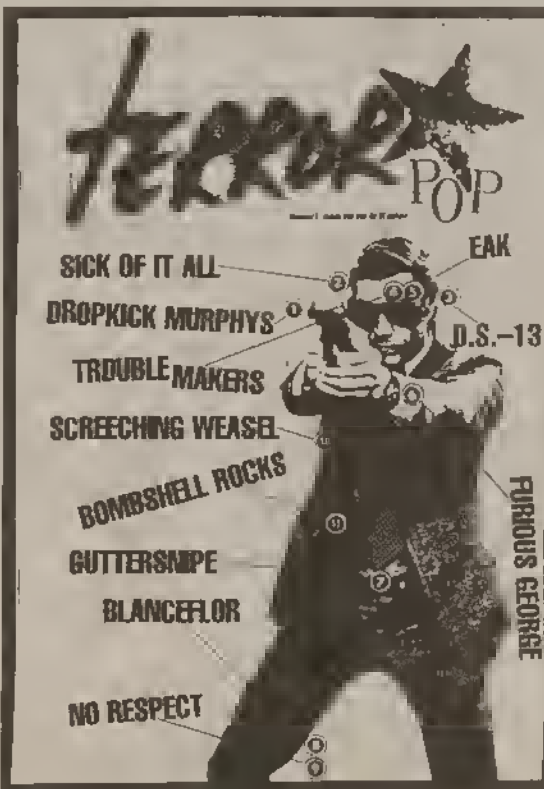
ROADKILL ZINE #3 / ?

Record reviews, an outdated listing of shows in Florida, interviews with The Notones, Catch 22, AAA, and some skate boarding photos / tricks.
PO Box 11278 / Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339

KITTY EMPIRE #? / \$1 ppd

Reprint of an article on NASA, short interview w/ Steve Albini, sappy essay on someone losing the straight edge, some reviews. Messy, hard to read.

PO Box 686 / Uniontown, OH 44685



way this issue of ZFTD is so good, and so full of stuff, you're never

ARMED WITH ANGER

FEATURING

I'll admit that when I first came across this zine, I bought it simply because of the button that came with the second issue and the free record (Wartorn/Nailbomb split EP). I thought the name was cool, and it summed up how I felt about life, and in many aspects still do. Anyway, the zine turned out to be pretty good, and from that moment on I've been following the magazine and the label as well.

If you're looking for a good read that covers hardcore and politics, I'll have to point you in the direction of this one. Half-sized, with good offset printing and a good judgment in bands and people featured in the pages. Interview by Matt Average, answered by Richard Corbridge.

MRR: There seems to be a love/hate relationship with your zine. I've noticed in nearly every issue you mention that you struggle with mustering up enthusiasm, and that this issue might be the last one. What is the one

involvements going on as well as doing the zine - such as the record label, mail order, organizing shows, contributing to other zines, as well as working a job and trying to find time for myself. I do usually find it a little difficult striking a balance between everything, which often makes it difficult to find the time, energy and enthusiasm to keep the zine "ongoing". However, I've often got ideas for the next issue buzzing around my head which I generally note down until I feel compelled enough to start on the next issue. The main thing that keeps me going is generally the feedback I get. Positive reviews and letters really inspire me to keep it going. It makes everything feel completely worthwhile, validating all the time and energy I put into doing the zine tenfold.

MRR: What was the impetus for starting your zine?

Richard: There's a few reasons. Mainly from the thought that "hey, I can do that!", a sentiment that's since proven to be very empowering for me. Also, at

all the injustices going on in the world that I was learning about, in my own, perhaps rather naive way. I wanted to do a zine that covered some of these issues in the hope that others might learn something, just in the same way that my eyes were being opened at the time by other zines and sources. That's something in particular that I've always sought to continue in the zine as my own politics and ideals have evolved.

MRR: When your second issue came out you also launched your record label. What are the benefits of doing a label over a zine?

Richard: That's hard to say really. For me, having some kind of vague meaning or purpose has always been pretty central to my activities. But the reasons I do a zine are generally quite different from doing the record label. It's difficult to compare the benefits doing one over the other, when for me, they're both different in so many ways. I think where the two definitely do

"For me it's pretty important to use the zine to spread ideas...Ideas are central. I don't think it's possible to convey a message in such a direct way by doing a label (or even being in a band). It feels more inspiring to hear someone tell me that reading an article in my zine helped them change their perspective towards something than reading a positive review of my latest record. What's more important, y'know?"

thing that keeps you trudging forward?

Richard: You're certainly right in noticing my love/hate relationship with the zine. To be honest, I tend to find it hard to see the zine as something "ongoing". In many respects, it's almost like a series of one-offs. I think the reason is because I have so many other in-

the time (around 1991), there were hardly any decent zines that were coming out of the scene I was involved in in the UK. So I thought there was a gap that needed to be filled. It might sound a little clichéd now, but at the time, I was also really pretty pissed off and angry at the world (hence the name!). In retrospect, I was pretty shocked by

overlap is the sense of personal fulfillment gained from both. The label is certainly a much bigger operation than the zine, therefore I'd say that I gain more fulfillment from doing the label over the zine. Although in comparison, I find doing the label much more stressful than doing the zine! They're

"How many punks do you see at demos? How many HC/punk distros do you see selling books? And if that really is the direction we're gradually heading in, I find that pretty worrying..."

hard to compare.

MRR: What are the benefits of doing a zine over a label?

Richard: For me it's pretty important to use the zine to spread ideas. Whether writing an article, column, or interviewing someone who really has something to say, ideas are central. I don't think it's possible to convey a message in such a direct way in comparison to doing a label (or even a band). It feels much more inspiring to hear someone tell me that, for example, reading an article in my zine helped them completely change their perspective towards something, than reading a positive review of my latest record. What's more important, y'know?

MRR: In the introduction to issue #5 you say although you're still enthusiastic about today's scene, you feel a "sense of displacement in today's hardcore scene." What are some of the reasons behind feeling this way?

RichardP: Sometimes I feel kind of isolated - in the sense that as time has gone on and people have come and gone, I'm still here with what are pretty much my original politics and convictions. I've seen countless people come and go, people who I thought shared those same beliefs, but have since changed so much. It's a pretty hard thing to accept, I guess, but I sometimes feel when I go to a show these days, there's so few people who I have much in common with beyond the music. I know that's not entirely true, but I can't help feel an overriding sense of displacement. Same with the straight-edge thing - which I've been for the last 10 years or so. I find it virtually impossible to align myself with today's straight-edge scene. Straight-edge is pretty much an extension of my own politics, but that itself is something that so few people seem able to even comprehend!

MRR: You also go on to say that with your zine you want to recreate some of the feelings, attitude, and politics that turned you onto hardcore. Could you expand on that?

Richard: As I've already mentioned, I vaguely feel as though something has been lost. Perhaps it's the anger and drive, or perhaps the rebellion element's been lost. Maybe it's just my

own perspective that's not as focused, it's hard to pinpoint, but I can't help but feel as though the whole boat is in a transitional period towards an apolitical movement of sorts, lead particularly by the emo-scene I'd say (is the personal really the political? - I'm not convinced). I cringe when bands don't have lyric sheets or have absolutely nothing relevant to say whatsoever, even when we're bombing the crap out of Iraq or something similar. It feels as though apathy and disinterest takes precedent. How many punks do you see at demos? How many HC/punk distros do you see selling books? And if that really is the direction we're gradually heading in, I find that pretty worrying...

MRR: Do you believe it's possible to 'recreate' feelings from the past?

Richard: Not at all. Don't get me wrong, I'm firmly living in the present! But at the same time, we mustn't lose sight of the past or (as the saying goes...) we're destined to repeat our mistakes.

MRR: What does *Armed With Anger* have to offer that other zines don't?

Richard: I wouldn't claim that AWA offered any different ingredients than what other zines offered. Perhaps just a different recipe. It seems like many zines try too hard to please other people - their advertisers, interviewees, labels, and what not. But I think that I've always done AWA entirely on my own terms and challenged people on their shit. I don't think that happens enough.

MRR: In what way, do you think, that the "zine explosion" has affected the punk scene? Do you

think zines have improved as a result, or has something been lost?

Richard: Perhaps I've just seen the tail end of the "explosion", but the volume of punk zines has always been pretty enormous, I think, despite a constant second place to buying records. It's also pretty hard to quantify quality. Personally, the vast majority of my favorite zines were from the '80s or early '90s. That's not saying anything negative about zines around now, especially in relation to volume, it's just that things evolve, including your own perspective towards things.

MRR: If someone told you that they were starting a zine, what advice would you give?

Richard: I think doing a zine can be incredibly empowering and I'd offer all the encouragement in the world. Independent publishing is great, but it also takes thought. Content wise, plan it well, try to strike a balance, and try to really make it reflect your own interests - it gives a zine so much more personality and character. Don't set out trying to please everyone, keep that text small, and above all, stay committed.

MRR: What can we expect from *Armed With Anger* in the future?

Richard: I'm planning another issue at the moment, which'll still probably take forever to come out, but I'm happy working at a pace that suits me! There's a few articles that I'd really like to write for it too, so that kind of excites me. I'm still working towards that issue where I'm 100% happy with it - maybe the next issue will be the one.

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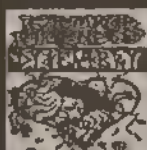
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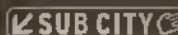


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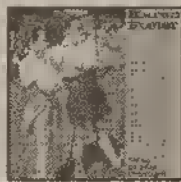
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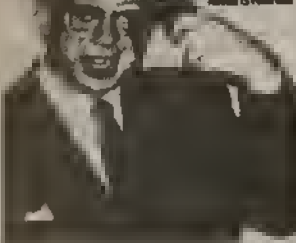
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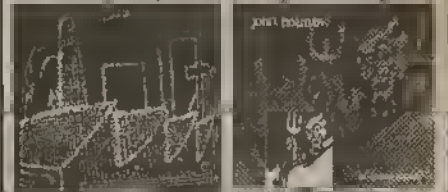
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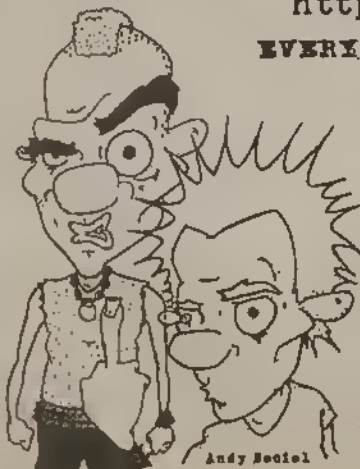
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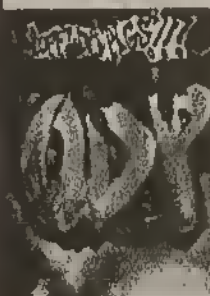
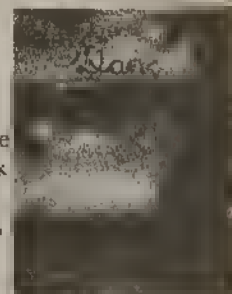
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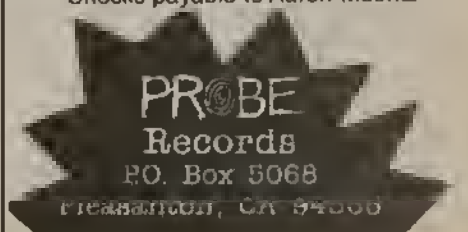
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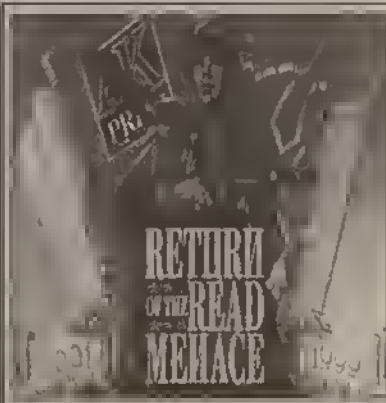
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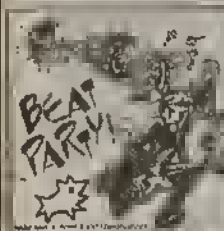
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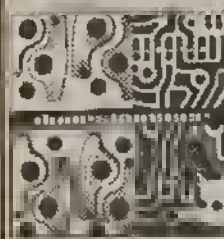
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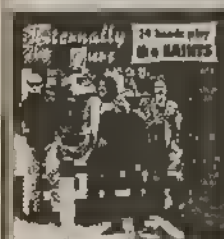


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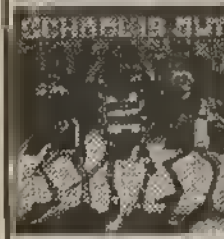
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Maximum Rock 'n' Roll June 1999

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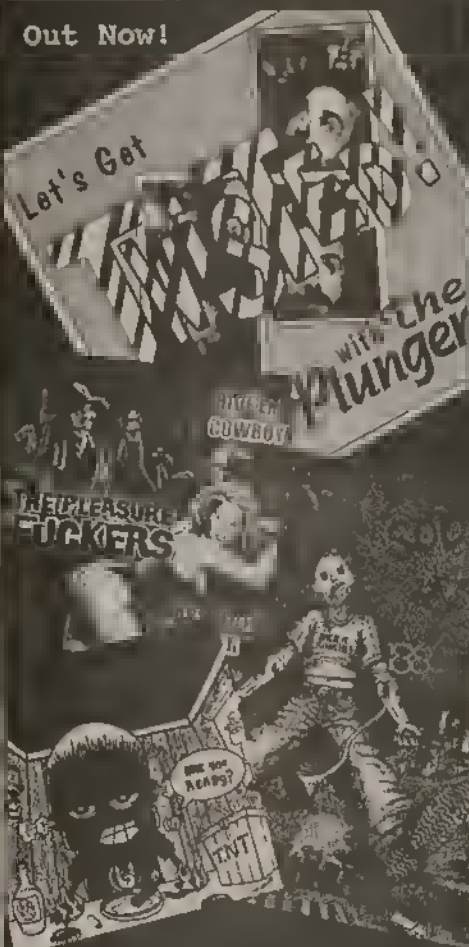


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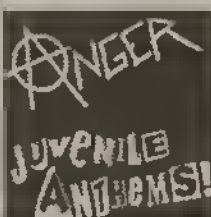
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WORLDWIDE PUNKROCK for sale. 2000 items: 7"/12"/Albums. I've got mega-rare stuff as well as usual stuff. Also got indie/mod/powerpop records. The list is full of Killed By Death, Back To Front, Bloodstains stuff like: Anarchy, Briard, Shit Dogs, Rattus, Eat, Bastards, Victims, Razar, Glueams, Fresh Color, Nabat, Krlminella Gittarrar, Paraf, Stalin, Friction, Liket Lever, Chain Gang + much more. Trades welcome! Send 3 IRC's or \$2 for complete list to: Ingo Eitelbach, PO Box 1319, 23833 Bad Oldesloe, GERMANY. Fax: +49-4531-67733 (Tel: 67438). Email: 101603.2202@compuserve.com <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/IngoE>

KILL YOUR RADIO! Punk, Pop, Hardcore, Indie, Emo, and Ska from the finest independent bands and labels. Write for free catalog and stickers: Skatterbrain Records POB 68082, Schaumburg, IL 60168. www.skatterbrain.com

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PUT THE PAST AWAY #2 is out now. It features articles on Columbine H.S., drugs, and Ed Wood. All this for 1 33-cent stamp. C'mon folks, order it. Artists/record labels send me stuff to review. (CD's, tapes). Chris / PO Box 5683 / Evansville, IN 47716.

WANT: S. AMERICAN HC/PUNK Comandado Suicida, Massacre 68, Colera, Xenofobia, Armagedon, Violadores, etc, want to buy/trade. If you have anything, please write me: Tomoaki/ 81-17-103 Yuge, Tatsuta, Kumamoto 862-8002 Japan

VIDEOS!! Nick Cave, Babes in Toyland, Antiseen, Tortoise, Skinny Puppy, Blast, Quicksand, Fugazi, Minor Threat, Nashville Pussy, Verbal Assault, Rollins, Samhain, Misfits, Mydohoney, Rancid, Operation Ivy, SNFU, Suicidal Tendencies, Alice Donut, Tool, Gorilla Biscuits, Sepultura, Napalm Death, Slayer, Prong, Born Against, Jane's Addiction, Beastie Boys, Mucho Mas! \$1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417 Mt. Prospect IL 60056

MEGA-RARE Finnish punk rock obscurities for sale or trade: Briard - all 7's & Lp, Destro - Saoja 7", Rattus - Khomeini Rock 7", Stalin - Chaos 7", Neuroosi - Rock Against Seija Isonsaari 7" (Rarest European punk single, 10 exist!!!), Kasvain - Onko Suomi Usatnut 7", Nautta - Onko Suomi Vapaa Maa 7", 000 - Ood-eja Simasuille 7" & Lp, Taavi & Rytmyryhma - Aanilevyko 7" etc...almost all early Finnpunk wonders available so check my wants ad and offer trade (prefer) or send serious money offers!!! (Massive catalogue for \$2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimäki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

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VIDEOS-PAL (UK etc.) & NTSC (USA etc.) Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Jockney Rejects, Propaganda, Business, Screeching Weasel, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queens, Conflict, GG, Dickies, Descendants, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Snuff, Gin Goblins, SAE (UK) 2 IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50a Great King St, Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

VIDEOS!! Madball, AF, S.O.I.A., Skarhead, Crown of Thornz, Slapshot, Rest in Pieces, Sheer Terror, Underdog, Murphy's Law, Snapcase, Warzone, Killing Time, Breakdown, Burn, Hatebreed, Biohazard, Wrecking Crew, H2O, Bruisers, Into Another, Die 116, Cromags, Nausea, Turmoil, 7 Seconds, Token Entry, Vision, Bad Brains, C.O.C., Buzzoven, Mucho Mas! \$1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

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FOR TRADE (all originals, no bullshit!): maggots - Tammy Wynette 7", Absentees - Tryin' To Mess With Me 7", Fresh Color - Source 7" and Punk Partout 12", Drones - Be My Baby 7", Bastards - Danger 7", Rocks - You're So Boring 7", Checkmate - Only Fools 7", Paere Punk Lp, Stalin - Satanism 7", Brulbajz - Dodens Apostalar 7", Electrochoc - 3 Minutes 7", etc. Tons more all around the world!!! 1 trade or sell. (Catalogue with +4,000 punk items for \$2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimäki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

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F*U*TV VIDEOZINE. "Giant 2hr fuck you to music television. Superduper...high quality stimulation. Best thing videowise from Canada since Meatballs" (Flipside #118). "Top notch, great stuff, pretty cool, pretty hip, thumbs up" (MaximumRnR #172, 181, 185, 191). 8 bands/2hr tape. 7 issues, \$9.11 ea (Canada \$12). Free catalog, poster, YaBenti Video, Box 67585, Spadina West, Toronto, Ont. M5T 3B8, CANADUH! f_u_tv@hotmail.com

DEAD KENNEDYS: I'm making a zine 100% about DK and Jello Biafra. I need old/new interviews, photos, record reviews or anything about them. Can you help me? Send me photocopies and you will get a free copy of the zine. Thanx! Chevas/ PO Box 91/ 39300/ Torrelavega/ Spain.

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VIDEOES: looking for the following: Trans Am, Bloodrock, Toadies, Donnas, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, T-Model Ford, R.L. Burnside, Chris Duarte Group, Hagfish, Kingface, Rocket From the Crypt, Scream, Shudder to Think, Spacemen 3 and related post-breakup groups, Nashville Pussy, Blowfly, Five-Eight, Wesley Willis. Looking to deal with owners of master videos of the artists listed above ONLY, will pay \$\$\$ or trade for same from my video masters. Joe Hunter, PO Box 386 Merrifield, VA 22116. joesuburb@hotmail.com

LOOKING TO BUY: Globe posters (especially James Brown, Parliament-Funkadelic and Washington D.C. punk/go-go shows), Rudy Ray Moore show or movie posters, Wesley Willis "Mr. Magoo Goes to Jail" CD (the original from the early 90's), and anything related to the band Bloodrock. Joe Hunter, PO Box 386, Merrifield, VA 22116. joesuburb@hotmail.com

MORE SHIT I WANNA buy: LL Cool J shoes (size 10-11 mens), My Rules zine, early issues of The Probe zine, Sun Ra/ MC5 Gary Grimshaw original showposter, Remote Control for 70's era Kiss RC van, Saturday Night Fever cologne, Long-Sleeve Adidas Run DMC jersey with the sew on letters (size L-XL). Joe Hunter, PO Box 386, Merrifield, VA 22116. joesuburb@hotmail.com

ANARCHO-PUNK who is a gay, 16 year old Hispanic/European. I just moved to SF from San Diego and I need someone to show me around. I'm into crust, power violence, peace punk, revolution, etc. I would prefer a guy but girls are fine too. Write to: Limp (I'm not really), 1547 Marl Ave., Chula Vista, CA 91911.

MRR BACK ISSUES wanted: #0-16, 18-21, 22-24, 26-35, 42, 45, 46, 49-51, 53-55, 69, 71-73, 76, 79-81, 94, 102, 104-108, 110 pt. 2, 111, 115, 117, 119, 121-135, 137, 138, 142, 144, 151 pt. 1, 163. Those of whom who possess these, and want to sell, or thinking of getting rid of etc., please write me! State description or condition, with quoting price; or I can offer you mine. Kristopher Jolly / 2942 Kinsey Ave / Des Moines, IA 50317.

VIRUS LP #14 WANTED: "Not So Quiet On The Western Front," LP compilation w/ 48 page lyric insert! Willing to pay a good price for the record! If you have this, please write me. State description of condition, with quoting price; or I can offer you mine. Kristopher Jolly / 2942 Kinsey Ave. / Des Moines, IA 50317.

BLIND PIGS (BRAZIL) -both demo tapes wanted! (video too) Will pay mucho money or can tape you some cool Jap. Oi! demo tapes for trade. BLIND PIGS RULES!! Jun K. 1910 Fieldwood Or. Northbrook, IL 60062 USA. Fax 847-564-0296

YOU NEED MONEY? I'm searching for the "Flex Hardcore Discography" book and the Skrewdriver-"All Skrewed Up" LP+ the 1st and 2nd Skrewdriver 7"s. (No racist stuff!) Write or call: Jens Backes, Hohlstr. 37, 66557 Huettigweiler, Germany. Tel: 004988251867

WANTED: POWER VIOLENCE: I'm searching old and rare power violence stuff: LP, 7", demos, live tapes, videos, etc. Write to Bastian Schulz, Ahornweg 14, 66557 Illingen, Germany

THE BLACK COCKS debut CD EP "Musical Nihilism" is out now! Old school noise/grind with female vocals. \$6 ppd. Payable to Cedric Crouch, c/o Spine Punch Distro, PO Box 163, Barto, PA 19504

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UNOERGROUND HIP HOP from Retard Riot Radio. Only \$5ppd to hear freestyles, exclusive tracks, and dope beats galore from Cage, Negro, Non Phixion, Company Flow, The Arsonists, Kool Keith, Invisibl Skratch Piklz, Wu-Tang Clan, and much more. Cash only. Noah Lyon, 67 Barclay Rd., Clintondale, NY 12515 Send stamp for catalog.

PUNK PEOPLE - "40 Oz. of Punch People" is now available for only \$4ppd. This 60 minute tape is better than the best tape you've ever heard. Slug & Lettuce "...loves this and plays it at parties." "One of the most punk rock tapes I've ever heard." - A Punk Kid Walks into a Bar "Punch People play the most amazing, awesome punk rock ever!" - Maximumrocknroll. Send cash to: Noah Lyon, 67 Barclay Rd., Clintondale, NY 12515. Send stamps for free patch.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL *classified*

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OI THERE MATIES - Anybody looking for some damn good videos. I've got shows from Crimpshrine, Exploited, The Queers, Misfits, Video Comps & too much other shit to fit in here. For a list send 1-2 stamps to: Retarded Warzone Video, 2290 Smith Ave., Danville, IL 61832 US of Fregina.

HOMEMADE COMIC MADNESS Rainbow of Goodness #9-\$1+stamps or trade! Full color cover & 24 pages of crazy comics and writing. Back issues: #6-full color cover, 44+ pages of comic delight and of course writing. Get both issues + stickers & patch ppd for \$3! Write: Mark 1289 Browning Ct. Lansdale PA 19446 questions? write consopolus@aol.com

"WICCA CHICKA" THE PIMPS 2nd 7" EP includes Nose Pain \$4 to: Underground Medicine POB 5075 Milford CT 06460. Or listen to Strap-On Sally and K-9 Christ. Send for The Pimps "My Dad Smokes Crack" 7" EP to: Scott Chandler 8461 Quincy St. Norfolk VA 23503. www.thepimps.net

WANTED: TRADE OR BUY: Mule - "Machine Gun" 7", Derelicts - "Fifi" 7", Wretched Ones - "Old Loud And Snotty" 7", DI - "Johnny" 7", Ed Geins Car - "Brain Dead Baby" & "Secret Man" 7", Out Cold - "Out Cold" LP, Shades Apart - "Dude Danger" LP, Doggy Style - "Sin City", LP, Paul Ross, 7 Parkhill Wynd, Leven, Fife, Scotland.

SLUDGEWORTH: I am looking for stuff by Sludgeworth! Tapes, records, videos, anything! (except for the "Losers Of The Year" cd on Lookout!) I would even be grateful if someone just dubbed stuff for me! Please get in touch with me if you can help me out! Jolie, 728 North Union, Union City, IN, 47390-1134.

SERIAL KILLER COLORING BOOK #1. 666 and #1 porno star coloring book. \$4 PPD each. \$1 for mini-brochure send to Rich Hillen, PO Box 1212, Merchantville, NJ 08109. <http://membrane.com/hillen>

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BANDS WANTED for CD comp. looking for punk, hard core, oi, and ska bands. All music sent in will be reviewed in the Smelvis Zine. Left Alone "My Mistake" CD EP out September 6 ppd. Smelvis Records, PO Box 1779, Wilmington, CA 90748-1779. (310) 225-9739.

COMPLETE CONTROL #2 now available. Richmond, VA's only radical/political zine. "Complete Control" manages to stand apart from the pack by spending a lot of time focusing on Richmond. An impeccably well researched article on the authors neighborhood was fascinating! - Punk Planet. Available for 55c to PO Box 5021, Richmond, VA 23220.

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COMPLETE CONTROL #4 now available changing face of Richmond piece, jobs I've had part 1, the great critical mass fizco of '97 plus the usual subversive propaganda. All for only 55c to PO Box 5021, Richmond, VA 23220.

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CRUSTY RECORDS is starting Volume Two and is now accepting submissions. If you're punk and so's your music, send us something. The deadline is Jan. 15, 2000. Crusty Comp Volume One available now. Only \$5.00 ppd. Send to Crusty Records, PO Box 591895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A6.

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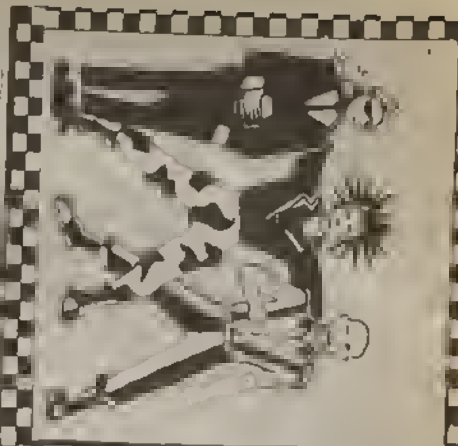
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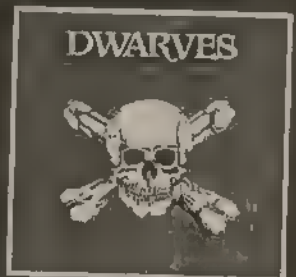
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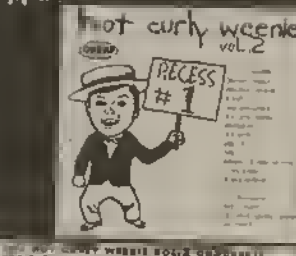
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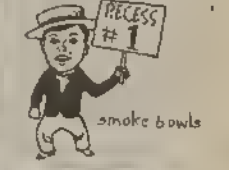
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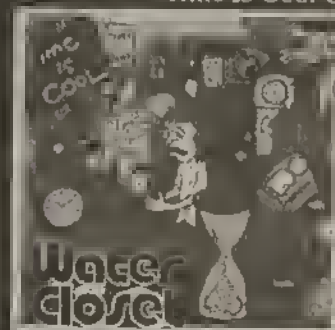
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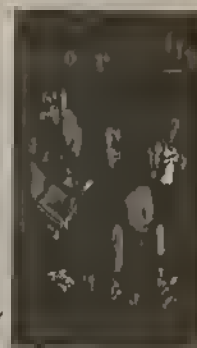
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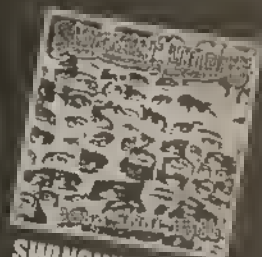
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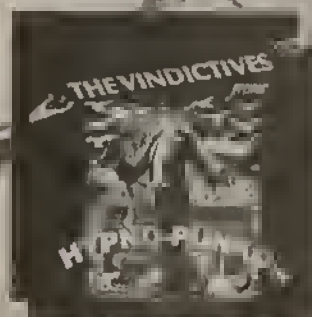
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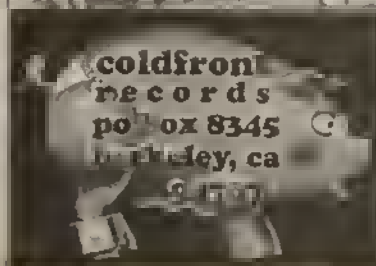
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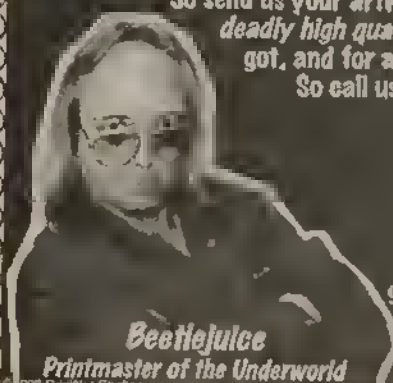
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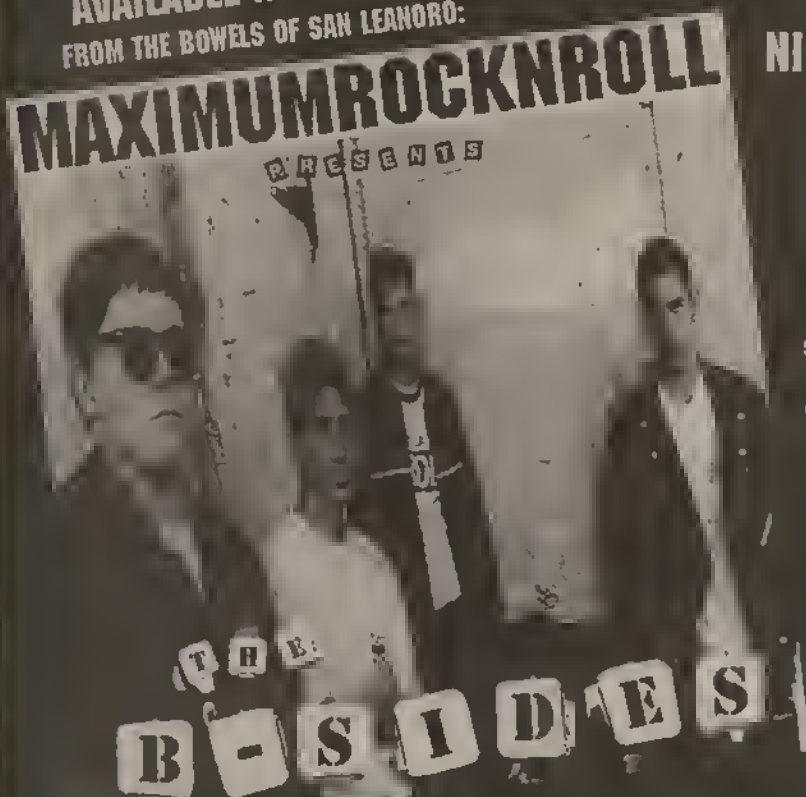
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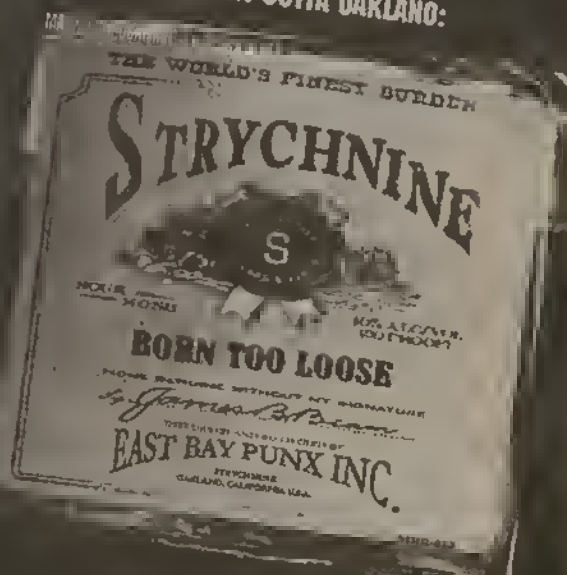


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